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THE WEST IN THE EAST

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

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FROM

AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

BY

PRICE COLLIER

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK : : : : 1911

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Published May, 1911

To

MY WIFE, KATHARINE

TO WHOSE SOUND CRITICISM AND KINDLY FEELING A
RECENT VOLUME OWES THE QUALITIES FOR
WHICH IT WAS CHIEFLY COMMENDED

INTRODUCTION

MUCH ridicule is dealt out to the author who writes of a people, and a country, which he has visited for only a short time. On the other hand, it is the universal and sound opinion that the history of an individual, or of a nation, can only be written impartially by one who stands apart, and at a distance, and whose impressions and opinions are not smothered by details or prejudices.

"My wanderings in the East have been spread over ten years, but what one gains in insight during a long stay one loses in the power of conveying. The most illuminating books on India have been written by people who pass through seeing everything with a fresh eye," writes Edmund Candler; and what he writes of India might well be supported by the evidence of such writings as those of Ford, De Amicis, Dawson, Hammerton, and others.

This is not by way of being a defence of my own audacity in this and other volumes, but an explanation.

I imagine that a writer who knew the Rev. Mr. Skeat's dictionary by heart would cease to write, and die of verbal suffocation. He would know so much of words, that he would deem them too dangerous to handle. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing, but too much knowledge is often exile from activity. They were right in the Garden of Eden.

A year's travel may mean many years of preliminary study, steadied and corrected by observation. I permit myself to say as much for the following pages.

I regret that the list of the names of those who, by their friendliness and hospitality, have made even these slight sketches in the East either possible or profitable is too long to give. I might be accused, too, of gilding the frame of my picture over much. Edward Fitzgerald was much bored one evening in the smoking-room of a certain house in the country by the familiar talk about people of title. He said good-night and left the room. A few minutes later he put his head in at the door, holding his candle in his

hand, and said in a solemn voice: "I knew a lord once, but he is dead now!" I should be sorry to offer such another opportunity at my study door.

Fortunately, those who gave me letters, and those who honored them, and many hosts besides, are not of a class who look to the mention of their names for the assurance of my feeling of gratitude and indebtedness. The book, such as it is, is theirs, and with it go my apologies to them for its unworthiness.

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THE WEST IN THE EAST

I

ON THE WAY TO THE EAST

IT was less than a century ago that the sarcastic question, "Who reads an American book?" was posed in the *Edinburgh Review*. The *Review* was young, light-hearted, and careless of the feelings of others in those days. When it was about to be issued, Sydney Smith suggested as an appropriate motto the line from Virgil: *Tenui Musam meditamur avena*, translating it: "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal!"

Nor Sydney Smith, nor any other Englishman at that time, dreamed that well within the century two books at any rate, by American authors, dealing directly with the British Empire, would be given a prominent place in the library of every serious-minded Englishman. Captain Mahan, of the United States Navy, and Mr. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard University, have written volumes that no Englishman cares to neglect.

What was playful condescension when the question, "Who reads an American book?" was asked, has become a criticism of English patriotism to-day, for no Englishman may pass by these two books when he studies his own empire.

This marks a great change, but it is a change that is often misunderstood. These books were not written to instruct, or to counsel, the Englishman about his own affairs, but to serve as commentaries for Americans, in the study of their own internal and external affairs. There is no suggestion of the smallest labial lapse in the grandmotherly method with eggs, on the contrary, it is a study of the old method, not a hint that there exists a better of which we are the inventors.

This newly awakened interest in the affairs of Great Britain is not an attempt on the part of the American to patronize the English. It is the direct result of our colossal wealth, of our new territorial responsibilities, and of our enforced interest in the policies, affairs, failures, and successes of the great empire. We can no longer avoid this concern in the empire's affairs if we would. It is not an impertinent nor an idle curiosity and criticism, it is a new burden.

It is no longer a question of whether or no it is an impertinence for an American to deal with

the British Empire; let me be frank, since I have been guilty, and explain that I, at least, consider it a necessity. It is our business, nowadays, to know as much of the internal and external conditions of the British Empire as possible, and to study these conditions from an American point of view for our own benefit, even if for no other reason. Next to our own affairs, the affairs of Great Britain are of most importance to us.

Should Great Britain lose India, lose the Suez Canal, lose the supremacy of the sea, become another Venice, Spain, Holland, or Denmark, the one hundred million inhabitants of the United States would find themselves with new and far heavier burdens. We are no longer troubling ourselves as to whether an American book will be read, since it has become a patriotic duty for the American who is blessed with the opportunity, to study the social, moral, and economical conditions of the very people who, less than a century ago, good-naturedly laughed out the question: "Who reads an American book?" Times have changed; we have changed.

An intelligent public opinion about foreign affairs needs fostering in America, for the time is not far distant when America will need the backing of knowledge, experience, and of the travelled information of her wisest men, to meet

the problems that are even now preparing for her.

As an example, I might add, if I were not the friend and admirer of both Mr. President Taft and Mr. Knox, that uninformed diplomacy has "dished" us in the East. The suggestion coming from Washington, that the six great powers should control together the railway situation in northern and southern Manchuria, was received coldly in St. Petersburg and in Tokio, and with amused condescension in London, Paris, and Berlin. I was in the East at the time, and at more than one ambassadorial table it was not easy to explain our motives. It is the sane and the fair solution of a ticklish problem if we are to have an open door in China, but as diplomacy, as a means to an end, it was a lamentable failure. It drove Russia and Japan together, and on the fourth of July, 1910, an agreement was signed between them, which provides for "friendly co-operation with a view to the improvement of their respective railway lines in Manchuria and the perfecting of the connecting services of the said lines, and to abstain from all competition prejudicial to the realization of this object."

In undiplomatic language this means hands off in Manchuria, a sign to other powers to keep off the grass.

The Japanese are building at great cost a railway bridge across the Yalu River, and a broad-gauge railway from thence to Mukden. The Russians control the Trans-Siberian Railway, with a branch line from Harbin to Mukden, which has thus far been operated at a loss.

This great valley, stretching up from the Gulf of Pechili and the Gulf of Liao-tung for hundreds of miles, only needs improved agricultural machinery and cheap labor, which is at hand, to develop into a grain-growing territory equal to the feeding of all Japan.

If Mr. Knox had been with me on my tortuous and tiresome journey through this fair land, he would not have dreamed of suggesting that Japan and Russia should share these Chinese spoils with other countries, or admit a participating influence in a land watered by their blood, and into which they were pouring money.

A suggestion to us from France and Russia on the fourth of July, 1776, that they should share in our hardly won opportunity, would have been considered by us as fantastical as was the proposal of Mr. Knox by Russia and Japan.

We have by this agreement between Russia and Japan not only closed the door on ourselves, but we have put England in a difficult position. We have done even more than that. We have

made it still easier for Japan to gobble Korea,[1] though she is pledged not to do so, and to turn her attention to the consolidation of her recent conquests and to the Pacific. Japan need no longer be uneasy in the East, and both Russia and Japan may now turn their eyes to matters of more serious import to them. Russia becomes free again to study the situation in India and the Persian Gulf; and Japan may become less suave in contemplating the exclusion of her citizens from Australia, the Philippines, San Francisco, and Vancouver.

As a diplomatic move this affair was as ill-considered and as embarrassing in its consequences as can well be imagined. If Mr. Knox had been in the employ of the Japanese government he could not have aided them more successfully.

Our government was probably not kept in touch with the situation in the East. Our deplorable system of choosing men to act as our diplomatic and sensitive antennæ abroad, because they have been successful in the manipulation of ward, city, or state voters at home, will ere long, and fortunately, bankrupt itself. Whether the reward-seeking politician likes it or

[1] This was written before the recent annexation of Korea by the Japanese. When I was in Tokio and in Seoul, I was told solemnly, by officials of high standing, that there was no intention of annexing Korea.

not, we must soon begin to appoint men who are travellers, linguists, and more or less socially accomplished, if we are to hold our own, or even to know what is going on in Europe and in the East.

Such commercial, industrial, and financial disturbances as are now our lot in America, are due to some extent to the fact that our productive powers along many lines are now greater than the demands of home consumption. Our agents abroad, whether ambassadors, ministers, or consuls, have the new burden of blazing the way for an increase of our foreign trade. The best men that we can get for such posts will find competitors from Germany, Belgium, England, France, and Japan, well worthy of their steel.

I have not only spent a year in the Far East, but I have also been for a short visit to South America. I cannot say too much to my fellow-countrymen of the successful labors of the new type of men who are gradually, but all too slowly, being tempted into our diplomatic and civil service. I have seen many of them now all over the world, men who are making this work their profession, men who speak and write the language of the country they are sent to, and men who can speak and write their own, men who represent the United States worthily. I have also seen the less worthy and seen at close

quarters the harm they do. I regret that I must forbear to mention names, but if the people of the United States knew what I know of the mere dollar and cents gained for them, to mention nothing else, by the better-class men of our new civil service, and by the men representing us these days in the great capitals, they would wreck the reputation of any man, or any party, which attempted to revert to the spoils system in the appointment of our civil servants abroad. It should be considered a misdemeanor to appoint men to these posts in payment of services rendered to persons or parties at home. I take it that the accomplished and scholarly Mr. Knox knows this already, and he could spare his fellow-countrymen unnecessary humiliation if he would always act upon it.

At the beginning of the last century the West Indies were responsible for one-fourth of all British commerce. The sugar of the West Indian Islands, and the colonies of Spain, were in those days what the valleys of Manchuria and the Eastern question are to-day. Great Britain was our rival at our own doors. To-day she has practically withdrawn her fleet from the Caribbean Sea.

It is acknowledged by everybody except perhaps Germany, that the Monroe doctrine is not

a theory, but a fact, with a fleet behind it. We have undertaken to do justice, to keep the peace, and to safeguard property in South America, largely through the good will of the various states there. We do this, for their benefit and for our own, lest any nation should make it an excuse for the use of force in that region, that order is not preserved there, and that therefore their citizens and their property need protection. This method of opening the door to a foreign military power has been so successful along these same lines elsewhere, that we cannot afford to give the smallest excuse for such an argument.

That is the pith of the Monroe doctrine, and what foreign nation has not adopted it, and fought for it in some part of the world? The actual words of President Monroe were: "As a principle in which the rights and interest of the United States are involved . . . the American continents . . . are henceforth not to be considered as subject for future colonization by any European power. . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Americans must accept the responsibilities of the new situation whether they like them or not. They may not shirk the trust imposed upon them, whether for the present or for posterity. By our control in Cuba and Porto Rico, by the building of the canal, by the assertion that the whole of the South American continent is more or less within our sphere of influence, and by the taking over of the Philippines, we have made ourselves, to some extent, responsible for what goes on in the East. The Washington dictum of "no entangling alliances" is a thing of the past. We cannot play the game single-handed. We must have a partner or partners, and we must look on at the game of Eastern politics and policies, not only with interest, but with a keen desire to know which partner to choose when the time of choosing comes. Above, all we should have diplomatic agents in the East competent to advise us in such matters.

One of the best-informed students of Asian questions, Sir William Hunter, wrote, just before his death: "I hail the advent of the United States in the East as a new power for good, not alone for the island races that come under their care, but also in that great settlement of European spheres of influence in Asia, which, if we could see aright, forms the world problem of our day."

The inherited prejudices and quarrels of foreign-born, or of parent-foreign-born Americans, must be swept up in the dust-pan of provincial national housewifery and thrown away, that America as a whole may profit. No man is truly naturalized as an American who persists in grafting his particular Old World enmities or prejudices upon his new citizenship. Now that we are taking part in the world game, no faction in the body politic ought to be permitted to impede our progress, to hamper our strength, or to confuse our judgment.

Let Irishmen send funds to back a political party in Great Britain; let Germans make presents to the German emperor; let Italians send thousands in savings back to Italy; let Poles hate both Czar and Kaiser; but let none of these enmities have the slightest bearing upon our foreign relations or our foreign alliances. In them the Irish must cease to be Irish, the Germans to be Germans, the Italians to be Italians, and the Poles to be Poles, and all must recognize their fundamental citizenship, which is American. America, with imperial tasks on her hands, can recognize no tribes within her own borders, among her own citizens.

It requires no long disquisition, and no arguments more convincing than the mere state-

ment of the facts, to show America's changed position as regards the European and the Eastern powers. Manila is forty-eight hours' journey from Hongkong, Japan's island of Formosa is fifteen hours steaming from our island of Luzon, and we have large sums invested in Eastern trade, in Japanese bonds, and we are preparing to assist in the building and in the control of a railway which will parallel a portion of Russia's Trans-Siberian and Japan's Southern Manchurian railways. Seventy-five miles from Tokio, and at the extreme western point of Japan, is a wireless telegraphy station at Choshi. The steamer *Korea* when five hundred miles off Hawaii communicated with Choshi, and now in Japan they are planning to connect Choshi with Hawaii by wireless, by increasing the motor power at Choshi, which is now only fifty watts. This makes Japan indeed very much our neighbor. It may be added that Hawaii has, even now, three Japanese to one American, and Peru has a numerous colony of Japanese. Our great wealth, our energy, and our policy of an open door in China, force us to a participation in imperial affairs, though there are those in America who, through geographical ignorance, or on account of parochial notions as to international amenities, imagine that these enterprises can be

undertaken without ample provisions for a force on sea and land to back up these pretensions.

The people of Oriental descent, and of Oriental customs of life, number between 800,000,000 and 900,000,000, or more than half the total population of the world. India and China alone furnish, India 300,000,000, and China 400,000,000, of this total population. Their imports are estimated at some $2,000,000,000 a year. The chief importers are:

India	$450,000,000
China	300,000,000
Japan	250,000,000
Hongkong	200,000,000
Straits Settlements	200,000,000
East Indian Islands	150,000,000

About one-third of this trade is between themselves, while roughly $1,400,000,000 comes chiefly from Europe and the United States. Sad to relate, the American share is only about six per cent, practically all the remaining ninety-four per cent being supplied by Europe.

The chief imports of the Orient are cotton goods to the value of $400,000,000, manufactures of iron and steel, meat and dairy products, medicine, drugs, and dyes, tobacco, leather, agricultural implements, vehicles for transporta-

tion, and articles of household and domestic use. The most important item is cotton goods, of which Europe supplies ninety-seven per cent, though it buys its raw material from the chief cotton-producer of the world, the United States.

It is not our intention to neglect this commercial opportunity. We have reminded both Europe and the East officially, on several occasions of late, that we must be considered as having a stake in the East, and that our claims and opinions must be respected. In certain quarters at home our assertion of claims and our assumption of responsibilities in the East are looked upon with dislike and with distrust. After many months of travel and study in Europe and in the East, an American looks upon this expansion of interest and responsibility, not only with complacency, but with the feeling that it is unavoidable. Even if we were not in control in the West Indies, and in the Philippine Islands, our position as guardians of the Panama Canal, and as sponsors for the safety from aggression of the South American republics, and our position on the Pacific Ocean, force us to play a part in the East.

A nation, like an individual, must grow or die. It is true that our first concern is with matters at home. How a man will run, how he will

think, even, depends not a little upon the condition of his heart. Our progress and prowess in the East depend, as is the case with England, upon our moral fibre at home.

There are two respectable and useful influences, of far-reaching importance in these days, both in England and America, falling under the general head of Social Reform, which are not without portents and promises of evil in this matter. One is a senseless and undiscriminating charity, whether backed by individuals or officially by the state; and the other is a weakening of the willingness to accept responsibility, to take charge, to govern, to work out along big lines the national destiny, the latter being in some sort a consequence of the former. The Little Englanders, and those who oppose the building of the canal, and a ship subsidy and a powerful navy, are types of those who hang back in England and in America. It is a symptom of the weakening of the very finest characteristics of the race.

The reader of the most elementary sketch of universal history can tell of the cessation of growth, and then of the decay, of Bagdad, of Venice, of Bruges, of Spain, Portugal, and Holland. France is at the cross-roads now. Let the duties and responsibilities, and the wealth and its problems,

come, problems by no means easy of solution, and the individual and the nation which stands up to them lives, or, shirking them for ease and safety, dies! In spite of all that is preached by the uninformed provinciality of the day, even by respectable men such as Carnegie, a fierce fighter for his own hand in other days, nothing is more disastrous to civilization than purposeless Peace. War against environment is the essential condition of all life, whether animal, vegetable, individual, or national. The cow and the lap-dog are fruits of peace, useful and ornamental if you like, but not sufficient, not ideal. The cow is sacred in India, the lap-dog an idol in certain houses, but they are not a protection worth considering.

"La guerre," wrote von Moltke, "est une institution de Dieu. En elle les plus nobles vertus trouvent leur épanouissement. Sans la guerre le monde se perdrait dans le matérialisme." Joseph de Maistre writes: "Lorsque l'âme humaine a perdu son ressort par la mollesse, l'incrédulité, et les vices gangreneux qui sont l'excès de la civilisation, elle ne peut être retrempée que dans le sang." I am not sure that both history and experience do not prove him to be right. I repeat, I am not sure, but I am by no means an advocate of war for war's sake, and I am con-

vinced that defencelessness in face of the armed forces all about us is practically an invitation to war.

He travels with eyes and ears sealed, who does not become convinced that this century is not concerned, as were the sixteenth and seventeenth with religious struggles, as was the eighteenth with the rights of man, as was the nineteenth with questions of nationality. The twentieth century even now is characterized by a struggle for existence in the field of commerce and industry. Peripatetic philosophers in caps and blouses, or in white chokers, or deputations of journalists, merchants, and members of Parliament, go and come, in the hope of deciding whether there is a German peril, or a Japanese peril. What could be more hopeless? The reason they are at sea is the simple one, that the German peril and the Japanese peril are just as much a fact as the law of gravitation.

The man who jumps out of a window falls to the ground. No man who lives in the three dimensions of space, with which we are familiar, can escape that law. No man who lives in England and America can escape the vital necessity of Germany and Japan to expand or to go to the wall.

The trouble has been and is, that we are looking at the question as one of malice, of di-

plomacy, of choice. It is nothing of the kind. There is no blame, no right or wrong in the matter. It is life or death, For Great Britain and the United States, two nations already enormously rich, it is simply a question of more wealth. For Germany, for all Europe indeed, and for Japan, it is a matter of life and death.

The phrase "Yellow peril," "German peril," "Japanese peril," is unfortunate, for the word "peril" implies something terrible and imminent. The situation exists, but, as I hope to show later on in these pages, neither the "Yellow peril" nor the "Japanese peril" is imminent nor of war-threatening danger to us in America, unless we provoke it by exaggerated sentimentality. I use the phrase because it is a familiar one, but I disassociate myself from any advocacy of nervous and self-conscious talk or action.

To talk of friendly Japan, or of friendly Germany, however, is childish. No commercial rival armed to the teeth is friendly.

Who knew in 1860 that Germany was soon to be the dominant power in Europe? Who knew that she would defeat Austria in 1866? Who dreamed in 1868 that in two years she would crown her emperor at Versailles? Who dreamed in 1888 that she was to be Great Britain's rival on the sea? Certainly no Englishman cried

"Wolf" at the appropriate time. What Englishman to-day explains why Germany smashed Denmark, humiliated Austria, ruined France, defies England on the sea, squeezes Holland commercially, and backs Austria in tearing up a treaty in order to make a grab in the Balkans? What childish nonsense to call this crying "Wolf"! It is an insult to that great power not to admit that it is a very fine, full-grown wolf, and just now very much on the prowl. That is the fundamental factor to be remembered in any discussion of this much-discussed question. It is not to be wondered at that the nations whose lives are at stake consider the matter more seriously than nations which have only pounds or dollars at stake.

Germany has a territory smaller than the State of Texas, and a population of over 60,000,000, and Germany can no longer feed herself. She can feed herself for about two hundred and fifty days of the year. What about the other one hundred and fifteen days? That is the German peril, and that, on a smaller scale, is the Japanese peril, and to discuss the question as to whether it exists or not, is mere beating the air. It is not in the least an ethical problem, it is German policy, it is Japanese policy, and in both cases forced upon them, and war is sometimes an in-

strument of policy. You can no more wall in a nation, cramp it, confine it, threaten it with starvation, without a protest and a struggle, than you can do the same to an individual. Whether a man will fight for his life or not is not a question, it is a fact. Japan has already given the lie to our advocates of peace at any price in this country by annexing Korea and occupying Manchuria by force and in spite of our treaty with Korea, one article of which reads: "If other Powers deal unjustly with either government, the one will exert its good offices, on being informed of the case, to bring about an amicable arrangement, thus showing its friendly feeling."

The reader will understand the situation better with these comparisons at hand. The United States has a population of about 28 persons per square mile, Japan has a population of 317 to the square mile, while Europe, with an area in square miles not much larger than the United States, has a population of 390,000,000, or a density of 101 to the square mile. Great Britain has a smaller area than Colorado and a density of 470, while England alone has a density of 605. Belgium is less than one and a half times as large as Massachusetts, and has a density of 616. Canada has a density of only 1.75. Italy is not

much larger than Nevada, but Nevada has less than one person to the square mile, and Italy 293. Rhode Island, our most densely populated State, has a population of 407 to the square mile; next comes Massachusetts with 348.

Neither Germany nor Japan has created or fostered this situation. The mischief and the malice begin when they are accused of what they cannot help. But to say the situation does not exist is ignorant, silly, or sentimental, depending upon the person who speaks. Nor am I putting words into the mouth of Germany or Japan when I say that both Germany and Japan must find outlets for their surplus population; I am only quoting such authorities as the Prime Minister of Japan, and the distinguished German historian Professor Hans Delbrück.

The interesting problem to put to oneself is, how is the hydra-headed democracy in England and America, easy-going and money-making, to face Germany, governed by its wise men, and Japan, now as much as a century ago, governed by a group of feudal nobles, with the mikado, who is not merely obeyed but worshipped by the great mass of the Japanese, at their back.

I made bold, not long ago, to publish a serious study of the internal and domestic situation in England; and the following pages attempt to

deal with the external and imperial relations of Great Britain, because as Americans we are vitally interested to know how soon, and to what extent, we are to be involved in imperial matters in an even graver measure than now.

Great Britain, with its 11,500,000 square miles of territory to protect, with its 400,000,000 of people to govern, must necessarily invite the scrutiny of Americans interested in the welfare of their own country. One need hardly pay heed to those foolish or sensitive persons who look upon such scrutiny as an impertinence.

In 1907 the official figures show that the United Kingdom purchased $900,000,000 of food, drink, and tobacco in foreign countries; $850,000,000 of raw materials and partly manufactured articles; $650,000,000 of manufactured articles. Great Britain, with its population of some 45,000,000 odd, is supporting foreign industries, and enriching foreign nations, ourselves among the number, to the extent of $2,400,000,000 annually. Her self-governing colonies bought foreign goods to the amount of $500,000,000, and her crown colonies to the amount of $125,000,000. Here is a customer who buys over $3,000,000,000 worth of goods annually, and yet cannot find sufficient employment at home for her own people, who are emigrating

to other countries. Here is a customer who persists in fooling himself with the belief that he is a free trader, when his net receipts from customs are $1,402,500,000 a year, and his net receipts from excise are $1,514,000,000, or a total taxation of food and drink amounting to $2,916,500,000. In addition to this he has the highest, the most costly, and the most pernicious tariff in the world in his trades-unions, which put a tax on every laborer's time and every laborer's hand and arm. Men are only allowed to work so many hours, and to produce so much. This is the tariff which is ruining England slowly but surely. America is really a free-trade country as compared with my delightfully dull friend John Bull, who goes to the extreme length of taxing time and taxing energy, thus adding enormously to the cost price of everything he sells, and thus building a tariff wall against his own workmen in their attempts to compete with the foreigner. It is the most cruel of all forms of taxation.

British railways also add to this burdensome tariff by declining to quote, as do German and American railways, low rates for goods destined for export. There is much criticism of American railway finance, but what should we think of such a situation as the following? A German manufacturer can send goods from Hamburg

to Birmingham *via* London at a much less rate than a London manufacturer can send goods direct to Birmingham. Goods can be delivered in Birmingham from New York at a less price than from Liverpool. The British manufacturer pays from twenty to thirty per cent higher freight rates on goods sent to West Africa, South Africa, Australia, and in many cases New Zealand, than do German or American shippers. At any rate, this was the case as late as April, 1909. It is worth noting in this connection that the railway rates in the United States are much lower than anywhere else in the world. The average railway rate per ton per mile in this country in 1909, was 7.63 mills; and the rates on the roads having great density of traffic, or handling mainly cheap and bulky commodities, are even lower. The average rate per ton per mile on all traffic of the Pennsylvania Railroad is 6.3 mills; of the Illinois Central, 5.8 mills; of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, 5.27 mills; and of the Chesapeake and Ohio, 4.33 mills; while the average rate per ton per mile on the railways of France is 14 mills; and on those of Germany, 13 mills.

The cost per mile of American railways averages $54,421; of the railways of the United Kingdom, $273,438; of the German Empire,

$102,435; of France, $133,871; of Belgium, $162,236; and the present capitalization of American railroads on a mileage basis is shown to be, by the most recent investigations of the Interstate Commerce Commission, only slightly more to-day than it was twenty or thirty years ago.[1]

As I write, in June, 1910, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is presenting his year's budget in the House of Commons, and I have just heard that House cheering the statement that Great Britain's next year's expenses will amount to nearly $1,000,000,000, or £198,000,000; that between 1899 and 1909 the expenditure on the navy increased from $120,000,000 to $200,000,000; on the army from $100,000,000 to $140,000,000; on the civil service from $185,000,000 to the enormous sum of $330,000,000, or an increase of seventy-eight per cent. Great Britain's expenditures on army, navy, civil service, paupers, old-age pensioners, the insane, the feeble-minded, are a tribute to her wealth indeed.

No other country could drive her workingmen to emigrate, could tax her productive power by trades-unions regulations, see her birth-rate diminishing, and cheer her Chancellor of the Ex-

[1] "Waterways—Their Limitations and Possibilities." An address before the National Rivers and Harbors Congress of the United States, 1910, by Frederic A. Delano. "Cost, Capitalization and Estimated Value of American Railways," by Slason Thompson.

chequer as he cracks jokes on the subject of these figures. Nothing is put back into the sinking fund, nothing is taken off the income tax, expenditure has almost exactly doubled between 1890 and 1910, and the national debt stands at $3,800,000,000, or $86 per head of the population. I may add that the gross national debt of the United States in the same year stood at $2,735,815,000, or $32 per head of the population; the national debt of Germany at $1,078,375,000, or $16.50 per head of the population; the national debt of Japan at $1.162,074,850, or $25 per head of the population; the colossal national debt of France at $6,032,344,000, or $153 per head of the population.

As an admirer of John Bull, I wish to call attention to the good health and good spirits, to the cheery, damn-the-consequences optimism, which this situation illustrates.

Other countries are being taxed; we in the United States are being taxed, but we are borrowing on our motor-cars, our aeroplanes, our pianos, our jewelry, our luxuries, in short. To phrase it differently, and perhaps to some people more cogently, we are merely pawning our easily-done-without toys; but Great Britain, with her income tax at war figures, and her wine and spirits tax larger than ever, is pawning John

Bull's coat and shoes! In the United States we have not even scratched the surface of our taxable possibilities, while in Great Britain it looks as if Mrs. Bull's shawl will have to go next, and they have dreary weather for coatless men and shawlless women in Great Britain.

To the American who has heard overmuch of the extravagance of America and of Americans of late years, it is a relief to hear Great Britain's present Chancellor of the Exchequer expounding jauntily an expenditure of a thousand million dollars. He and his followers evidently regard thrift as a dreary virtue.

If an American returns from nearly a year's journey through the Far East, where Germany, Russia, Japan, China, India, Egypt, and America are all keenly interested in this condition of the British Empire, and finds the Imperial Parliament apparently oblivious of these matters, but engrossed in playing a game on the steps of the throne, with a handful of Irishmen who represent four million people only, he may be pardoned for thinking it is business to tell his countrymen what he can of the situation. If your neighbor's house is on fire, it would be silly indeed not to study the way the chimneys were built, discover if possible how the fire started, and who was careless or who mischievous. He would be

a sensitive householder indeed if he considered such an investigation impertinent. If the British Empire is not on fire, no one will deny that there is much smoke and smouldering both at home and in India, in Egypt, in Persia, in South Africa, and elsewhere.

Oh, we have heard this cry of "Wolf" so often! reply a certain class of Englishmen. Yes, they heard it in Spain, in Holland, they heard it in France shortly before 1870, and heeded it not. That fable of the cry of "Wolf" has done much harm, because it is misinterpreted. He who cries "Wolf" continually may be silly, but what of him who does not listen when the real wolf appears? Better listen every time the cry is heard than lose all one's sheep.

Colonels Stöppel and Lewal cried "Wolf" about the French army before 1870, and were met with the reply from the Minister of War Le Boeuf: "Nous sommes archiprêt — jusqu' au dernier bouton!" and shortly after, Germany crowned her emperor in Versailles.

There are several hungry wolves about now, and one can almost see the ironical grin when they hear those martial heroes, Stead, and Carnegie, and William Jennings Bryan, telling the sheep: "Oh, it is only the old cry of Wolf!" One is tempted at times to agree with Herbert

Spencer that "the ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of their folly is to fill the world with fools," but he lacks virility and patriotism who succumbs to that Capuan temptation. Sir Frederick Maurice writes that of the one hundred and seventeen wars fought by European nations, or the United States, against civilized powers from 1700 to 1870, there are only ten where hostilities were preceded by a declaration of war.

Three hundred millions of Great Britain's population are in India; let us go there and have a look at her biggest problem, and at the neighbors of India in China, Japan, Manchuria, Siberia, and Russia.

"The true fulcrum of Asiatic dominion seems to me increasingly to lie in the Empire of Hindustan. The secret of the mastery of the world is, if they only knew it, in the possession of the British people." So writes Lord Curzon. When one has travelled the length of the Mediterranean Sea, and then across it from Marseilles to Port Said, through the Suez Canal and across the Arabian Sea to Bombay from Aden, one needs no convincing and would listen to no arguments to the contrary that Great Britain, with India, is the greatest empire the world has seen, but that Great Britain without India, and the military

and trade route to India, would soon be a negligible quantity, a Spain, or Portugal, or Holland.

To read through a geography is dull business, but to travel through your geography is enlightening indeed.

The first thing that excites one's curiosity is, that there seems to be little free trade in this journey to Bombay. The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company practically monopolizes the passenger traffic. I was informed that there was some arrangement with other companies which left the P. and O. Company a monopoly. As a consequence of this, British gastronomics have full play.

I have eaten stewed dog with the Sioux Indians in our Northwest; I have eaten indescribable stuff in Mexico; I have lived for weeks in the middle of summer on a war-ship off the coasts of Cuba and Porto Rico on canned food; I have, I believe, eaten rats in Manchuria; I have, alas! overeaten in Paris; I have labored with the stodgy, heavy food of English country inns, and no harm has resulted; but when I landed from that P. and O. steamer at Bombay my stomach was in tears. My fellow countrymen will find it hard to believe, but it is a fact, that on that same steamer on her way to some of the hottest weather in the world, in the Suez

Canal and the Red Sea, there was only one kind of mineral water to be had, and that only in pints! Can pig-headed stupidity go further? The linen on my breakfast tray in the morning was, for the first two mornings, so besmeared and spotted with egg and coffee stains that I threatened to go to the captain. Remember, too, that the fares on these steamers are high, and that we were travelling as comfortably as the accommodations of the ship permitted. No wonder they are losing their trade. But what business is it of mine? Why not go by some other line? I will be frank, also, in my admiration, and say that when I travel with my women folk on the water, I am happier to think that Americans or Englishmen are in command. Both they and I will have a fair chance, and the American or the English captain will not be found among the saved if their passengers are not saved too. I am bound in honor to add that the agent of this same P. and O. line in Calcutta rendered me every service in his power, for which I shall never cease to be grateful, when I sought his good offices to help me in getting an invalid home. What do food and drink matter, after all, if one may count upon efficiency and kindness in the hour of distress and danger? But even then, if it is not my business, and perhaps

it is not, to criticise, this is no answer to the hordes of houseless, hungry men that one sees any night on the Embankment in London, nor to the rapidly increasing hundreds of thousands supported by the state there, nor to the hundreds of thousands who are emigrating because there is no work for them. They have a right to question the muddling, unenterprising methods of those in control, whose sole gauge of food, drink, and dirt is a thirteen per cent dividend.

Even as we leave the quay at Marseilles the three races — the English, the Indian, and the French — are exploiting themselves. The Indians, three of them doing one man's work, and physically awkward, are loading and unloading under the governing finger of a silent English officer. Half a dozen French girls between the ages of seven and twelve are dancing the *can-can*, as though they were in the Jardin de Paris, and soliciting the pennies of the passengers.

A distinguished French physician has explained the attitude of France toward conscription and race suicide by saying that France is hundreds of years in advance of the rest of the world in civilization, and that the unruliness and selfishness and, as I should term it, their matured frivolity, are marks of a higher civilization. Some of us call it decadence. In India we are

to see a civilization, old when the French were in skins. There too ambition is dead, and three hundred millions are powerless in the hands of a few Englishmen. Perhaps civilization always ends by giving up the problem of life as insoluble, and settles down to the studied frivolity of Paris, or to the calm despair of India.

Our fellow passengers are almost all English, with here and there a returning Parsi merchant, or a French, German, or American globe-trotter. There are also a number of women, some young, some of an uncertain, twilight age, who are going out to be married. It was one of the features of travel all through the East, I found. On almost every ship, under the wing of the captain, one met one or more of these women going out to marry men whose duties did not permit them to go in search of their brides. So far as I could see, the protection of the captain was altogether unnecessary. If one may judge of the loneliness of the bachelors in the East by the brides who go out to marry them, it must be distressing. There are more than a million more women than men in England alone; the women outnumber the men in Scotland also; only in Ireland is there anything like an equality of numbers. Such wealth of choice would lead, one would suppose, to a certain æsthetic discrimination, but

apparently in these matters the East has the effect of hurrying the white man, though in turn the East is not hurried by him.

> "Now it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan brown,
> For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles, and he weareth the Christian down;
> And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of the late deceased,
> And the epitaph drear: 'A fool lies here who tried to hustle the East.'"

So writes Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who easily surpasses any man of our breed, in his power of imaginative analysis.

Tell me no more of the American twang! It is distressing, if you please, but having travelled many days in the atmosphere of the English voice, I much prefer the rank infidelity of the American whining twang to the guttural, not to say catarrhal, sing-song of Anglican vocal conformity. Some of the more piercing English voices may be likened unto diminutive steam-whistles suffering from bronchitis.

He is a fussy traveller indeed who pays much attention to such matters as these when he is sailing through the Mediterranean to the land of the Great Mughal for the first time. These are mere comments to put away in the card-

catalogue of one's brain for possible future reference.

What an embroidered sea it is! Fringed by Spain, France, Italy, Greece, Persia, Palestine, Egypt, Arabia. We see the land of the Pharaohs, of Moses, Jesus, Muhammad, Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon. We sail through the religions, the law, the literature, the art, the traditions that ruled, and rule, the world. Here are the Pentateuch, the Psalms, Job, the Gospels, the Greek drama and comedy, the Koran, the Epic of Antar, the literature and law of the Latins and the Italians, and the greatest of comedies, Don Quixote. If the Avon emptied into this sea, it could claim all the greatest names in literature. And what a literary gamut it is from Don Quixote to the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians!

We sail past Rome, Athens, Carthage, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Mecca, and through that narrow blue ribbon of the Suez Canal, which binds together the greatest empire of them all, the British Empire. It is the sea of all the most poignant associations of the world. No one's memories are complete without it. Not to know the Mediterranean and its associations is not to be educated, is not to be a man of the real world, is not to know the history of the world, for the

tides of this sea are the pulse-beats of the heart of history. We Americans are merely ethnological mushrooms in a grove of palms and cedars.

At Port Said we are in the anteroom of the East. I do not intend to write a guide-book. Messrs. Murray and Baedeker have too many literary parasites already, but I must let the ink bubble occasionally with my personal delight, and perhaps to old travellers my naïf enjoyment of every day of those many months spent in the East. I gazed at those Arabs at Port Said, I studied their sensual, and in many cases diabolical, faces with awe and interest. In Europe other white men are different, to be sure, but it is possible to account for the differences, to analyze the differences in a superficially satisfactory way. But these human beings are not merely different, they are something else.

That tall, naked, black man, with his head shaven, sitting in this broiling sun, which would knock me over in half an hour were my head not covered with cork and linen, and protected besides by a white umbrella; this man, with his prognathic jaw, his shining teeth, his legs and shoulders looking as though they had been recently polished, his eyes with that clearness and sheen in them, as though they were swimming in some liquid, like a compass, he may be common-

place to these other travellers, but I lean over the side and gloat over him.

This is the blood that slashed through Europe and the East, crying that theirs was the one true God, and that Muhammad was his one true prophet; this is the fellow I looked at in my illustrated geography many, many years ago instead of committing the text that framed him to memory. I can see those vignettes now. I can see the Malay with his pagoda hat, the Indian prince with his bejewelled turban, the Japanese with his straw coat, the Burmese lady with her huge cigar, the Chinese with his shaven forehead, and his pigtail. Those baby lessons in ethnology, how I should have devoured the text had I dreamed that one day I was actually to eat, and talk, and shoot, and ride, and visit with these people, and even take photographs of them with a machine that was not even invented in those days.

I make no apology for gazing at that boat-load of Arabs, huddled together waiting to coal, or floating away having done their day's work. It is my first real sip of the East, and I am far more excited even than when I played my first game of base-ball in a real uniform, made in the sewing-room; or when I marched up to take a painfully attenuated degree at Harvard; or when I made my first speech in public. These are all exciting

episodes, but now I am voyaging into the world from whence we all came. I am actually getting near the country where they invented Adam, and Eve, and Noah. In a few hours I shall see the place where Moses made a reputation as an amphibious commissariat which in my boyhood impressed me far more than his unequalled ability as a law-giver. Moses, and Jesus, and Muhammad were all born in this region, in this climate, in this atmosphere, yes, I am bound to confess that it was exciting.

The best books on the East, as every one knows, are the Bible and the Arabian Nights, and yet I found most travellers were saturating themselves with snippity descriptions of monuments and places, with tabloids of history, with technical paragraphs on architecture and the ethnic religions, with figures about the height of this and the length of that, or condensed statistics of exports and imports, and the tonnage through the Suez Canal, and dates about the Pharaohs, and the Mughals. No wonder they see nothing, know nothing, enjoy nothing, and come home bringing a few expletives, adjectives, and photographs, which can be had for a small price either in New York or in London.

The first thing to do in going to the East is to turn your education out on your desk so that

you can get at the bottom of it, and there you will find the Bible, and the Arabian Nights, and the Odyssey, and the Iliad, and Virgil, and Herodotus, and Xenophon, and you will realize what a fool you were not to have devoted more time to them when you were asked to do so. Guide-books can get you to the East, but they do not get you inside. It is temperament, that counts, not trains.

It must be about as amusing to visit the East with a dimly informed courier, as to be taken through the Louvre by a page-boy from the hotel; or to visit the British Museum, with the driver of the cab whom you happen to hail to take you there. Having been in the East, I can only say to other travellers that I would not waste even a week's time in all the East, with only the resources of the average tourist at my command. It was the unstinted, and instructed, and experienced hospitality of the English in India and China, and of the Japanese in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria, that made my visit profitable and immensely enjoyable. Through them, and the native princes of India, I was given a universal passport, and welcomed as a chartered and privileged guest, and the burden of my debt to them for that glorious year is beyond lightening by any poor words of mine.

Even these first Orientals out here on the fringe seem to say to me: Beware of the men who are ever itching to be doing something, who cannot wait. They must be cowards at bottom, afraid of themselves or of the world! And after these many months I realize that this is, to the Westerner, the disturbing message of the whole East, and I wonder if they are right. Perhaps there are two forms of fatalism, the fatalism of despair, and the fatalism of confidence, and there you have the East and the West, never to be reconciled.

The first thing one notices on going ashore for a few hours at Port Said, is an illustration of the methods of that British race, whose most notable and admirable characteristic is their ability in the governing of alien peoples. An English policeman, in the uniform of the Khedive, protects me from the yelping boatmen, with the same imperturbable good humor with which I am so familiar in Piccadilly or the Strand. His countenance changes slightly under different circumstances. When he marches alongside the ten thousand suffragettes on their way to the Albert Hall he wears the amused expression, as of one who feels that he impersonates there and then an unanswerable reply to all their shrillness, both physical and vocal. When he convoys

thousands from the East End to Hyde Park he is more serious, but there again he looks, in his steady, patient manhood, an answer, even to them. On the boat-landing at Port Said he seems more bored, as of a man tired of brushing aside flies, but his behavior is ever the same.

The journey through the Suez Canal, a distance of about one hundred miles, is a slow one, as we may not wash away these banks, which cost eighty million dollars to build, with the swash of a too-rapid progress. Watchmen, crouching about their small fires at night, dot the shores on both sides. For the first time I see camels actually at work, own brothers to those Barnum & Bailey loafers of my boyhood. In the glare of the searchlight, the sandy desert on both sides of the canal is so bright that every now and again one catches a glimpse of a fox, jackal, or hyena, and all through the night one hears their cries. The sunsets, the light, and the stillness are all different, all new to me. The sunsets are sunsets of shade, rather than colors, and De Tocqueville is right when he says: "Ce sont les nuances qui se querellent, non les couleurs." There is a kaleidoscope brilliancy about these cloudless sunsets, a stabbing at your eyes with vivid shafts and shades, with plenty of orange and purple and brown in them, that

make me wish I were an artist, and which convert me at once to the truthfulness which I had disbelieved of many Eastern sketches. The light seems to be something you are looking through; and the stillness makes you lonely even with some one sitting beside you. The darkness comes down all through the East with incredible quickness. You can read your book, and then of a sudden you need a lantern to see your way. The sun does not come up, or go down, it shoots up and down. These people live mentally in a perpetual twilight, but physically they are always in a blaze of light or in pitch-darkness. Perhaps they enjoy keeping their minds in a state of dawn, or twilight, as a protest.

After the Suez Canal comes the Red Sea, and on the Arabian coast, about eight hundred miles south, is Jiddah. I have no interest in Jiddah, but Jiddah is the seaport of Mecca, and somehow the word Mecca reverberates in my brain. I have been wont to mention Seringapatam, Kamchatka, Timbuctoo, and Mecca and Seoul, as far-away, fairy sort of places, that I was no more likely to be near, much less to visit, than, say, Mars. That comes of living in the West. But here I am, and I cannot get quite awake to the fact.

Jiddah, too, actually has the tomb of Eve. That impresses my imagination very much. Not that this first languor of the East devitalizes my rather unorthodox upbringing, tempting me to the historical acceptance of Eve. My theology is unshattered, but I am bound to say I have a friendly feeling for the imaginative proficiency of the man who, perhaps, left his money to build a tomb for Eve! It is at least a good schooling in cosmopolitan charity, to be near people who repair to the tomb of Eve as to a sanctuary; people so calm and so unflurried by the welter of the world, that they ignore the inextricable moral confusion into which that lady is accused, by many, of having plunged us.

Later on I am to be the guest of a charming Eastern lady, Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, and she is to present me with a volume of her travels. She is a Muhammadan, and has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. In this volume she writes of Jiddah, and mentions the tomb of Eve and writes: "Eve was the wife of Adam." It is paralyzing to Western orthodoxy and to Western conceit to realize that this lady feels called upon to tell her readers, that Eve was the wife of Adam. It clears the mind of a lot of underbrush when one realizes that in the East, among the eight or nine hundred millions of

people we are to visit, one must introduce Eve as the wife of Adam, and even then be asked, in all probability, Who was Adam? How different must the standards be in a country, and among peoples, where Eve is distant, dim, unknown! It is true that even among ourselves Eve wears but a scanty garment even of tradition, but now I am to travel in lands where she has not even a figment of the imagination to clothe her.

I begin to understand that all of us Occidentals are provincial, that we have overestimated our importance, our influence, and the effect of our impact upon the Orientals. I shall try to remember, as I study these people, that Eve is introduced, in this other world as the wife of Adam. It is already becoming evident that many things that I have considered as of fundamental importance have no significance here at all. All the clocks, and yardsticks, and weights and measures are different, or do not exist at all. We are going into a world where the best of us, no matter what our education and experience, can only grope about. We may have conquered the Eastern world, but, apparently, we have changed it very little. Our much-vaunted civilization does not impress them, as we think it should. They look upon our civilization, ap-

parently, as an attempt to make men comfortable, in a life which men ought not to love.

"The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd
And on her head was hurl'd.

"The East bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again."

II

THE GATEWAY TO INDIA

IT is because they are very sophisticated, or because they know the wonders beyond, that certain travellers tell you that Bombay is only the entrance to India, and not interesting. One can make some very accurate guesses about the people inside the house from the condition of the front steps, the cleanliness of the bell-handle or knocker, and the manners and appearance of the servant who opens the door. At least I am almost unconsciously in the habit of doing so, and one is apt to be more cheerful at the drawing-room entrance if the guardian of the outer door gives you a pleasant greeting. The British front door to India, or Government House Bombay, gave us such a pleasant greeting that we were cheerful throughout the rest of our stay, despite hardships and illness here and there.

First we went to the new hotel, considered the best in India, but we were there for a very short time, for after delivering various letters of intro-

duction we were promptly invited to become the guests of His Excellency the Governor of Bombay. But already at the hotel I saw many things. Along the halls outside the guest-rooms I saw little knots of native servants, in groups of from two to half a dozen, according to the size of the master's family. How little an Indian needs, even with the good pay of a servant, was plainly evident. They had their beds and cooking utensils with them, and at certain hours one saw them eating, or sleeping, huddled together outside their master's door.

Our rooms were large and airy. There was only the necessary furniture, no hangings, and our own bedding was used on the beds. Everybody carries his own bedding in India, and outside the large establishments of the government officials, everywhere it is needed. You are supposed to carry your own bedding with you just as you carry your own tooth-brush. In the trains, and there are very long train journeys, by slow trains, in India, in the guest-houses of the native princes, in camp of course always, and in the hotels and inns, your own bedding is a necessity. Indeed you can scarcely carry too much in India if you wish to be comfortable. All sorts of clothing, from fur coats to the thinnest linen, all sorts of hats from a cap to a pith-helmet, a

spirit-lamp, a folding table and chair, a small amount of tinned or bottled food and a supply of mineral water for the train, a large supply of linen and underclothing, for one changes often, and the laundry work is done by beating on flat stones. The changes of temperature from noon till midnight are startling. One must give up cold baths and take to tepid or hot water, and be careful, indeed, what, and how much, one eats and drinks. No alcohol before sunset, and very little then, and the plainest and most nourishing food.

In this land, as large almost as the whole of Europe, there are only a few large cities where one can buy any of the luxuries or comforts of life outside the obvious, and what you need you must carry with you. On a large scale you do what the native does, you carry your household gods and goods about with you.

How differently "pick up your bed and walk" sounds in your ears when you see a whole population of hundreds of millions actually carrying their beds with them whenever they move. Why should one take heed as to what one shall eat, or drink, or wear, when a handful of rice, a thimbleful of water, and a loin-cloth suffice. The group of servants in front of their master's door at the hotel, or the hundreds of families I have seen travelling by train, by bullock-cart, or even on

foot, have squeezed and sifted life's necessities down to the vanishing-point.

I can see why the gentle Prince of Peace appealed to the Roman, the German, the Scandinavian, the Briton. Those heavy-eating, hard-drinking, hard-fighting peoples, who must have skins, and furs, and huts, and fires, or die, saw in Him and His teachings the very antipodes of all they were, or strove to be. Not so the gentle Hindu. These are not miracles to him; indeed along material lines, he and his ancestors, so far as any man can recall history, have lived in that way.

India has sixty-two million Muhammadans to-day, and but very few Christians, and most of these Muhammadans are converts. The Muhammadan conquerors brought few women with them, and their direct descendants are few in number to-day compared with their converts. To slay the idolater and the heretic, and to be recompensed in another world of fascinating material, not to say sensual gratifications, for so doing, and in this world to be received at once on conversion into the great Muhammadan brotherhood, where there is no caste and no irremovable inequalities, this has appealed to the Indian far more than the doctrines or promises of Christianity.

Muhammadanism is purely democratic. There is no caste even of priests. He who mounts the pulpit and prays, preaches, or reads from the Koran is only an equal among equals, and not set apart or considered above others. It is much like the democratic ways of early Puritan Congregationalism, when the sages would have snorted indeed at the thought that their religious leader, was in the least tainted with any such doctrine as the indelibility of the priesthood, or powers of confession or absolution, other than those of any father at his own fireside. Congregational ministers of the old type were leaders in politics, were sent to Congress, and abroad as ambassadors, and took a conspicuous part in town meetings, and would have scoffed at any insinuation that they were priests, or not as other men, in the homely duties and responsibilities of daily life. Alas, as society becomes more complicated, it demands easy and simple classifications and nomenclature, and thus a priest is a priest, a banker a banker, a professor a professor, without much time or thought given to shades and differences.

This feature of the Muhammadan creed appeals strongly to the caste-bound and neglected Hindu, who must be born again, and born again in no metaphorical sense, to move

an inch above the social status allotted to him by his own religion. Besides this, the Christian brotherliness and love in India are names, not facts. The low-caste Hindu may become what his abilities lead to amongst the Muhammadans, he may become a great man among them, and marry into the proudest family. Their welcome is a real one. But what Christian missionary even, let alone the layman, offers his daughters or sisters to the Hindu convert? There is not even a Christian club in India of which he can become a member. The proudest native prince in India is not allowed inside the doors of the Bombay Yacht Club, even as a guest.

One often hears Protestantism and Catholicism compared, to the disadvantage of the latter, because the Protestant countries are more prosperous, wealthier, more powerful. This same reasoning is used when comparing Christianity with Brahmanism, Confucianism, Buddhism, but the argument does not lie, as the lawyers say. To the Hindu mind it is no argument at all. His ideal is to get out of the world, not to get what he can out of it, and stay in it. That one's beliefs should be scientifically true, or that they should produce in an individual or in a nation powers of wealth-getting or comfort-making, is not only not required of his faith by the Orien-

tal, but he looks upon such tests as preposterous. If plague or famine come to a whole province, or loss or illness come to him individually, or the will of a ruler, whom he believes to be divinely guided, brings disgrace upon him, all these are accepted as inevitable. It is part of the mysterious and incomprehensible divine plan, and leads to no questioning, criticism, or even complaint of the ways of God with man. We recognize self-sacrifice and unselfishness as spiritual graces to be cultivated, but the great majority of Christians look upon an unsuccessful Christian as lacking in some essential manner the full dower of his faith. If the Hindu believed that his faith forbade working on Sunday, or forbade divorce for example, he would sacrifice himself rather than disobey. We on the contrary have allowed laws of economics, and laws of health and freedom to over-ride the dicta of the priest.

I am not deciding between the two, though I believe we are right; I am merely noting differences, which must be kept in mind by the student of the East, if he wishes to gain something more of an understanding of the situation, than the mere superficial contempt, and cobwebby experiences, of a self-satisfied traveller.

The conversion of the thousand million brown and yellow men of Asia, by the five hundred mill-

ion Christians, is so far away in the distance that no eye, even of the imagination, can see so far down the aisles of time.

Far be it from me, a Christian, to discourage the attempt. On the contrary, Christianity has become so clogged with materialistic misinterpretations of its messages; the tent-making and fishing apostles have been so lost in cardinals and bishops living in palaces with the revenues of princes, that the Christian missionary seems almost the one fine and genuine thing left. Just because there is no hope of visible success for him, he is the more admirable and the more Christian.

It is true that the East moves slowly, but even if we count by centuries, the Muhammadan has much the best of it. One Oriental race, the Jews, who live among us, who have been persecuted in every country of the world save America, have not been converted to Christianity. The Parsis in Bombay, there are some fifty thousand of them out of a total population of some eight hundred thousand, are the most prominent and the most powerful people, financially and politically there, and come most in contact with the British politically and commercially; but they are as much Zoroastrians to-day as when they fled to India from Persia. The Parsis all over

India still retain the head-gear which was forced upon them as a humiliation in the early days of their coming to India, just as the Chinese retain the pig-tail, which was forced upon them as a mark of bondage, by their conquerors the Tartars, two hundred and fifty years ago. The Parsis, rich and poor alike, though like the Jews there are few poor amongst them, maintain their religious tenets amongst this mass of Hindus and Muhammadans, and despite the influence of their friends the Christian British.

The towers of silence are one of the sights of Bombay. The Parsis will not defile the three elements, water, fire, and earth, with the remains of their dead. They refuse to dispose of bodies after death in the water, in the ground, or by burning.

It happened that we arrived at the towers of silence on Malabar Hill just as a funeral procession was marching in. Shortly after we were escorted to the top by a courteous attendant, whose brother was the chief official. Once there he explained in detail the procedure. In the midst of our talk another procession wended its way up the hill, and we saw at close quarters what was at the moment being described.

The corpse is borne up the hill, followed by relatives and friends in white, walking two by

two, and hand in hand, the joining of hands symbolizing the perpetual prayer between the two thus linked together. The procession halts, and the body is then carried to a raised platform where the covering is taken off. A swarm of vultures from the surrounding trees flop heavily down, and soon nothing is left but the bones. The bones of all alike are then thrown into a common pit, where they are converted to ashes by chemicals.

The mourners sit about in the quiet grove provided with seats and flowers and fountains, saying their prayers, while the filthy birds have their orgies. Tales are told of a finger, or some other portion of a body, being dropped upon the passers-by in the street below by the gorged and greedy birds. It is a grewsome spectacle to those unaccustomed to it, but the Parsis I saw there seemed serene and peaceful mourners, quite undisturbed by the quarrelling birds flapping their wings lazily in over-fed contentment.

Here was a notable example indeed of difference of custom and its results. My friend the Parsi could hardly refrain from the expression of disgust at our method of delivering our dead to the earth and the worms.

Because we of the West have succeeded beyond measure in material things, as compared

with the East, we are apt to assume that our methods in spiritual things are for that reason superior. As I have said elsewhere, this is faulty reasoning. I doubt if we have any right to assert ourselves along these lines. These Parsis are as confident in their faith, their creed, their methods, horrible though this particular rite seems to us, as are we. It is this hands-off policy in such matters on the part of the British which deserves the highest encomiums for their rule.

It is a pity that in matters of education they have not adopted the same policy, a pity too that they are playing into the hands of a minute minority both in India and in Egypt by pushing to the front the theory of representative government, which the vast majority, at any rate in India, do not understand, cannot reconcile with their traditions, and do not want. I should be sorry to appear bumptious in making this categorical statement. It is true that I have not talked with all these three hundred millions of people, nor has any one else, but I venture to say, modestly, that I have talked with a greater variety than most travellers, and with a far greater variety than most officials, whose work precludes the possibility of much travel, and the consensus of those I met bears me out in this statement.

It is not, and this is the crux of the confusion in most Western minds, that they are not ready for representative government, and for Christianity, but that they have no wish to get ready. They do not want them at all. We Westerners are exaggeratedly impressed with the superiority of our institutions, both secular and ecclesiastical. We believe that if only other peoples understood them they would adopt them. We spend millions, and many lives, in making them understand, and my personal opinion is that the more they understand, the further they are from adopting our institutions. Our points of view, our traditions, our moral and mental freezing and boiling points, are worlds apart. The Indians who have seen most of England and the English appreciate them least, and have no overpowering wish to copy English institutions, or to become English. The Parsis of Bombay, with no caste prejudices, who are on the friendliest footing with the English, who are an intelligent and intellectually superior people, are as much Zoroastrians to-day as though the New Testament were non-existent. The ideals of Christianity do not appeal to the great mass of the Eastern races, or not to be too didactic, have not appealed to them thus far successfully.

With the complaint and criticism of the trav-

eller from the West that everything moves too slowly in the East, from missionary enterprise to the means of locomotion, I have no sympathy. I have ridden ponies, elephants, and camels, and driven in ox-carts and camel-carriages, and travelled nearly fifty-five thousand miles during the last year, in trains and ships, and I find them all too rapid. Even the eight miles an hour on General Kuroki's old military railway through Manchuria was too fast. There is so much to see on every hand that even an ox-cart may go too fast. When I think that this whole volume contains about two words for every mile I have travelled, I realize that I am right in saying that one goes too fast, rather than too slow, in the East.

The Strand, Broadway, and even the boulevards of Paris, with the grotesque eccentricities of the male attire, and the present-day unbifurcated trouser gowns of the women, are tame, and brown, and dull, compared with the kaleidoscope of moving color in the streets of Bombay.

At the races one day I turned my back on the horses and counted fifty-eight different kinds of head-gear amongst the men in the grandstand, and no doubt there were others I did not see. The Parsi, with his lacquered cow's hoof, the Arab, the Persian, the Hindu, the Muhamma-

dan, from north, south, east, and west, were there, and how many more I know not, and when it is remembered that the Maharaja of Gwalior's head-gear is as different from that of his neighbor at Indore as is the cowboy's sombrero from the tile of a Beau Brummel, and that these differences exist all over the East, it is easy to realize that the streets of Bombay, to a new-comer, seem to be a waving, moving mass of form and color.

The British in India in spite of the universal dislike of ostentation amongst the best of them, either here or at home, have been obliged to assume, officially at least, an air of state and ceremony. The crimson and gold liveries of the Viceroy, and of the Governors of Bombay and Madras; the splendid body-guard of mounted Sikhs, well horsed, proud in bearing, all of them over six feet in height, with their turbans and lances; the crimson-lined state carriages, with two men in scarlet and gold on the box, and two standing on the foot-board behind, and always splendidly horsed, all this makes for the dignity and splendor that the Asiatic demands of his ruler. It may be absurd to the American, but there is no doubt whatever that a Viceroy in a cloth cap, on a bicycle, would ruin India in a month. We have prejudices the Oriental thinks

silly; they have prejudices that we had best in charity and for safety's sake let alone.

The administration of India in England is in the hands of a Secretary of State for India, assisted by a council of not less than ten members appointed for ten years by the Secretary of State.

The executive authority in India itself is vested in the Governor-General in Council. The Governor-General, or, as he is more generally called, the Viceroy, is appointed by the Crown, and holds office for five years; this term is sometimes extended. The salary of the Viceroy is 250,800 rupees a year. The rupee is now worth one shilling and fourpence, or roughly thirty-four cents; the salary amounts therefore to about $84,000 a year; but I should be sorry to undertake the job and to pay my expenses out of that sum.

The Council of the Viceroy consists of six ordinary members besides the Commander-in-chief of the army, and they are appointed by the Crown and hold office for five years. This Council is enlarged into a legislative council by the addition of sixteen other members appointed by the Viceroy under certain restrictions.

Further, India is divided into nine provinces: Bombay, Madras, Bengal, Eastern Bengal,

United Provinces, The Punjab, Central Provinces, North West Frontier Provinces, and Burma. The Governors of Bombay and Madras are the most important officials after the Viceroy, and are appointed by the Crown, and each carries a salary of $40,000 a year. The Governors of Bombay and Madras have an executive council of two members of the Indian Civil Service appointed by the Crown. The Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal, Eastern Bengal, United Provinces, the Punjab, and Burma are appointed by the Viceroy with the approval of the Crown; the Chief Commissioners of the Central Provinces and the Agent to the Governor-General who governs the North West Frontier Provinces are appointed by the Viceroy in Council. Of these divisions I visited seven, and in each I was impressed by the enormous amount of work being done, by the conscientious, often I thought too conscientious, way in which it was done, and by the dignity and fearlessness of the men who were doing it. If it were not for the too frequent interferences from the India Office, and the criticism from ignorant politicians, who shamelessly play India off for votes at home, it would be the most ideally managed, as it is the most successfully administered, dependency in the world.

It is curious to note that an agnostic even in office is apt to be more sentimental in his dealings with men than the believer. As an avowed heretic he may wish to prove that he is even more merciful than the orthodox; or he may salve his conscience by assuming an exaggerated love for humanity as his love of God dwindles. To worship the God of the multitude must be a hard thing for the intelligent man, either in the West or in the East; but to turn from that to the flattery and adulation of the multitude itself is to proclaim oneself to all intelligent men, no matter what rewards and prizes are gained thereby, as a scoffer among scoffers, as scornful in the seats of the scorners. Conscience is so pitiless, that even to be a prince in an ochlocracy can hardly recompense the intellectual traitor; and surely a trained mind, laughing in its sleeve, will find a peculiarly painful punishment awaiting it somewhere.

The misfortune of a dangerous illness brought us the good fortune to spend some two weeks as the guest of the Governor of Bombay. Here we saw housekeeping, as I saw it again later as the guest of the Viceroy at Calcutta, on the magnificent and dignified scale made necessary by the climate, the social demands, the high position of the host, and his unceasing and unending

procession of guests. Very few of them are of his own choosing or inviting, few of them indeed his personal friends, but Bombay is the door to India, and England has many friends all over the world, and for reasons of state, or courtesy, or of frank hospitality, Government House Bombay receives them all, some to stay a night or two, and all to lunch or to dine. Dinners of a dozen, or of twenty, or of seventy, night after night, and the dinner of seventy as well and as noiselessly served as the tête-à-tête dinner in our own sitting-room. At the head of this establishment the Governor of Bombay, with a besetting sin of toiling when he should be at play, at exercise, or in bed.

The steward, or manager of an establishment as well conducted as this must be a housewifeic jewel of the Koh-i-noor variety. But that is behind the scenes. I can only speak of the results.

A man who has a province of 75,000 square miles and a population of over 15,000,000 to govern, including a city the size of Bombay, must have his hands full, and can spare little time for his guests and their entertainment.

I had heard of the institution called an aide-de-camp before, and I have met them in other parts of the world; but just as there are peaches

outside of Jersey, strawberries elsewhere than in Maryland, clam-bakes elsewhere than in Fair Haven, Massachusetts, soft-shell crabs, oysters, terrapin, canvas-back ducks elsewhere than in America, but none quite so good, so if you would know the fine flower of aide-de-campship you must needs go to India.

A man with as many strings to his bow as a governor of one of these great provinces must have many servants, capable, willing, and efficient, or the business would soon be in a tangle. These men must not only be capable, willing and efficient, they must be loyal, and if in addition they like their chief, you have a corps of assistants approaching perfection. There is the Military Secretary, the Private Secretary, the Physician, and others, each with his duties. But besides their specific duties they are the hosts by proxy of their chief, and everywhere and at all times they are there to save him trouble and to make his work easy.

Every day in your dressing-room before dinner you find a type-written list of the guests you are to meet that night, and the name of the lady assigned to you to take in to dinner. Austrian and Polish nobles, Russian and French princes, German diplomats, members of Parliament, officials, British and Indian, Royal Highnesses, all

must be properly placed, and all must know who their neighbors are, and as a result what subjects of conversation may cause friction and are to be avoided. When all are assembled in the drawing-room, the aide on duty for that day appears with the Governor, whom he announces: His Excellency! That gentleman makes the round of the room, shaking hands with each, offers his arm to the lady entitled to that honor, and we go in to dinner where a score or more of turbaned servants, in crimson and gold liveries and barefooted, serve the meal.

It is noticeable that the other Europeans are impressed by the stately and dignified way things are done by the British officials in India. The Governor is easily king, no matter who is there, and during my stay he entertained all sorts, including royalty and high diplomacy, renowned travellers, sportsmen, journalists, and statesmen. One gets an impression of the sturdy self-control, of the patient mental power, which are the driving force behind the handful of Englishmen who hold this country. They have it in their blood, the best of these people, and these highly placed Englishmen almost without exception — I only met one exception, and the harm he does, although negatively, makes one gasp to think what would happen were there more like

him — take the throne with an air of authority and a lack of self-consciousness, as of men sitting down for a chat with a friend.

In these democratic days much ceremony and formality, a semblance of pomp, makes the observer uneasy very often lest something, so to speak, should come unstarched, or go wrong, lest the procession should be marred by a sense of unreality, and tempt one to titter. Not so here. Even after the novelty wears off, one is not impressed by the artificiality so much as more and more impressed by a growing feeling that this is not the simulacrum, but the reality of power. But it takes a big man to carry it off, England, by one of her blunders, still has a knot of them here in India.

I have always thought that if I were not myself, or as Mr. Choate gallantly and wittily phrased it, could not be my wife's next husband, I should like above all things to have been the secretary to a great man, Cromwell, Hampden, Washington, Lincoln, Bismarck, and had a hand in the chosen doings of the picked giants of earth.

It must be some such feeling as this which stirs in the breast of the ideal aide-de-camp. The aides of the Viceroy, of the Governor of Bombay, and of the Governor of Madras who

in distinction from other officials in India receive their commissions from the Crown, wear their aiguillettes of gold over the right shoulder, as representatives of royalty; other A. D. C.'s wear them over the left shoulder. A witty gentleman eating honey in the country turned from the dish and remarked meditatively: "If I lived in the country I should certainly keep a bee!" If I lived in officialdom I would make any sacrifice to keep an aide-de-camp!

An aide-de-camp is a person whose business it is to be agreeable. His task is one requiring unceasing vigilance, good health, good looks, a kindly disposition, and not only manners, but what is the finer flower of manners, manner. His duties are so multifarious, his accomplishments necessarily so varied, that it seems at first glance a preposterous joke to propose to any one mortal that he should perform them, combine them, conceal them deftly, and not die of megalomania.

He begins his day, let us say, at Government House, by taking a guest to ride at 7 A. M. — it is too hot to ride at any other hour. He cares no more for that particular guest than for the grandsire of the horse he is riding, but he is a very clever and a very observant guest if he discovers it. As the clock strikes seven he appears, smil-

ing, shaven, clean, with a "I hope I have not kept you waiting!" He is full of such phrases as that by the way. Indeed he is an anthology of colorless and comforting phrases, not quite flattering, not quite humble, but partaking of both, which steep the unsuspecting in an aroma of superiority and security. He has listened to your banalities about horses and horseflesh, in the smoking-room the night before, with a certain worshipful awe in his eyes, and you now find that he rides as though he were in a cradle, and you perhaps as though you were on a ship's deck. He modestly defers to you as to whether we trot, or walk, or canter, and he is ready to go on or stop, as best pleases you. He has a thousand things to do that day, and you nothing, but he is positively reckless as to time if only you are happy. If you will only waste his time, nothing apparently will give him greater pleasure. He leaves you at the door of your bungalow on your return with thanks for your company, and hope in his eyes and on his tongue, that you will favor him with your company again.

You make what you consider a remarkably quick change and arrive at the breakfast-room. Apparently he has been there for hours. All in white, booted and spurred, with aiguillettes over his shoulder, ribbons on his breast, for he is

on duty to-day, no heat, no wilted collar, no single hair in disarray, he awaits you, and even his smile is cool and inviting. If there are many guests at breakfast or at luncheon he gently insinuates you into the room, but by his manner alone he transforms you into feeling like a whole procession, and you swell with satisfaction as he hands you to the best place vacant. He takes his place, with an expression, conveyed wholly by his corporeal attitude, as though to say: "As for me, what matters it where I sit!" He succeeds by some curious personal magnetism, born I suppose of long practice, in giving you the impression that you are riding upon a very tall elephant, magnificently caparisoned, while he is standing in the street admiring you.

After he has seen that you have your cigar or cigarette, and asked solicitously if you have seen the last Reuter telegrams and the newspaper, he leaves you, but he leaves you in a delicious atmosphere not of mere comfort, but of comfort that you begin to feel you have deserved by some effort of your own. There is a marked difference between common or garden comfort and A. D. C. comfort. The latter is lighted and scented with a certain subtle something that makes you feel that your state of languorous ease has been won by you after long and arduous toil; while as a

matter of scientific fact, it is only the A. D. C. wand which has played upon your egotism, and made it seem for the nonce noble.'

If you wish to do an errand in the town before luncheon, he will either accompany you himself, or provide you with a companion. If he goes himself he instals you in the right-hand corner of the carriage or motor, in the place of honor, and you sail away, soldiers and policemen saluting, and others salaaming as you pass. He does not say it, but his air implies that these marks of respect are due to your imposing personality, and not to the royal liveries.

If a member of your party is ill, he never forgets to send her flowers, to inquire for her health, and to suggest other comforts.

He has done an hour's work before the morning ride, and despite the air of idleness and the apparent contempt for time, he has done two hours' more work before the drive.

This almost feminine regard for your comfort, and the sight of him modestly curled up on a sofa at tea-time, like a stretching house cat, may lead you astray. Take him on at billiards, at racquets, at real tennis or lawn tennis, at polo or cricket or a day's shooting, or go through a day's hard ride in camp or at manœuvres with him, and you find that he plays all the games

you know and many more, and he beats you at all of them easily and apologetically. Among this knot of embroidered and decorative young gentlemen you may find a distinguished performer upon the piano-forte, who will play you his own compositions; another who publishes fugitive poems; another who could easily make his living as a caricaturist; but none of these accomplishments is foisted upon you, rather are they dragged forth, or discovered by accident. None of them will speak of himself, or his doings, experiences, or successes, and one and all abhor lime-light upon themselves or their deeds. What an education a little of their companionship would be for many of my countrymen, who after half an hour's acquaintance seem to fill the atmosphere with exclamation points, and repetitions of the ninth letter of the alphabet.

On all official occasions, after dinner, or at dances, the A. D. C.'s attentions to the forlorn, the scraggy, the three-cornered, the convex-backed, the concave-chested, the self-conscious, the awkward, the acidulous of the opposite sex, would put the most fanatical Salvation Army captain to shame.

I have grown to look upon A. D. Cship at its best, as one of the healing professions. It ministers to the social soul diseased. It deals with

the more hidden maladies of vanity, self-consciousness, social awkwardness, non-appreciated virtues, hypothetical prowesses, and soothes them unobtrusively, gently, and successfully. Chatterton, and Byron, and Poe might all have been saved by the ministrations of an accomplished A. D. C.

As for his relations with his chief, he surrounds him with a purring adulation which soothes irritation, and lays the dust of the small attritions and futilities of the daily task. He gives spiritual subcutaneous injections of confidence and courage; waves aside the phantoms of discouragement; lights up the dark places of dull duties; and helps to fulfil the deeds in hours of insight willed, which must be done, like most severe tasks, in hours of gloom.

If he really likes and respects his chief, his voice and mien are a veritable pæan and hallelujah of praise, when he appears before the guests and announces: His Excellency! You are at once prejudiced in the great man's favor, prone to believe that he is indeed Excellent.

There is nothing mawkish about this loyalty, nothing effeminate. It is like the tenderness with which an engineer oils his great ship-propelling machinery, or the gentleness and care of a sportsman for his guns.

In a climate where the greatest discomforts come from the heat, and the entomological offspring of the heat, the houses are built for coolness and for shade. At Government House Bombay, there is a large central bungalow containing the drawing-rooms, dining-room, billiard-room, ballroom, smoking-room, the entertaining-rooms in short, and surrounding it are the bungalows containing the living apartments of the Governor, his staff, and his guests. We were royally housed in a bungalow overlooking the bay, with reception-hall, sitting-rooms, bath-rooms, and bedrooms, and with separate entrances and outer halls. The service is at first uncanny, so noiseless are the barefooted attendants. You wash your hands in your dressing-room, and almost before you are out of the room a silent brown man has slipped in to change the water.

Servants are of course cheap as measured by our standards, though by no means as cheap as they were twenty-five years ago; but they are also so bound, partly by caste rules, partly by lethargy, partly by centuries of habit, that it requires many of them to keep the household machine going, even when it is of modest proportions. In the case of the Governor of a great province or more particularly in the case of the

Viceroy, the number required is legion. No one of them will undertake another's task, and the social and religious differences between them are so great that there are no illustrations from American life that will serve to mark them. Between the low-caste sweeper of the garden walks and the Sikh soldier on guard at the front door, for example, there is a social difference not of degrees but of latitudes. It is criminal to think of associating together.

We must not forget that we are among people here in India who though starving will throw away the meal with contempt upon which even the shadow of a low-caste man has fallen. We should remember too that these peculiarities of caste are not uncommon even among ourselves. The writer of Genesis recalls that the custom existed in Egypt "because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians." When Joseph entertained his brethren in the house of Pharaoh the Egyptians ate apart, the Hebrews ate apart, and Joseph ate apart, much as the Maharana of Udaipur would do to-day did he entertain strangers and inferiors. I know more than one continental Catholic who has never to his knowledge sat at table with a Jew; and we all of us eat, and drink, and are friendly with people

whom we do not ask to break bread with us at our own tables. These Indians have their caste prejudices, so have we, and when analyzed the differences are of degree rather than fundamental, and so likewise are the eccentricities of housekeeping in the East or the West; there are difficulties to contend with on both sides of the world.

Bells and mechanical appliances are not necessary, for at any hour of the day or night you clap your hands, and there glides noiselessly into your presence a brown phantom to do your bidding. All the work of every kind is done by men, except the sweeping of the leaves by one or two women in the garden. They all seem, if one may judge from appearances, not only contented but proud. Good behavior means fixity of tenure, and ultimately a pension. Tipping fairly, when there are so many, is impossible. The visitor finds a notice in his apartments asking him not to fee the servants, but calling attention to a box, into which he may put a contribution if he wishes. This contribution is added to the Pension Fund. The same justice, and honesty, and impartiality which hold all India, hold even more effectively here, because in the case of servants they come into closer contact with their masters, and in many cases like them as

well as respect them. John Nicholson was not only a hero among his white fellows but a hero too, to his soldiers and servants. His great height, his flowing beard, his dignity of bearing, and audacious courage so delighted the Sikhs that a sect of them called themselves by his name, and established him as their *Guru*, or priest.

Among other letters, I had a letter to a distinguished Hindu, who has won high rank in the judiciary of India. I spent a long day in the courts with him, and on one occasion I sat through a scene which I shall never forget. The buildings used by the court in Bombay are larger and finer than those in New York, and the judges better paid than even our judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. The case was one of appeal from a decision of the lower court condemning two Hindus to death for murder. It was a disgusting story, and most of the evidence was circumstantial, except that of a lad of sixteen, a decadent, who claimed that he had been forced by the others to take part in the crime. There sat a Hindu judge, and beside him an English colleague; the case was argued for the appeal by an English barrister. Many hours, much money, much investigation and sifting of evidence had gone into this dull matter of the

guilt or innocence of these three Hindus of the very lowest caste. The British machine was working as carefully, as minutely, as though great personages, or important matters of state were at stake. It was an object-lesson of the slow, ponderous English way of being just. It was a sledge-hammer to crack an egg, but it was justice for those cow-herds, who possibly earned two or three cents a day, and justice as nice, and careful, and impartial as for a prince. In the old days their ruler would have had their heads off, or their brains and bellies crushed to a jelly beneath an elephant's feet and knees, or sent them about their business in five minutes, and nor the victims, nor their friends, nor any one else would have thought anything more about it.

In a country where lying and deceiving are looked upon as an intellectual employment as worthy as any other; in a country where a man will murder his own child and bury it in his neighbor's garden to fasten suspicion upon him, it is easy to realize how difficult is justice, and how experience alone can weigh evidence and get the truth from witnesses. It is sciolism worse confounded to write letters and pamphlets from cosy chambers in London or New York on the subject of justice in India, the tyranny of the police, the haughty English official, and kindred

criticisms. I have visited courts and prisons, I have sat in the highest court, and also in front of the deputy-commissioner's tent pitched on the plains of the Punjab, on a hot day, and thus seen justice meted out to the high and low, and to all conditions of men and women, and now that I am far away from it all, I marvel even more than I did then at the patience, forbearance, kindliness, and impartiality that I saw.

My distinguished Hindu friend was of the Brahman class, who had been educated in England and thereby, by crossing the black water, outcasted. He belonged to the intellectuals of his creed, and told me he was what we should call a Unitarian. He praised the virtues of the Hindus, said they were peaceable, gentle, mild, but also suspicious, envious, and jealous, and easily excited by playing upon their religious fears, when they lost all sense of the justice and honesty of their rulers, or of anybody else, and became cruel. The Hindus, he said, have as a rule but one wife, taking another only in case the first one bears no children, or, among the lower classes, that there may be more people to work the land, and this in spite of the fact that their religion does not forbid polygamy.

He maintained, as did every Indian of the scores I talked with, that caste is the curse of

the country, keeping people apart, setting them against one another, and that so long as caste exists there is no hope of self-government.

He thought the British did not see enough of the people, were socially exclusive, and thereby barred from understanding the people they lived among. I said that all Englishmen made the same remark, that the Indians are inscrutable, mysterious. He denied this, and said that they were quite understandable, and would talk freely and frankly, but that they were not allowed to be on such terms with the English as permitted freedom and frankness of intercourse, and that therefore they were dubbed inscrutable. He said the feeling between Hindus and Muhammadans was as strong, and in some places as bitter, as ever.

He thought some protection would be good for India, for of course with free-trade, India was at the mercy of Lancashire.

He was in favor of as much participation in the government by natives as was possible, and held that education was making progress even among the women. He showed the same feeling, though very guardedly expressed, that other intelligent Indians show wherever one meets them, that much of the distrust and dread of the Indian for the English are due in great part to the unsympathetic attitude of the majority of the

English, and claimed that confidence and sympathy would be repaid by loyalty and frankness.

We discussed the curious contradictoriness of the English, who insist upon the unearned increment theory as applicable to land in India, though they fight it at home; and who support the theory of native princes in India, with their patriarchal influence and methods of government, while denouncing dukes and great landlords at home. We agreed upon one thing, that the subtilties of British compromise were beyond us.

I quote this gentleman, as I shall quote others, not because I agree or disagree with all their views, but that my readers may grind each his own axe. As for me, I beg to emphasize the fact that I have no axe to grind other than to call the attention of my countrymen to problems and situations that they are marching toward, and that rapidly.

At a dinner given for me by the Chief-Justice, we dined at a new club where both Indians and British meet. Indeed, it was formed for that purpose, and certain already hard-worked Englishmen whom I met make it a point to go there. At the dinner in question only men were present, and there were as many Indians present as Europeans, and it seemed to me that problems

of government and politics were discussed as freely as they would have been in New York or in London.

But when one leaves this atmosphere of the high-placed, to spend many hours in the part of the town inhabited by the Indians themselves, the practical situation seems to swamp the theory completely. What sympathy, what kindliness, what understanding of their needs or of their defects can permeate this mass? Even my Hindu friend, when pressed for an opinion, admitted that he saw no solution except British domination for centuries to come. Just what your eyes see, just what your ears hear, make you almost contemptuous of the most intelligent man's opinion who has not actually been in India. These streets swarming with people; these shops, which are merely large-sized goods boxes with one end taken off, in which are huddled merchants and their families and their wares, in a cubic space perhaps twice that occupied by a deer-hound when travelling in his huge basket to a show; the variety of costumes, head-gear, and physiognomy, I was told that forty different dialects are spoken in the bazaars of Bombay, distinctions of class apparent even to my untutored eyes, from the man in a loin-cloth to some petty raja in a gilded coach, with servants

swarming over it and around it, or dainty Parsi women taking their airing in well-turned-out carriages, with footmen clearing the way for them; beggars covered with dust and ashes; Arabs and students, what a mixture it is!

Nor democracy, nor any other form of government, has done away with social differences, for the form of government is yet to be even dreamt of that can endow men with equal patience, equal industry, equal good judgment, and until that time comes, society will be as little level as the troughs and crests of the ocean. Even in the West, where religion and politics have assumed the livery of Equality, little has been done; but in the East religion and politics for thousands of years have insisted that justice demands inequality, and from Quetta to Calcutta, and from Madras to the Khaibar Pass, there is no sign that the old ways are passing.

A journalist whom I met in Bombay, who, though he was not an anarchist, was nonetheless voluble in his criticisms of the British methods of rule, was discussing the recent visit of Mr. Keir Hardie to India, and I remarked that he was a curious leader for a Brahman to follow. "We do not follow him," he replied, "we are only using him as we should use anybody else who will follow us! The men he influences," he

continued, "are of little use to us, but they are a nuisance to the British."

There are over a thousand newspapers published in the vernacular in India in over twenty-two dialects or languages. In the large cities like Bombay, and to some extent in the outlying districts, they have a certain influence, not always, I fear, for good.

But if the East is buried deep in its own superstitions, we are obsessed by ours. Education and teaching are two of ours. The misty talk about teaching people to respect themselves is a very loose phrase. To teach Lincoln to respect himself was to increase his respect for patience, for humility, for good-humor; to teach John Nicholson to respect himself was to increase his respect for truth, courage, and duty; on the other hand, to teach a forger to respect himself is to make his next forgery more daring; to teach a thief to respect himself is to make his next loot larger; to teach certain firebrand politicians to respect themselves, either in India or in England, is to increase their respect for jaunty omniscience, for second-hand scholarship, and for the sly sedition of the bomb, the pistol, and the vernacular press.

To teach a man to read, or to write, or to count does not teach him to think, or to know.

We tried teaching our Indians; England teaches in India — under the ægis, by the way, of the most absurd Macaulayan and antiquated system, the system of a man as contemptuous and ignorant of Eastern literature, religions, and philosophy as he was accomplished as a maker of historical phrases and literary antitheses — but to little avail, for the reason that few of us as yet realize the limitations of education. The Indian senior wrangler is no more morally an Englishman than he was before he knew the English alphabet. You cannot teach character, no matter how much else you teach, and character is the only thing worth while. Men are only of the same class, of the same moral aristocracy, when their blood boils and freezes at the same moral temperature, and in all the world there is no text-book on that subject, and but few teachers.

Much of the confusion in this matter arises from the fact that we confound training and education. The majority of men who go through schools and universities get no training at all, and fail and are forgotten; the men who do get the training in schools and universities make it appear that it was altogether due to school and college, which is not the case at all. It was training that produced Washington, Hamilton, Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, "Stonewall" Jackson,

and Lee, and not education in any academic sense, though Hamilton, Jackson, and Lee were students. It is not the learning that makes the man, but the man who uses his learning as a gymnasium in which to train his powers. We go on crowding men into state and philanthropy-supported institutions of learning as though they were magical receptacles for the production of trained men. Years of failure have taught us nothing.

I agree that the state ought to supply the opportunity for elementary study, and that it is wise and generous charity which offers opportunity for high and costly experiment and investigation, but only those who earn their way ought to have the path beyond made easy. Luther, and Erasmus, and Bacon, and the lesser breed of intellect, will blaze their own paths through the forest of difficulties; the others should not be pampered into intellectual dawdling, but left, and even forced if necessary, to fell the forest and plough the plain.

America has had free education from the beginning, an unequalled test, and yet the men who have made America are without university degrees, with such few exceptions that the academically educated are lost in the overwhelming majority who have trained themselves. Even

those who have academic degrees owe their places in the world to other training than the training received from books and professors.

The world wonders at the decadence of school-beridden France, where the boys are effeminatized, the youths secularized, and the men sterilized, morally and patriotically; France with its police without power, its army without patriotism, and its people without influence; disorderly at home and cringing abroad; a nation owing its autonomy even, to the fact that it is serviceable as a buffer-state. When I write "disorderly at home," it is not the off-hand rhetoric of the hasty writer. Monsieur Emile Massard made a report to the Paris Municipal Council on the subject of the encumberment of the Paris streets. He says there are nearly half a million vehicles of all kinds in Paris to-day, with twenty thousand hand-carts and nine thousand barrows. In 1909, sixty-five thousand eight hundred and seventy accidents were caused in the Paris streets by eighty-one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight vehicles, or about three accidents for every four vehicles, and there was one summons for every seventy-seven motor taxi-cabs. I am unorthodox, I might even be dubbed a heretic by the narrow, but I am bound to confess if ever a nation suffered from physical and

moral dry-rot, as a direct result of secular education, it is France.

America and Germany have been saved from this by faith and reverence. In France reverence has been knocked on the head and faith smothered in ridicule, and she has produced a school-bred hooligan, in Paris at any rate, whose lack of the human traits of decency, honesty, gentleness, and manliness are unequalled outside of a menagerie. Heretic I may be, but I would rather suffer a Mass even, than mock at my mother country.

Education without moral training is simply a diabolical misfortune. But the fallacy remains, and with it a terrible waste of human material, and an increase of that uneasy unhappiness which is the curse of modern society; for men and women are naturally discontented who feel dimly that they are developed along wrong lines, and yet are loath to admit that they should exchange the black coat for the blouse, the pen for the plough, and the anæmia of mediocre mental accomplishment for the health of rude toil.

There is a multitude of failures at these Indian examinations. It takes twenty-four thousand candidates for matriculation to secure eleven thousand passes, and of these eleven thousand only one thousand nine hundred survive to take

the B. A. degree. At Oxford, for example, and as a means of comparison, the number of those who fail to matriculate is negligible, and of the nine hundred who annually matriculate, about six hundred and fifty proceed to their degree. In the long run, God himself readjusts matters. Development along false lines ends in disgrace and failure. We to-day may see Turks and Italians, the descendants of the Mughals and the Cæsars, working as day-laborers in the far-off West of the Argentine Republic, and five hundred years hence a Chinese official will ponder over the fact that the descendants of English lords and American millionaires are tilling his fields. By instinct we say "Mother Earth" and "Mother Nature," and we are right; all the others are step-mothers, or mothers-in-law.

It is curious that England, which has won so great an empire, and which has been ruled and served by an uneducated but trained aristocracy, should of all nations turn to books and professors to solve its Indian problems. In the House of Commons, July, 1910, there were one hundred and eleven Etonians, the great majority of whom are far better fitted to lead a squadron of cavalry, or to govern a foreign province, than to pass an examination in competition with Frenchmen or Germans of their own age. I hope I am not as-

suming too much when I say that these same Etonians would agree with me.

India needs engineers, agricultural chemists, archæologists, mining engineers, architects, statisticians, students of hygiene, political economists, scientific farmers, but how many such men have her schools and colleges produced? Practically none. All this work is done by Europeans, while the Indian student has but one aim: to become an employee of the government, a cog in the wheel of bureaucracy, with a little power over his fellows, and a pension in store for him. The supply of these students is exceeding the demand, and those left over are like badly cooked food, neither good as a fertilizer nor to eat; they are spoiled for the fields and too feeble for useful mental labor. I mean no insult. I am saying of the East what I have first said of the West. England has transferred the Western fetich of secular education to India, with the result that might have been expected. The Indian seditionist is no worse than the Parisian hooligan, and both, with certain differences, are the result of the same system.

The sun is blazing down on the garden in which lives a saint, so-called, whom I visited one day in Bombay. He has not spoken for twenty-three years, and his neighbors look upon him

with awe. He permits me to take his photograph, and I wonder whether it is for peace or as a penance that he has made this law for himself. We question him, and he by signs tells us that he is quite happy, quite indifferent whether he lives or dies, and quite sure that all is for the best in the world, if one only takes a perspective of, say, a thousand years or so. We are too close to things to know much about them, he maintains, and gets as far away as he can.

Some months later, I visit at Davos Platz a man who for nearly thirty years has been studying drops of blood under a microscope. He is getting as close to life as he can, but admits that he knows little more than the sage in his hot garden at Bombay. Both the Western scientist and the Eastern sage smile indulgently at the fussiness of modern life. My own experience of men in many lands has taught me that the most active are the least valuable. It is a notable survival of the simian in man, that so many people think that constant mental and physical activity is a measure of value. Busy people seldom accomplish anything. The statue, the poem, the painting, the solution of the economic, financial, or social problem, the courage and steadfastness for war even, are all born in seclusion and appear mysteriously from nowhere. Cromwell, Wash-

ington, Lincoln, Shakespeare, Dante, and Cervantes all appear from nowhere, and promptly take command of the busybodies. What a crowd of men we all recall who were so busy making themselves remembered that they are already forgotten! It is said that some ninety-five per cent of business men, brokers, and bankers fail. It is busyness that does it. We must give the Eastern philosophy its due. We are none of us infallible, not even the most modern of us, and I am not sure that the proud flesh of the social sore is not as visible in the Tweed Ring, in the State-House scandals in Pennsylvania, in the Sugar scales of certain millionaire merchants, in the Poplar Union revelations in England, or in the crowd at a race-meeting in Paris, as anywhere in India or in China.

I regret, for the sake of my Western readers who are accustomed to the proclamatory cocksureness of irritable activity, that I am leaving Bombay with so little ability to provide them with any essence of omniscience of my own manufacture. Having no claims social, political, or financial to make upon my fellow-countrymen, I am satisfied to serve them with food for thought, rather than to denounce them for the benefit of their enemies, or to flatter them for their own undoing, that I may have their approval.

III

THE GREAT MUGHAL

IT is much like trying to sop up the Ganges with a bath sponge, to attempt to give briefly, and yet satisfactorily, an outline of the history of India. If I were telling some one else how to thread the beads of such an historical sketch, I should suggest a series of names, names of men who have stood as corners around which the current of events has swirled. Buddha 500 B. C.; Asoka 257 B. C.; Alexander 327 B. C.; Kanishka 40 A. D.; Timur 1398 A. D.; Babar 1482–1530; Akbar 1556–1605; Shah Jahan 1628–1658; Sivaji 1627–80; Clive 1751–1767; Hastings 1773–1784; Ranjit Singh 1780–1839; Dalhousie 1848–1856; John Nicholson 1857.

There are many omissions here, but from the time when India rises above the horizon of legitimate history down to that Sir Galahad of the Mutiny, John Nicholson, who was shot through the heart at Delhi, with the words: "Forward, Fusiliers! Officers to the front!" on his lips, one can grasp the main features by a study of

these biographies. Those last words of Nicholson, too, leave one with a tingle in the blood, and a fine flavor of the nobility of English manhood, which was never more wanted in India, and in England, than to-day. Some such thing must be done, however, to make any sketch of British rule, or of present conditions in India, in the least comprehensible. This is the more necessary when one hears, not only from those who have never visited India, but from those who have been there, suggestions and discussions which might lead one to believe that India had always been, and is to-day, a national entity like France, or Germany, or Italy. India is not in the least like Poland, battling for national existence against Russia and Germany; not in the least like Italy delivering herself from Austria.

India has never had any national existence whatsoever. India is even now, and always has been, as much divided into nations, states, races, religions, languages, as is Europe, or Asia, or Africa. The Sentimentalist, who, Meredith tells us, is "a perfectly natural growth of a fat soil. Wealthy communities must engender them," speaks, and writes of India, as though it had been enslaved by the British, robbed of its personality, starved in its natural national growth, shorn of

its liberties, and deprived of any representation in its own government.

It comes as a surprise therefore, particularly to the American, who must always listen sympathetically to tales of tyranny, particularly if the Briton be the tyrant, to find that India has never had a national personality, nor any natural national growth, nor anything approaching national liberty, nor anything even dimly shadowing forth representative institutions, nor has she ever dreamt of individual liberty as we know it. Moreover, out of the three hundred millions of the population, two hundred and ninety millions at least do not know what these things mean, and do not care. The average Indian does not know that America has been discovered, he has no idea of the British constitution, or of the cabinet, he does not know that there is a British Secretary of State for India. Such loyalty and knowledge as he may have, centre in three Lords: the "*Bara Lat*" or Viceroy, "*Chota Lat*" Provincial Governor, directly over him, and the "*Jangi Lat*" or Commander-in-Chief in India. Most of them, however, only know the word *Sarkar* or the government. He lacks even an equivalent for the word "vote" in his language. He recognizes power, position, but has not the vaguest notion of "majorities." A change of

government to him means merely a change of ruler, another man in place of the old one. He knows nothing of changes of principle, of economic differences, of party cries. Government to him has always meant, and means to-day, autocratic power expressed in the person of a man. Only a tiny minority in India know anything of the whys and wherefores of the party government in England, by which they are ruled.

Unless this profound ignorance of modern political methods in India is clearly understood, and kept ever in the back of the brain in all discussions of India and its peoples, misapprehensions and misunderstandings are sure to follow.

The discussions, experiments, and agitations at the present time in regard to India, are leading many people, both in England, where it is their duty to know better, and all over the Western world, to suppose that India as a whole is perhaps almost ready for representative government. Those who know the actual conditions in India are trying to disabuse the minds of people of this error, but strange to say it is difficult.

Lord Cromer said not long ago: "If they considered the immense diversity of race, religion, and language in India, and also that they would be endeavoring to transplant to

India a plant entirely of exotic growth and placing it in very uncongenial soil, he must confess for his own part that he should be very much surprised if the legislative experiment did succeed." Other experienced governors of alien races have said the same.

Lord Curzon, whose opinion upon all matters relating either to the Near or to the Far East, must be received with respect, says: "The bulk of the peoples of India want, not representative government, but good government, and look to the British officers for protection from the rapacious money-lender and landlord, from the local *vakeel* (attorney), and all the other sharks in human disguise which prey upon these unhappy people."

My own opinion as an observer from the outside is, that the peoples of India are no more fit for representative government than are the inmates of a menagerie, and that were the British to leave India for three months, India would resemble a circus tent in the dark, with the menagerie let loose inside. There would be no safety except for the cruel, and those who could hide; and there would be no security because there would be no shame. Tooth and nail and fang would have full play again, and that callous cruelty, which, more than any other quality,

stamps the Oriental as different from the Occidental, would slaughter the strong, enslave the weak, and market the women for the harem or the plough.

The very men who study chemistry in London, under the protection of British law, in order to learn how to make bombs, to hurl at an English Viceroy and his wife, and who are the most vociferous pleaders for representative government, would be the first to hide, and the first to suffer; aside from that I can see no advantage in opening the doors of the cages for many years to come.

One of their stanchest friends, and one of their most brilliant British rulers, and a scholar in all matters pertaining to the politics of the East, writes out of his almost unequalled experience as traveller and ruler: "in character a general indifference to truth and respect for successful guile, in deportment, dignity, in society the rigid maintenance of the family union, in government the mute acquiescence of the governed, in administration and justice the open corruption of administrators and judges, and in every-day life a statuesque and inexhaustible patience, which attaches no value to time, and wages unappeasable warfare against hurry."

It is idle for the Westerner to attempt to form

political or social opinions about these people till he has dwelt among them, watched them, studied them. Their clumsy inefficiency physically, their depressed mental attitude, their shivering timidity, their sullen solemnity, I am writing, of course, of the mass of the people, are beyond anything the Western imagination can picture. It is not only idle to attempt to form opinions, let me go further, and say that I hold it cruel to the people themselves, to attempt to irritate them into the belief that they can, for scores of years to come, undertake to take care of themselves politically, socially, or morally. Every man of humane instincts ought to be grateful that they have at last a guardian who is honest, just, self-controlled, and lacking somewhat in sentiment and imagination.

Two hundred and fifty millions of this population are entirely dependent upon agriculture for a living, and Lord Curzon himself has estimated the total annual income of the Indian peasantry at a trifle over five dollars a head!

India has an area of more than one and a half million of square miles, and a population of, roughly, three hundred millions. Her area in square miles is equal to the total area of Europe less Russia, and her population is greater than that of all Europe, less Russia. The great di-

versity of climate in India, the extremes of heat and cold, of drought and wet, of fierce winds and calms, and the consequent plagues, famines and crop failures, are the result of a peculiar geographical position. If one could stand India up on end, the Himalaya mountains, with one peak, Mt. Everest, twenty-nine thousand feet high, would hang over the pear-shaped peninsula like a great, broad-brimmed hat. If you look at a raised map of India, you will see the resemblance, for the Himalaya mountains, which separate India on the north-east from the great, barren plateau of Tibet, seem to hang over India like a huge, curling parapet. It looks as though the bare backbone of the world had protruded here. One hundred and fifty miles from the gulf of Bengal, where the Assam range of hills runs out into the plain, the rain-clouds bursting against these, give a rainfall of four hundred and fifty inches! While to the west, in the plains of Rajputana, there is scarcely water enough for a blade of grass.

When camping out with the troops on manœuvres, north of Lucknow, riding in the middle of the day was oppressively hot, but at eleven o'clock at night all the blankets and fur coats one could pile on, were not too much for comfort.

The English have done much to bring about a certain regularity of water supply. Taking the country as a whole, one acre in seven is irrigated. Thirteen million acres are watered by wells, fifteen million acres are watered from tanks, or small private canals, and seventeen million acres are watered by canals, built and maintained by the government. I am not an authority on such matters, but I am told that these irrigation works in India are not only triumphs of engineering skill, but the most beneficent works of the kind in the world. It is easy to believe this, when one realizes that the failure of the year's rain in India means that two-thirds of the population are out of employment for a year, with of course a consequent rise in the prices of necessary commodities.

There are now in India over thirty thousand miles of railway, more miles of railway than has France, three times more than Italy, as much as Austro-Hungary, and only six thousand miles less than Germany. In 1857 there were only three hundred miles of railway. What must have been the helplessness of India in famine years, when there were no means of transportation! If England had done nothing more, one must go slow in criticising her, when these canals and railways are remembered.

She alone has fought grim Nature in India with the resources of science, with the result of a saving of millions of lives. No other conqueror spent his time, energy, money, and the lives of his own people, in such enterprises. Nadir Shah rode off with millions. Other conquerors did the same. England has poured millions into India, and the malcontents are grumbling because she exacts in interest far fewer sovereigns than she has saved lives. Human beings at five dollars a head seem cheap enough!

When we recall that crowded France has only a population of under two hundred to the square mile, and that even in overcrowded England wherever the density of the population is over two hundred to the square mile, the population ceases to be rural and must live by manufactures, mining, or city industries; what is the picture presented by India, where many millions of peasants are struggling to live off half an acre apiece. So wholly is this population agricultural, their one interest the tilling of the soil, that less than one fifteenth of them live in towns with more than twenty thousand inhabitants.

India is a continent, and not in any sense a nation. Travel from Bombay, let us say, to Peshawar, and from there drive into the Khaibar Pass, and as you travel you see people as

different from one another as though you travelled from Seville to Moscow, or from the City of Mexico to Vancouver, and yet this is all India.

The error lies in confusing the idea of India, in talking of, or discussing India, as though India were like Spain or Germany, like Mexico or Canada. She not only has layer after layer of races, but also layer after layer of religions, of forms of government, of customs and of ideals, and prejudices. You are not dealing with one nation, nor with one religion, nor with one ethical code, nor with one language, nor with one general trend of social custom, but with scores and scores of them. There are half a dozen different languages, and over five hundred different dialects.

Not to know something of all this, and something of India's previous history, is to read of India, and to travel in India, with the mind blindfolded.

Social as well as all other phenomena have two aspects, the dynamic and the static; the former dealing with the forces which brought the phenomena into existence, the latter dealing with them as they exist. A sketch of the history of India will help with the former, and travel in India itself ought to tell us something of the lat-

ter. But either alone avails little to understand the problem.

India has been the great jousting-ground of the world. Whoever would break a lance during the last twenty-five hundred years or more, was tempted by the tales of fabulous wealth, of concealed treasure, of rivers whose sands ran gold, to arm himself and set out for India. Greeks, Persians, Turks, Tartars, Mongols, Scythians, Afghans, Arabs, the Dutch, the French, the Portuguese and the English, and odd tribes besides, have sallied into India at one time or another, to conquer, to pillage, or to slaughter. Some of these left traces of their blood, some of them their buildings, and others their colonies. Till the British came, they brought, and they took away everything, except peace.

The British, whatever may be said of their motives for coming, or of their methods of taking and keeping territory, were the first conquerors who brought peace and administered equal justice to all. Both justice and peace are so new to India, that their very novelty is the foster-mother of many of the problems which confront England in India to-day. Alexander the Great, Asoka, Tamerlane or Timur the Lame, Mahmud of Ghanzi, Babar, Akbar the Great, Nadir Shah, and many more, are of those who have

tested themselves and their followers, by a plunge into India. Some of the greatest names in English history won their first distinction in India, and Napoleon would have followed Alexander, and landed in India after Egypt, had not his plans gone awry. As soon as a soldier succeeded in consolidating his power, anywhere from China on the East, to Persia on the west, of the northern frontier of India, he swooped down upon India, penetrated as far into the interior as he dared, and made off with as much booty as he could carry.

After the Greeks under Alexander, who entered India in 327 B. C., and who, by the way, left traces of their art in the various vases, coins, caskets, and other ornaments found since, and also in the fine Greek features of many of the images of Buddha, came a people from Central Asia, whom the historians, for want of a better name, call Scythians. They are said to have driven out the Greek dynasty from the Bactrian Kingdom on the northwest of the Himalayas, and at about the beginning of the Christian era they founded a strong monarchy in Northern India, and just beyond. Their most famous king was named Kanishka, and we shall hear of him later on as an enthusiastic disciple of Buddha. These Scythians continued to swarm across the Him-

alayas, and into Northern India for several centuries, meeting and defeating, or being driven back by one after another of the Indian kings.

As early as the middle of the seventh century, began the invasions of a people who left their mark upon India as no other people have done. Muhammad, who was born in 570 A. D., left to the world a fiery faith, with which the world is not done yet. The Bombay coast was near enough to tempt these religious soldiers, and on one pretext or another they began their invasions of India, which were to result finally in a series of Muhammadan rulers in India, such as India had not had before, nor will ever have again.

Mahmud of Ghanzi invaded India no less than seventeen times. After a quarter of a century of fighting his small kingdom of Afghanistan was increased to include the Punjab. These Muhammadan conquerors, who one after another down to the time of Babar 1482–1530 A. D., fought their way into more and more territory in India, were of the same religion, and the same fanatical enthusiasm as those who had fought their way through Asia, Africa, Spain, and into southern France, and whose capital at Bagdad was at one time the commercial, artistic, scholarly, and political centre of the world.

Stopped at last in France, the fury of conquest expended itself upon India. Names, dates, details of their gradual occupation of, and sovereignty over, almost the whole of India, will not be necessary to the readers of these papers. I have not the slightest intention of writing more than the scantiest outline of history, merely trusting thereby to give a setting for the rough picture which I am painting. But of six of these Muhammadan invaders, Babar, Hamayun, Akbar, Jahangir, Shah Jahan, and Aurangzeb, it is necessary to know something to understand the India of to-day, even though one be only a traveller looking at monuments, and nervously trying to keep his finger on the right page of his guidebook as he goes along.

Their influence, their monuments, their system of land tenure, revenue, and taxation, their customs and habits, and even their social morality, remain visible to-day. Lucknow, Delhi, Agra, Benares, Lahore, Peshawar, and the Khaibar Pass, are still all alive with their wealth, their devotion, and their daintiness and daring as builders.

Timur, better known as Tamerlane, at the head of a united body of Tartars, came down through the Afghan passes about 1400 A. D., entered Delhi, massacred the inhabitants for five

days, held a feast in honor of his victory, and returned again to Central Asia. Sixth in descent from him was the Mughal, Babar, who invaded India in 1526. He writes in that remarkable Diary of his: "Hindustan is a country that has few pleasures to recommend it. The people are not handsome. They have no idea of the charms of friendly society, of frankly mixing together, or of familiar intercourse. They have no genius, no politeness of manner, no kindness or fellow-feeling, no ingenuity or mechanical invention in planning or executing their handicraft works, no skill or knowledge in design or architecture, they have no good horses, no good flesh, no grapes or musk melons, no good fruits, no ice or cold water, no good food or bread in their bazaars, no baths or colleges, no candles, no torches, not even a candlestick." When Babar arrived he found India fought over by native Indian rulers, and by numerous Muhammadan rulers, fighting each for his own land, or joining forces here and there in an effort to found a state which should insure breathing space.

These kingdoms exhausted themselves in quarrels amongst themselves, to such an extent, that when the Mughal emperors appeared they found them an easy prey. Changiz Khan and Timur were both ancestors of Babar. His

grandfather the Khan of the Mongols, though seventy years old at the time, came without thought of age or distance, to bear his congratulations on the news of his birth. The grandmother was likewise a woman of spirit. Her husband was defeated in battle and she was handed over as part of the booty to one of the officers of the conqueror. She raised no objections, but once her new master was in her apartments, the door was locked, she and her maids stabbed him to death and flung his body into the street. Then to the conqueror she sent the message: "Contrary to law you gave me another man, and I slew him. Come and slay me if you choose!" Babar had forebears of spirit.

Babar kept a diary. He lived in the time of Henry VII and Michelangelo and Copernicus. He tells us in much detail the story of his life. Only from 1519 till 1530 was he in India. His early days were days of hardship, adventure, war, and sport. He took them as they came. He never whined, he never explained, and he loved life in a most unoriental way, and was the most romantic figure of his day. He was more the type of the adventurous sailors of Queen Elizabeth's day, than any Oriental we know. He was a great sportsman, a bold horseman and swimmer, and of abounding vitality and good

humor. He loved life, even the eating and drinking part of it, and as is always the case with such suitors, life loved him. From Babar's coming in 1526 to the death of Aurangzeb in 1706, India was to a larger extent than ever before, under one ruler. It should be added that at no time even then was India entirely conquered, or completely under the sway of one Government, as it is to-day under the English.

Babar defeated the Delhi sovereign, entered Delhi, received the allegiance of the Muhammadans, was attacked by the Rajputs, defeated them near Agra, and when he died his power extended as far south as lower Bengal. His son Humayun, who succeeded him, was obliged to divide his inheritance with his brother, handing over to him Kabul. It was from Afghanistan that Babar had drawn his fighting men, and Humayun deprived of this, the main recruiting ground of his army, was attacked by the descendants of those earlier Afghan invaders, who hated the new Muhammadan rulers as much as they hated the Hindus. Finally, after years of fighting to hold his place, he was driven out of India by the famous Sher Shah, the governor of Bengal.

In 1556 the son of Humayun, then only fourteen years old, and in many ways the greatest of

all the Mughal rulers, and the real founder of the Mughal Empire in India, defeated the army of the Sher Shah ruler, and his father Humayun returned again to India, but only to reign for a few months at Delhi, and to die in 1556.

Akbar succeeded his father, and reigned for close upon fifty years, from 1556 until 1605, his reign corresponding almost exactly to that of Queen Elizabeth, 1558–1603. He was the greatest ruler India has ever had. He welded a chaos of nations, tribes, religions, and petty chiefs and kings, into an empire. His great finance minister Raja Todar Mall, who was a Hindu, made the first survey and the first regular land settlement of India, and adjusted the taxation. Akbar gave the Hindus equal place and power, and played off the Hindus against the Mughal chiefs. He married the daughter of the Maharaja of Jaipur, and his son married the granddaughter of the Maharaja of Jodhpur. His careful system of police, judges, and rulers of provinces helped to make his rule both just and effective. He did away with the tax on non-Mussulmans, and he and his son and grandson were the builders of practically all the monuments which remain to make India famous to-day.

This line of princes are as well-known in India as are the names of Elizabeth, Henry the

Eighth, Charles the First, and Cromwell in England. They introduced Persian poets and printers, and men of letters from foreign lands. They were the Medici of India. The last of this great line of Timur died in Rangoon, as a prisoner of the British, in 1862. Their connection with India lasted, therefore, for more than four hundred and fifty years, or from nearly a hundred years before America was discovered, until within two years of the close of the war of secession. The only time that India has come near being India was under their rule.

It is along the lines laid down by Akbar that the British have worked, in the matter of land tenure and taxation. The total revenue of Akbar was estimated at forty-two million sterling, or about three times the amount demanded at the present time from the land. He built the tomb of his father Humayun near Delhi, the town of Fatehpur-Sikri, near Agra, in many ways the most interesting ruins in India, the fort at Allahabad, the palace at Lahore, and the red palace in the fort at Agra.

It was the Europeans who visited India at this time who brought back the expression, which still endures as a description of human splendor: "The Great Mughal!" Toward the end of his life, his tolerance drifted into scepticism,

and he promulgated a new state religion, which was supposed to combine the best from all religions, with Akbar as its prophet, or the head of the church. He was accused finally of even permitting worship of himself, a crime, be it said, of which great politicals are accused to this day, and we all know with how little reason! Akbar died in 1605, and is buried in the splendid tomb at Sikandra, some five miles from Agra cantonment.

It was during his reign that three Englishmen arrived with a letter from their Queen, Elizabeth. They were John Newbery, Ralph Fitch, and William Leedes. John Newbery was lost somewhere on his travels, Leedes, who was a jeweller, remained as court stone-cutter, and Fitch returned to England. It was through his reports of the opportunities awaiting the trader in India, that the first commercial ventures from England were started. He it was in short who gave the signal for the formation of commercial companies to exploit India, with the result that India is governed by England to-day.

Akbar was succeeded by his son Jahangir, who reigned from 1605 till 1627. He carried on a series of wars in southern India, and lost the province of Kandahar to the Persians. Jahangir turned from his father's new-fangled faith,

and personally conducted ritual, to the orthodox observances of Islam. He must have been a wag of terrifying prowess, since it is told of him that after a night of drunken revelry with some of his courtiers, one of them reminded him the next morning of what had happened. Jahangir asked the man who his companions had been in such a disgraceful debauch, then called them before him and had them beaten so severely that one of them died. He himself died in the midst of a rebellion against him, led by his son Shah Jahan. Jahangir built the tomb of Anar Kali at Lahore, and the tomb of Itimad-ud-daulah at Agra, who was a Persian named Ghiyas Beg, Jahangir's father-in-law, and the grandfather of the wife of Shah Jahan, whose tomb is the most wonderful in the world. The mightiest factor for good in Jahangir's life was his wife, Nun Jahan. He loved her twenty years and then killed her husband to get her, and, what is perhaps more astonishing still, he never regretted it. In 1603 Sir Thomas Roe, the first English ambassador to India, presented his letters to Jahangir from James I.

Shah Jahan was emperor of Delhi from 1628 till 1658, just about the time the Pilgrims and Puritans were making their first settlements in America. While they were building schools and

churches of logs hewn into shape with the axe; at about the time indeed when the oldest meeting-house in America, which has been used consecutively for public worship, was building, now known as the "Old Meeting-House," in Hingham, Massachusetts, this Indian Emperor was planning the building of the most magnificent capital in the world. No courtier in Delhi, or in Agra, and no citizen of Hingham at that time, imagined that the simple slate grave-stones in the cemetery at Hingham would mark the beginnings of a more lasting state than the jewelled tombs of Agra and Delhi.

Toward the end of his father's reign, Shah Jahan was a refugee and a rebel, conspiring against his own father. After coming to the throne he murdered his brother, Shahriyar, and all the other members of the house of Akbar who might become rivals to the throne. During the whole of his reign his armies were at work defending, attacking, and losing or winning territory. He is said to have been just to his people, blameless in his habits, a good financier, and by far the greatest man of his day in all the East. He built the Great Mosque or *Jama Masjid*, at Delhi, the Palace — what is now the Fort — also at Delhi, which contains the Court of Private Audience or *Diwan-i-Khas*, and the

Pearl Mosque or *Moti-Masjid.* The famous Peacock Throne in his Audience Hall in the Fort at Delhi, with its tail shimmering in the natural colors of rubies, diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds, was valued by the jeweller Tavernier at thirty-five million dollars. If he had done nothing else, his name would have been remembered in India, but he did more than this. He stamped the whole world of architectural beauty with his private seal when he built the *Taj Mahal.*

Elsewhere one may read of the vivid incongruities of India, but what of this: I have just been the guest, at a splendid camp, where some seven hundred people were entertained for four days by one of the most enlightened native rulers in India. This ruler is a woman, Her Highness Sultan Begum of Bhopal. Here in India one finds a woman ruling with tact, with force, and with success. Here in India I have seen women actually catching in their hands the dung as it fell from the cattle, pressing it into cakes, carrying it off on their heads, to dry it at home for fuel. Here in India too is the most marvellous memorial to a woman ever built by human hands. Woman at her highest, woman at her lowest, woman immortalized, and all here in India.

The *Taj Mahal* is the exquisite mausoleum built by Shah Jahan as a tomb for his favorite wife Arjmand Banu, called *Mumtaz-i-Mahal*, or "Light of the Palace." It stands on a platform of marble, twenty feet high, and three hundred feet square. The tomb itself measures one hundred and eighty-six feet on each side, and the dome over the centre is two hundred feet high. It is one of the most wonderful things I have seen in the world. I saw it for the first time just as the sun was setting, leaving it with the purple curtain of the horizon all about it. It looked as though a Titan had taken a huge piece of ivory satin, embroidered it, encrusted it with jewels, stiffened it into shape, and set it in the sky. It seemed quite as though it might fade, or float, away. The first clod of dry earth that falls upon a coffin must seem like the weight of a planet to some one, but here are tons of marble and not an ounce of weight. If you could blow bubbles of mother-of-pearl they would not shine more softly, or float more lightly, than the minarets and domes of this tomb. Here is a tomb that might float away with the spirit of the body to which it gives a home. It looks as though you might hold it up on your outstretched hand.

It is the only building in the world that makes one wish to pat it, smooth it, touch it, as though

it had the soft skin of a woman. It is not something you see; you feel it, hear it, taste it. I put my hand against the marble. It was warm, it seemed to have texture and quality, as though it were the covering of something alive. I have never seen any other building that resembled it, or reminded me of it — and only one woman.

Inside, underneath the great marble dome, are the two marble tombs of Shah Jahan and his wife, and there the marble is like lace, so cunningly is it carved, with flowers inlaid in color, the colors being made of precious stones, agate, cornelian, lapis-lazuli. One can readily believe that it cost ten millions of dollars and twenty-two years of labor to make this casket.

No other woman in the world has been praised in marble and jewels as is this woman, and no other woman ever can be. There have been greater men, and lovelier women, doubtless, and countless men who have loved as much, and many, no doubt, who have loved more, but every man who has loved a woman must envy this man for having done what he would wish to, but may not do!

Around the two tombs is a screen of marble. You can look through it, as you can look through a cobweb. There are scrolls and flowers, and

the petals and leaves of each flower are of colored precious stones, inlaid in the marble.

We Occidentals use urns and crosses and broken columns. This man put a diadem of brilliants on the brow of memory, as if to say: This is not something buried or broken or to be forgotten, but rather something complete and never to be forgotten, and it never will be! He was right. When a man has really loved once, he has been eaten up by it. After that it does not matter how often, or how soon, he dies. "Home is not a hearth but a woman."

Poor Shah Jahan, as he had rebelled against his father Jahangir, so he in his turn suffered from the intrigues and rebellion of his family. He fell ill. His son Aurangzeb murdered his brothers, and proclaimed himself emperor in 1658. He imprisoned his father and kept him in close confinement in the Fort at Agra till he died in 1666.

I am sitting now, as I write, where Shah Jahan used to sit as a prisoner in his own palace. I can see the *Taj Mahal*, as he used to see it two hundred and fifty years ago.

As he looked across at those minarets and at that dome, he probably thought his life a failure, and yet every man who sits where I am sitting must envy him such a success. All that the world of his generation had to give had been

poured into a cup and lifted to his lips every day, and he had probably envied the man who was genuinely thirsty, that he might enjoy it. Now he is deserted and alone, and his cup, full of success and adulation, is in the hands of his rebellious son, who carries the key of his prison-house in his girdle, and mocks him. All he has left is his daily vision of the tomb of his wife, the *Taj Mahal*. One can pay this building no higher homage than to say that one envies Shah Jahan even then!

There are other buildings in Agra. There is the great Fort, with its circuit of nearly a mile, and its huge sandstone walls nearly seventy feet high, built by Akbar. Within these walls is a mosque, also built by Shah Jahan, called the Pearl Mosque, the Hall of Public Audience, the Gem Mosque, used by the ladies of the court, the Hall of Private Audience, and the miniature mosque, called the *Mina Masjid*, in which the Emperor made his devotions, and the splendid sandstone palace, and so on.

He must have revelled in building, and fortunately there were eyes that dreamed beauty, and sure hands to make buildings of the dreams to do his bidding. No one before, and no one after, till the British took possession, was more completely master of India than Shah Jahan.

The Mughal Emperors culminated in Shah Jahan, and their pinnacle is the *Taj Mahal.*

As long ago as 1398 Timur, or Tamerlane, as he is better known to us, poured his hordes of followers through the Afghan passes from Tartary. Shah Jahan's grandfather Akbar, was the sixth in descent from this barbarian warrior. One wonders who and what our first ancestors could have been, who drifted over the world from Central Asia, and whose descendants built the Acropolis, the Forum, the cathedrals and churches of Italy and France, Germany, and England, and the *Taj Mahal* in India. At any rate one is proud to be of that Aryan stock.

The last of this great line of Mughal emperors, who really held India together, was Aurangzeb, who proclaimed himself emperor while his father Shah Jahan was still living. He ruled from 1658 till 1707. His reign began in rebellion against his father, and ended in the rebellion of his own sons against him. He devoted practically his whole forty-nine years as a ruler to the conquest of southern India, and for the last half of the time he was in the field himself at the head of a huge, and what proved to be an unwieldy, army.

A new power had sprung up in the south, known as the Maratha Confederacy, and Au-

rangzeb, who had become a bitter and partisan Muhammadan, lost the friendly co-operation of Hindu generals and Hindu viceroys, who had helped to consolidate the Mughal power under Akbar.

The religious sect of the Hindus, the Sikhs in the north, the Marathas in the south, and the Rajputs in the west, now hemmed in, and gradually dismembered, the great Mughal Empire in India. As we shall see later, it was from the Marathas and the Sikhs and not from the Mughals, that the British took control of India. Aurangzeb by his stubborn policy put India again into the hands of bigoted Hinduism and bigoted Islamism, from which Akbar had wrenched it clear.

While this great empire was falling to pieces in the hands of the feeble successors of these six great emperors, other enemies appeared.

The Persian king, Nadir Shah, held a carnival of slaughter and debauchery in 1739, lasting nearly two months, in and around Delhi, and is said to have carried away with him booty, including the peacock throne, to the value of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

The Afghans, time and time again, poured through the now unprotected passes, and burned, and sacked, and slew. The whole borderland

between northern India and Afghanistan was swept bare of wealth and of people, and lay barren for years. It was during this time of anarchy, and internecine fighting, if fighting between such diversified inhabitants of the same country may be described as internecine, that the British began patching together piece by piece, what is to-day their Indian Empire. While the others were quarrelling and fighting over religious, social, political, and hereditary shadows, the British bull-dog walked off with the bone. He was not permitted to enjoy it in peace for years. The last war with the Marathas was not ended till 1818, and the Sikhs were not conquered by the British till 1849.

That eminent and satisfactory historian of the Indian peoples, Sir William Wilson Hunter, writes: "Akbar had rendered a great empire possible in India by conciliating the native Hindu races. He thus raised up a powerful third party, consisting of the native military peoples of India, which enabled him alike to prevent new Muhammadan invasions from Central Asia, and to keep in subjection his own Muhammadan governors of provinces. Under Aurangzeb and his miserable successors, this wise policy of conciliation was given up. Accordingly, new Muhammadan hordes soon swept down from

Afghanistan; the Muhammadan Governors of Indian provinces set themselves up as independent potentates; and the warlike Hindu races, who had helped Akbar to create the Mughal Empire, became, under his foolish posterity the chief agents of its ruin."

When Columbus discovered America, he was trying to find a sea-passage to India. He carried in his pocket a letter from his sovereign to the Khan of Tartary!

When Vasco da Gama sailed around Africa, and discovered the sea route to India in 1498, he turned the whole current of power and commerce. The Arabs had made Bagdad the centre of trade between the East and the Mediterranean nations. As early as the year 931 A. D., examinations of candidates for permission to practise medicine were held at Bagdad, which was already then a centre not only of commerce, but of culture. The Crusaders made certain Italian cities, Amalfi, Pisa, Genoa, Venice, rich, because it was through them that these multitudes poured on their way to the East. They did the transporting of men and stores and horses. At the height of their power the *Tabula Amalfitana* were the sea laws for the whole Mediterranean. When Pisa, Amalfi, and finally Genoa were subjugated by their rivals, Venice became

the world's great sea-power, and also the centre of the world's commerce and the world's art and culture. Her ships covered the sea, and she numbered her sailors in tens of thousands. Finding that the through journey was too long, the Venetians arranged with the northern towns of Europe to make one town, lying between Italy and the traders of the north, a centre or storehouse, where exchange of goods might be conveniently effected. They agreed to make Bruges that centre, and thereafter Bruges in the north, and Venice in the south, handled the trade of the world.

Vasco da Gama's discovery came like a magic wand to change all this. It was cheaper to trade by way of the newly discovered sea-route, and Lisbon, lying half-way between East and West, became the great market of the world, and by far the most potent Western factor in the East. There followed the tremendous war between Spain, which had conquered Portugal in 1580, and those great trading towns of the north then centred in Holland. For nearly a hundred years the war raged between Spain and Holland, and at the end of it, or the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Dutch were masters of the world. New York was Dutch, Brazil was Dutch, India was Dutch, and the Cape of Good

Hope was Dutch, and of course the Eastern trade was Dutch. The Thirty Years' War and the civil war in England only made them stronger, till one wonders why the Dutch rather than the British did not become a great empire.

But a "fat soil," a "wealthy community," bred a race of what would now be called "Little Hollanders." No one, they thought, would dare attack the world-power which had swept Spain off the seas. No doubt there were politicians to tell the people that the huge navy was an incubus, that more money was wanted for the poor, where so many were rich, and that the era of peace had come at last. Certainly that psalm-singing, devout Protestant across the North Sea, Cromwell, who was training an army and building a navy, merely of course to protect the commerce of England, was the last man to be suspected of designs upon Holland. Was he not continually saying that his army and his navy were merely brought into existence to preserve peace! When all was ready, and the Dutch politicians had succeeded in rendering Holland fully unprepared for war, this man of prayer, and psalm, and Bible, struck his blow in 1652, and Holland lost her empire, lost her mastery of the sea, lost her commercial supremacy, and all because she was fat and rich.

Cromwell's navigation laws were what are now known, and reviled, as high tariff laws. By Cromwell's Navigation Act all goods of every description, wherever grown or manufactured, were to be imported into Great Britain only in ships belonging to British subjects, of which the master and a majority of the crew were British born; and all goods produced in Europe must be brought into Great Britain either in British bottoms, or in ships belonging to that country in which they were actually produced. The Dutch were exporters of cheese, but had been carrying the trade of the world in their ships!

It is easy to see against whom the new Navigation Act was aimed. There followed an enormous expansion in British foreign trade, which has never ceased to grow from that day until within the last few years.

When a man arms himself with the Bible, and clothes himself in the shining armor of scripture, look out for him! One seems to be able to strike more suddenly, more unexpectedly, and more fiercely with that weapon than with any other.

England's greatness began and grew under Protection. France on land, and England on the sea, destroyed utterly the Dutch commercial supremacy, and then for a century England and

France fought for the mastery of the sea, for the trade of the East, for commercial supremacy. Finally at Waterloo the mastery was gained, and the British Empire has had plain sailing from that day till within the last few years.

There are few more exciting stories than this history of the fight for the commercial empire of the world, which ended in England's becoming the trader, the manufacturer, the ship-builder, the ship-owner, the banker, and the policeman of the world. It is a tempting task to fit in illustrations, to make comparisons, to point to the beginnings of similar weaknesses, and parallel examples of rottenness here and there in the social and political fabric of other great imperial powers, which seem to unfold prophecies for the future, but I leave that to the Englishman. I am not his Cassandra. This whisp of the history of commerce is given here merely to introduce "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies," better known as the English East India Company, or the "John Company," who started business with one hundred and twenty-five shareholders, and a capital of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The man with that amount of capital is not considered a rich man in London or New York to-day. Nonetheless it was this trading com-

pany who won, and held, and turned over to the British crown, the empire of India.

The Portuguese and the Dutch fought them in the beginning, the French fought them later, and one power after another succumbed to them in India itself. By the middle of the eighteenth century all European opposition was at an end, and by the middle of the nineteenth century India itself was practically in their hands and under their control. To be quite accurate, 1783, and the peace of Versailles, marks the date when the maritime powers of Europe withdrew from all serious rivalry in conquest or commerce with England in India. After that date the contest is wholly between England and the native rulers for ascendancy in India.

The first territorial possession of the East India Company was Madras, and the site upon which Fort St. George was built was bought from the Raja of Chandragiri in 1639. In 1661 Bombay was turned over to the English crown by the Portuguese, as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, the queen of Charles II., and in 1668 King Charles sold his rights to the East India Company for an annual payment of fifty dollars! In 1700, the company bought from a son of the Emperor Aurangzeb certain villages, which were united to form what is now Calcutta.

Two men whose names are seldom mentioned, and rarely seen, gained for English commerce almost the first legal foothold in India. The ship surgeon, Gabriel Broughton, who cured Shah Jahan's daughter when she was badly burned; when asked to name his fee, requested that the East India Company might be allowed to trade in Bengal free of all duty.

The staff surgeon, William Hamilton, who when the court physicians had failed, cured the Emperor Farokshir of a tumor in the back in 1715, asked for the thirty odd villages surrounding the Company's factory near Calcutta, and for some villages near Madras, which gave the English control of both these ports. British commerce leaves Hamilton's tombstone neglected in Calcutta, and nobody even knows where Broughton's bones lie!

The transfer of the supreme power of India from the grasp of the Great Mughal to this little company of English traders, makes a story as brilliant and adventurous as any story in history.

The rise of British power in India virtually begins in 1745, and the two great names are those of Clive and Hastings. One died a suicide, and the other after an impeachment lasting seven years was completely impoverished. There are men in India to-day, and fine fellows they are,

risking their health and their lives, and those of their families, to keep India for England, and there are almost as many voluble orators at home making it as difficult as they can for them. There are so many people nowadays who think this a topsy-turvy world because they are underneath, not realizing that the world would be upside-down indeed if they were not, that governing, particularly the governing of alien peoples, has become increasingly difficult.

In the days of Clive and Hastings, and for about one hundred years after, there was no railway, nor cable, nor Suez Canal. The man on the spot was authoritative and responsible. The Oriental is still unable to understand divided authority, authority dictated from an unseen source. It may be safely said that had the present governmental machinery been in existence in 1745, India might never have become a fief of the British Crown. It is sometimes fatal to interfere even when a man is making mistakes. Interference may poison the mistakes with lack of confidence, till they wilt into abject and costly failure. While mistakes may teach a man, interference always bewilders him and those under him.

After the death of Aurangzeb, a new power, the Marathas, though of Hindu origin, with their home in the plains east of Bombay, overran, and

practically took possession of, northern and central India. Sivaji, their great leader, began his pillaging crusades even before the death of Aurangzeb. After his death a Brahman family, whose head took the title of Peshwa, led these people, and carried on for a hundred years a contest with the British. The great principalities of Baroda, Gwalior, Indore and Nagpur, the rulers of three of which I am shortly to visit, were the centres of this power.

The Sikhs, now some of the best soldiers in the Indian army, also maintained for nearly seventy-five years a sovereignty of their own in the Punjab, and were only finally disposed of as rivals to the British in 1849.

Of the Europeans, who from the beginning of the seventeenth century had attempted the exploitation of the commerce of India, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Danes had disappeared, and when Clive appeared upon the scene, only the French remained as formidable rivals. The battles of Wandiwash, of the famous Plassey, of Buxar, all fought between 1757 and 1764, ended the French rivalry, and the British were left to deal with the problem of subduing what remained of opposition in India itself.

Another quarter of a century passed before Wellesley, later the great Duke of Wellington,

finally disposed of the Maratha confederacy; and it was not till 1856, when Lord Dalhousie, probably the greatest of all the governor-generals of India, having annexed the Punjab in 1849, took over control of the kingdom of Oudh, roughly the territory about Lucknow, that the map of India became what it is to-day. It was Dalhousie who wrote just before taking this grave step: "With this feeling on my mind, and in humble reliance on the blessing of the Almighty (for millions of His creatures will draw freedom and happiness from the change), I approach the execution of this duty gravely and not without solicitude, but calmly and without doubt." The next year, 1857, was the year of the Mutiny!

I quote this passage because I wish to call attention to what I believe to have been the secret of England's success in India. This success has been accounted for in many ways. It was commercial greed, say some critics; it was brute force; it was the leverage of power that Great Britain had gained first in Europe, write the historians. The first steps were, if you please, along the path of commercial greed, but later when the severe work of administration, pacification, and consolidation was done, it was quite another force that crowned the work. The civil service was recruited by examination from the Bible-

reading upper and middle-class of Great Britain; game-playing, adventurous and healthy, but at bottom duty-loving young barbarians, who believed that India was delivered into their hands to be saved from itself.

The first and foremost of them was Clive, a tall, silent, rather morose English lad, who began his career by accusing an officer of cheating at cards. There followed a duel. Clive missed, his adversary held his pistol to Clive's head and bade him beg for his life and retract his accusation. "Fire and be damned to you! I said you cheated and you did. I'll never pay you!" was the reply.

There have been hundreds of lesser Clives in India since that day, and to them is due the conquest and peaceful government of India, more than to any other one force.

Imagine the United States of America peopled by Sioux, Apaches, Mexicans, and Negroes. Imagine some Mughal conqueror arriving by the Behring Straits, and after centuries subduing this conglomeration of fighters, factions, religions, and languages. Pampered and rich, the conquerors lose control. The land is covered with small principalities. There is a king in Florida, another in Mexico, another in Massachusetts, and there are armed bands of Mexican bandits, of

Apache raiders, of Sioux freebooters. Imagine the country filled with jewels, brocades, silks, gold, silver, stored up for centuries by an industrious, uncommercial people, who had never learned to spend, and whose rich lived almost as simply as the poor. Something like that state of affairs is what the British had to deal with when Clive saw that merely to win a battle here and there was not enough, but that if the British were to stay in safety, they must have sovereign rights over the land itself. They now control the whole million and a half square miles.

IV

FROM MUGHAL TO BRITON

ON landing at Bombay one discovers that no experience of travel elsewhere has prepared the way. The luxuries are different, the hardships are different, the whole setting of life is different. I am greeted on the landing-stage by a lean, chocolate-colored Indian, in flowing robes and a huge white turban, who presents a letter from a soldier friend in Lucknow, who has engaged him as servant or "bearer" for our tour. He is solemnity personified, and his eyes are brown depths of unfathomable impenetrability. During the many weeks he was with us, I saw him smile but once. We were driving at Delhi, he was sitting on the box with the coachman. One of the ponies became fractious and landed one of his heels on the shin of the driver, who howled with pain. Heera Tall smiled, but even then there was no light, no keenness of joy or sorrow in his eyes. What he thought about this incident, or what he thought about anybody or anything else, I shall never

know, but I conclude that it was not of much importance.

It is the easy habit both of those who have lived long in India, and of those who merely trot through India, to describe the people as inscrutable, and to assume that there are depths of thought and feeling behind the unknown tongue, and the unchanging eyes, which are too subtle for the Western mind. It occurs to the traveller sometimes that this is a mistake. There is a great difference between the indefinite and the indefinable. It is possible that India is not so much inscrutable as faded. This old, old civilization may have been printed so often from the same type that the lettering is now blurred and indecipherable. It may be illegible, too, because the font of type conveys nothing very intelligent or profound even to the users thereof.

Because there was a great literature in India two thousand years B. C.; a well-authenticated philosophy worked out into a considered system five hundred years B. C.; a Sanskrit grammar compiled about 350 B. C., which is still the foundation for all study of the Aryan language; an astronomy which had succeeded in making a fairly correct calculation of the solar year, 2000 B. C.; the discoveries of notation both by fractions and algebra; a system of medicine, with

hospitals and dissecting-rooms; an art of music, with its seven notes, invented 500 B. C.; a code of law, the Code of Manu, put into its present form about 400 A. D.; and a vast collection of legends and stories in verse, the Mahabharata, the main story dealing with a period not later than 1200 B. C., because all this is the fruit of the soil of India, one is perhaps tempted to overrate what exists of intellectual prowess to-day. The inscrutability may be emptiness rather than depth.

My singular opinion on this subject was not derived from a study of the bearer, Heera Tall, alone, for his patient inscrutability was, I am now convinced, merely a veil of depravity. He knew that what he knew and thought about was best left to the idealism of the cloudiest possible haziness.

I was honored with the opportunity to know barristers, journalists, soldiers, native officials and judges, teachers, holy men, small landholders, peasants, monks, princes, and educated women, while in India, and I conclude that indefiniteness, rather than profundity, describes their education and their philosophy of life. It is not only in India, and at this present time, that easy-going and rather flabby intellects have been willing to accept the high-flown, the turgid, and the indefinite as wonderful and weighty.

The bluster of the demagogue appeals to the many, and the mental gyrations of the transcendental lecturer to fashionable women appeal to them, at any rate so long as they do not understand him. *Ignotum pro magnifico*, applies in the West as well as in the East. It is almost incredible, as an example of this, that Emerson should have said of Bronson Alcott and his silly "all things are spiral," that Alcott's was the greatest philosophic mind since Plato. There are even fewer men who have minds of their own than have fortunes of their own. We are all directly descended intellectually from Animism, and the clouds and mists, the distortions and noises of the mind are accepted with awe by most of us, as mysteries too deep for us, when as a matter of fact what is not clear is generally the result of lazy thinking, rather than the exploit of an intellect dealing with matters too high for us.

Of the religion and ideals of the overwhelming majority of the people, I have written, and it seems to be a fatigued philosophy, and a blurred idealism, which animate even the leaders. The climate, and the habits which necessarily follow, tend to drowsiness, rather than to alertness and well-defined wants and wishes.

Even the progressive men and women of India are still steeped in the atmosphere of autoc-

racy. They fumble badly with the new scheme of government, brought to them by their present rulers, the English. England's greatness is due in no small degree to the fact that she has held stubbornly to the belief, despite republics and revolutions, that all men are not equal, nor all entitled to an equal degree of liberty, but all entitled to an equal degree of justice. France substituted a sham equality for constitutional liberty, and the results are seen in that country to-day in the hateful and hampering tyrannies of bureaucracy. England goes so far as to declare by law that her people are not equal, but she administers justice to all alike, with an impartiality and a rigidity unknown anywhere else in the world. Equality is a sham, justice is a reality. Equality has never been realized, justice has been done. One is purely theoretical, the other practical. England thus far has preferred the possible reality to the impossible sham, with the result that her citizens have more personal liberty, and are more unfettered in their activities, than the citizens of any other country.

I found few, even among the educated in India, who wanted justice. What they called justice I found meant nearly always preference. The unrest and sedition in India are entangled in this mesh of misunderstanding, and their

Western sympathizers are unwittingly making matters worse, by using words which mean one thing to them, and another thing to those to whom they are addressed. It should not be forgotten in studying them that their attitude toward the science of government is as old and as deeply bedded in their brains as their literature, their astronomy, and their religion. Thousands of years of dampening of individual effort, of trusting to cunning, to bribery, to insidious influence, have distorted all notions of justice. They suffer from what Lord Curzon admirably phrases as the "immemorial curse of Oriental nations, the trail of the serpent that is found everywhere from Stamboul to Peking — the vicious incubus of officialism, paramount, selfish, domineering, and corrupt. Distrust of private enterprise is rooted in the mind trained up to believe that the government is everything and the individual nothing."

One's boyhood notions of Clive and Hastings, and of the "John Company," are at once modified. An hour on shore in Bombay is enough. Even the light is different. It is like that white light, so purely artificial, in which you are placed by the photographer when he asks you to assume a natural expression. The effect upon you at the photographer's, and upon everybody in

India, is the same: in defending yourself from the light you assume a concealing expression. Thousands of years of this light have done more than we think, probably, to produce the inscrutability so much talked of, and which may after all be mainly physical.

Another consequence of this hot white light is that one's clothes are piled on the head to protect the brain. Most of the natives in the streets have more yards of stuff on their heads than on their bodies. Color runs riot. Pinks, blues, vermilion, orange, brown, yellow, red, saffron, and many shades of all of them, are worn by men and women; even the bullock-carts, and the horns of the bullocks themselves, are daubed with glaring colors. Bare legs, breasts, and arms become so soon familiar that the most scrupulously pantalooned puritanism soon ceases to notice anything unusual.

The short journey to the hotel reveals the teeming millions, for where else could nine men be spared to walk through the streets with a grand-piano balanced on their heads; reveals the disdain of time, for where else is a trotting bullock a standard of speed, except in Madeira where the oxen draw sledges; reveals the unashamed duplicity, for within an hour after our meeting Heera Tall has announced his wages per

month as just twice the amount that my friend in Lucknow has written me I ought to pay; reveals the supremacy of the white race, for where else in this democratic world may the white man walk straight, unconscious and unmenacing, and yet find a lane made for him, as though he were a locomotive running on a pair of rails through a town of prairie dogs?

An official of importance tells me that the first thing he does on his holiday visits to England is to walk down the Strand, that he may recover from the place-giving, salaaming natives whom he governs, and be jostled and elbowed back into the equitable pedestrianism of the West. One might infer from this that the Englishman likes it, that the white traveller likes it. I can only say for myself, and for the scores of English officials high and low that I met, and some of whom I knew well, that it is not a situation that the white man produces or wishes; rather is it wholly and entirely what the native has evolved as a penetrating and all-embracing legal atmosphere. This is his notion of justice, and order, and equality. He created it ages ago for his own defence, and he perpetuates it to-day for his own security. Palpable power he must have, or there is anarchy. No one knows better than the rich Parsi, or the intriguing Bengali, or

the peasant proprietor, or the head-men, or the money-lenders and laborers, that the white man's unimpeded march straight through city or village streets is the symbol for them all, of their life, and fire, and property insurance.

If this is modern Bombay, what must have been the Calcutta and the Madras of one hundred and fifty years ago, when Clive and Hastings laid the foundation-stones of British India? What indeed was the England of those days, the England of George I, who could not read English and "who loved nothing but punch and fat women"; the England of George II, who "had been a bad son, a worse father, an unfaithful husband, and an ungraceful lover"; the England over whose political life was the soiling smear of Walpolean corruption; the England whose cabinet ministers fought for the control of the secret-service fund used for the bribery of the members of the House of Commons; the England which protested not a word that Fox, as paymaster of the forces, should have a hundred thousand pounds of the nation's money out at interest for his own account, and who at one time made a mart of his office, and paid away as much as twenty-five thousand pounds in one morning, in the purchase of votes to buy support for a timorous government?

When one stops to think of the political conditions of government in the country from which Clive and Hastings came, and of the conditions in the land to which they went, one is surprised at their guiltlessness. Clive fought like an Englishman, but he bribed, deceived, and on one occasion actually forged a name to a treaty, like an Oriental. Both he and Hastings grew to look upon the getting and keeping of wealth, in a fashion that ruins men, whether in Calcutta in the eighteenth, or in New York in the twentieth century. Such rupees, and such dollars, can only buy the clothing of a convict, though their wearers and their descendants live in palaces.

Clive, who was born in 1725, went out to India as a clerk in the service of the East India Company at the age of eighteen. He was a whole year getting from London to Madras, one can go from London to Bombay now in fourteen days, and the territory of the company he was to serve consisted of a few square miles, and even for that, rent was paid to the native governments. Here is a picture of an uncouth and morbid young man, destined to mope in an office chair. The French and the English go to war. A French governor of Mauritius captures Madras. Clive joins the army, but peace is declared and he returns to his desk. Peace in Europe did

not impose peace in India. A Frenchman of great ability, Dupleix, by name, saw the opportunity to tie together the scattered fagots of power left in India after the death of Aurangzeb, the last of the Mughals, and began to do so. He played one Indian state against another, and backed by a small, but vastly superior force in point of efficiency, he put, and kept in power the native ruler or rulers he favored, and he soon became himself the supreme influence in southern India. Clive is now twenty-five. He urged his superiors to strike a blow to save India, and the English trading company, from complete French supremacy. He marched to Arcot, and took it without a blow. He was besieged there, he was offered large bribes to surrender, held out for fifty days, was attacked, defeated the enemy, and marched back to Madras as the first successful English soldier in India. There he found Major Stringer Lawrence just arrived from England, and his superior in command. The Lawrences could make a frieze of their names around India's temple of fame. This first Lawrence won Clive's friendship, and between them in two years they broke the power of the French in India. The "fierce equality" of the Republic to be, of the French Revolution, could brook no superior men then, as now. Dupleix was stripped of his

fortune and his fame, and died in obscurity; Labourdonnais was sent to the Bastille, and Lally was dragged to his execution with a gag between his lips. No wonder the French are not colonists!

Clive returned to England, still a boy, to be toasted as "General" Clive, and to receive a diamond-hilted sword from the company which he had saved. In 1755 he sailed for India with a commission of lieutenant-colonel, and the appointment of governor of Fort St. David at Madras.

The province of Bengal was governed by a native prince of eighteen, who, becoming jealous of the growing power of the English, found an excuse for attacking Calcutta. Most of the English fled down the river, but *one hundred and forty-six* remained. Surajah Dowlah or Siraj-ud-daula — his name deserves to be remembered — ordered these prisoners to be confined in the jail at Fort William, a room *eighteen* feet square. It was June. I know the heat of Calcutta in March, what must it be in June? The natives prodded these English men, women, and children into the jail, and laughed at them and ridiculed them as they suffocated. In the morning *twenty-three* were taken out alive. The one Englishwoman who survived was sent off to the

harem of the young prince. This is the Black Hole of Calcutta story.

Truly the English are a phlegmatic race. In the year 1910, in Calcutta again, they screen the motor-car of their viceroy, of the representative of their king, with heavy wire netting, because the descendants of the people of Surajah Dowlah throw stones at him. It seems a slow method of teaching self-government in India, and somewhat expensive in the lives of men and children, and the purity of women, but no doubt they know best.

On hearing of this outrage, Clive and a squadron under Admiral Watson sailed for Calcutta. Calcutta was recovered with little fighting, and much to Clive's regret the Nawab Surajah Dowlah consented to a peace, and made compensation to the company for their money losses — the men, women, and children were not paid for! This might have been the end of the story, but again there was war between England and France. Clive took up the gauntlet in India. Surajah Dowlah sided with the French. Clive marched out to Plassey, about seventy miles north of Calcutta, with 1,000 Europeans, 2,000 Sepoys, and 8 pieces of artillery. The Nawab's army numbered 35,000 foot and 15,000 horse. Clive attacked while the enemy were at dinner,

and scattered the Nawab's army to the winds. This was June 23, 1757, just a hundred years before the Mutiny.

Clive demanded over 2,000,000 pounds sterling as an indemnity, and was paid a little more than half that sum, of which Rs. 200,000 went to Clive as commander-in-chief, and Rs. 1,600,000 as a private donation. A sum equal to about one million dollars of our money at that time. The rupee has since declined very much in value. At the same time the landholders' rights of the 882 square miles around Calcutta were granted to the company. Later, the land tax was given to Clive personally, and he thus became the landlord of the company he served.

Following the fashion of the day, Clive schemed to put his own candidate, Mir Jafar, in the place of Surajah Dowlah. While preparing to oust him, he plotted against him and used, amongst others, a wily Hindu named Omichund. The Hindu, knowing the secrets of the plot, threatened to inform Surajah Dowlah, unless he were promised a bribe of three hundred thousand pounds. He further demanded that this payment to himself should figure in the treaty. Clive prepared two treaties, one shown to the Hindu blackmailer with the promise of payment included, the other without it. Fearing that

Admiral Watson would disapprove, he forged Watson's name to the treaty. When all was over, the Hindu was informed that he had been out-Orientalized by Clive, and later went mad.

Mir Jafar began to fear the very power that upheld him, and secretly intrigued with a Dutch force which arrived from Java. Clive routed these. Their ships were destroyed, their troops scattered, and three months later Clive sailed for England. He was a great man now, and be it said he had great expectations of the honors to be awarded him at home. Who has not been disappointed in such expectations? Clive was. He was a rich man now. He had sent home more than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and he had besides the spendid income from the land rents given him by the grateful Indian prince he had supported. Praise has a parasite, one steady and constant companion, malice. Clive was attacked in Parliament, and he was attacked even by the shareholders of the East India Company.

Five years after leaving India for the second time, he was besought, even by those who had attacked him, to go back to save India again, to save her from the bribe-taking and personal peddling of the company's own servants. Stories of repeated revolutions, of a disorganized, pillag-

ing, and corrupt administration reached London. Clive alone could save the situation.

He was made governor and commander-in-chief of the British possessions in Bengal, and as Baron Clive of Plassey in the peerage of Ireland, he arrived in Calcutta in May, 1765, and remained a year and a half. He had now to fight the corruption, both military and civilian, of his own people. Even British officers threatened to resign if they were not allowed to steal. He forbade the receiving of gifts from natives, he prohibited private trade, he increased the salaries of the company's servants, he set the house of India in order, declined any reward, and returned to England poorer than when he left it.

These were the days of the nabob, and Clive was pointed to as the chief nabob of all. Englishmen of little education, training, or taste, returned from India with swiftly made fortunes. They out-housed, out-carriaged, out-entertained, out-spent, and outraged the feelings of their home-keeping neighbors. Like many of the present-day American millionaires, they rode rough-shod mounted on Money. India in those days was far away from England. People did not go there for a winter's jaunt as now they go. Officers, military and civil, did not go and come, and send their wives and daughters home

during the hot season. Men went to India, even the servants of the East India Company went, to exploit India not to serve her, to bring back a fortune as speedily as possible for themselves, not to protect the wealth, and to increase the wealth, and to conserve the resources of India for the people of India.

They formed connections that were degrading, they made themselves as comfortable as a horde of cheap and obsequious servants could make them, and they became a race apart, born of unlettered and irresponsible prosperity. When they returned to their native land they had other moral habits, tyrannous and irritable manners, ways of vulgar self-assertion, and the belief that mouthfuls of oaths and fistfuls of gold were the proper and most efficient weapons of civilization. They bound books that they did not read, they bought pictures they did not appreciate, they housed themselves as territorial magnates, who were but social pygmies, and substituted a gilded self-consciousness for family tradition. It is doubtful whether the manners and morals of the majority of their enemies, either then or now, offered security of standing, for the criticisms passed upon either the nabob of the eighteenth or the nabob of the twentieth century. There is a crowd of social as of political urchins always

with leisure, and always ready to join in the pursuit of the unfortunate and the unpopular.

> "I've rings on my fingers,
> I've bells on my toes,
> I've elephants to ride upon
> My little Irish Rose.
>
> So come to your Nabob,"
> &c. &c.

was one of the jingles of the general ridicule of the time. When virtue, righteously indignant, sounded the horn for the chase, malice, envy, jealousy, and their cur-companions joined the pack, delighted to have the opportunity to yelp, and snarl, and snap, and bite if possible, in such distinguished company, and under auspices which made their jackal impudence look leonine. One may admire the Burke of those days, or of this, but the pack of muck-rakers which yelps the chorus is as contemptible now as then. One is tempted to defend the nabob merely because the majority of his accusers and assailants are actuated by such mean motives.

I sometimes shock my dilettante and prematurely effete American friends, by expressing my hearty enjoyment of the horde of Occidental nabobs from my own country, who nowadays pour through Europe. Their naïf test of what is precious by its price; their sentimental longing and

reverence for what is old; the clothing of their women, imitated from the only models they are privileged to see at close quarters, the *cocottes* of Paris; their reiterated nasal narration of the history of their dollars, and their glowing enumeration of those to come; their swiftly acquired and confidential comradeship with hotel clerks, couriers, and shop-keepers; their confident views, boldly expressed, upon subjects with the elementary aspects of which they are totally unfamiliar; their chief occupations, which seem to be spending money, advertising their wives and daughters in the newspapers, and explaining their ancestry, in all these symptoms I rejoice. Such people are the signal and sonorous heralds of the power of mere money, and at the same time ominous examples of the graces it destroys; they are hard-featured and soft-handed; they are cultivated by those who would prey upon them, and shunned almost with loathing by the aristocracy of simplicity, sincerity, and responsibility; they are the modern barbarians of the Rome of modern civilization; they are of those who must define the word "gentleman" themselves in order to be included in the definition, and no body of men spend so much time at the task; and even now against their brutal and conscienceless methods the state is arming itself.

Every one knows the names of these leaders of the Goths and Vandals of our time, and no libraries, parks, colleges, hospitals, and cringing clerical receivers of such bribes can cloak them in the shining garments of charity; we all, alas, are surrounded, too, by their imitators, who, though lacking in their prowess, lack nothing of their lust for plunder. The sad feature of the situation is that dignity in manners, simplicity in morals, responsibility of wealth, fearlessness in administration, will all suffer, before a new Rome emerges from the clutches of this blundering, plundering, and reckless band.

Why do I, an American, rejoice at this spectacle, it may be asked. The answer is simple. The higher their banners hang on the walls of the social or shopping citadels of London, Paris, and New York, the more brazen their manners, the more high-handed their methods, the swifter and surer will come their downfall. I laugh to think that the man of greasy complexion, of glittering eye, of over-full belly and protruding pocket, can believe that because London dines with him in order to escape with some of his wealth tied up in his daughter's trousseau, because Paris panders to him, that therefore he is meant to strangle the Puritan of the East, and the Cavalier of the South, and the honest emigrant on the land

between them, of my country. His trial is not far off, and his Burke and his Sheridan are preparing their suit against him, and the Western nabob will disappear as did his Eastern prototype. He has been permitted to grow, from the days of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk rascality, and to escape thus far, through no intrepid or ingenious defence of his own, but because those who oppose and despise him shrink from seeming to ally themselves with any form of socialism in attacking him. I, for one, would rather suffer the nabob, than to see the worthy ambitions, energy, initiative, and the commercial aggressiveness and ability of my country taxed into cowardice, and be-lawed into helplessness, by the leaders of a mob of all the shiftlessness, envy, crankiness, and inability in the land. I would rather a few freebooters escaped, than that the state should be bullied by a bureaucracy created and supported by the state itself. Every man who mulcts the treasury of a railroad, who uses false weights for his sugar, or who rigs the stock market, shouts "Socialism" when it is attempted to punish him. Just the contrary is true. The men who do most to bring the menace of socialism are these very financial freebooters, barbarians, and nabobs of the West, whose salient characteristics I have attempted to describe. It

is nonsense to proclaim that we cannot have justice without socialism and fair-dealing without bureaucracy. One might as logically assert that to hang a murderer, or to imprison a thief, means a return to feudalism, or the founding of an autocracy.

Wealth and power in the ordinary scheme of things should be hard to get, but equal justice should keep them within reach of every honest citizen whose labors and abilities deserve them. Inferior people always think that the work of the writer, the painter, the soldier, the administrator, once it is done must be easy for them, since they only accomplish what is easy themselves. They account for it by luck or by opportunity, never remembering that their own abilities never seem to find this right opportunity. That is what luck is. It is the hard work done by ability and opportunity when they meet. There is only one success which is easy, but also precarious, and that is intemperate oratory fondling the mob with deceitful words.

Clive stood out as the chief of the nabobs, he became the best-hated man in England. A committee of Parliament censured, but did not condemn him. He died by his own hand in 1774.

Clive went to India when India was fifteen thousand miles away. He changed the East

India Company from a band of plundering pedlers, into the beginnings of a beneficent government. He won for England the greatest dependency she has ever had, or ever will have. He realized to the Indian a white governor as powerful and more just than any ruler in their history. The shadow of his greatness still lends security to every white man, woman, and child, and likewise to every brown man, woman, and child, in India.

He forged a friend's name, he lied to an accomplice, he accepted wealth from those he conquered, he died by his own hand.

He is very dull, or very daring, who assumes the right to hold the scales of justice for God, in pronouncing a final verdict upon this man. Few of us are so greatly good, or so contemptibly bad, as this man. Few of us accomplish much, or leave a reputation worth puzzling over.

Warren Hastings succeeded Clive as governor-general in 1772, and for thirteen years, consolidated a British administration in India, for the vast territories which Clive had done so much to win. He became the organizer, as Clive had been the founder, of the British Indian Empire. One is tempted to write on of Hastings, as the temptation to write of Clive was irresistible.

There was still rough work to do and Hastings used rough weapons.

Authority means responsibility, responsibility demands control, and control easily converts itself into possession. Such was the logical progression of the English in India. They demanded peace and fair play for themselves, and then for those whom they protected. The sphere of influence of this trading company easily widened to dominion. Protection for themselves or their allies often meant war, and war to insure its efficacy meant control, and control, disputed, was followed by possession.

This cycle of progress has reached such a pitch that to-day the British crown has stretched its sphere of influence not only throughout India, but far beyond the boundaries of India. From Singapore in the south to Afghanistan in the north, and from Thibet in the east to Persia and Egypt in the west, is included in the vast cloak of territory now deemed necessary to the protection from rough political weather of that little colony of rented acres to which Clive sailed in 1743. Take a map and look at it. The Indian Empire, or its allies and feudatories, now occupies the whole area of southern Asia between Russia and China. On the north and west she controls, as against a possible offensive

move from Russia, Beluchistan, Afghanistan, Kashmir, and the petty states beyond Kashmir up to the skirts of the Hindu Kush Mountains. To the east and south are Nepal and Burma, and beyond Burma a line of semi-independent chieftainships, which serve as buffers between India and China. The outer frontier of British India has an immense circumference. The south-eastern extremity on the Gulf of Siam extends thence to Thibet on the north, thence north and westward to the Oxus. On the north-west it covers Afghanistan and Beluchistan, and finally has its western and southern extremity on the shores of the Arabian Sea. This is what the British Empire has undertaken to defend against Japan, China, Russia, Persia, and Turkey, and with Germany on her flank in the North Sea. There can be no weakening, no social-reform flabbiness, if these colossal territorial responsibilities are to be properly safeguarded. There is also a discontented, some say seditious, many say disloyal, population in India to keep under. In Lucknow and other towns the statue of the empress-queen is guarded day and night by a sentinel, to protect it from coarse infamy and injury.

The history of the settling of the boundary stones is a long and complicated one, reaching

down to that gallant soldier and patriot, and distinguished historian, Lord Roberts, who is alive to-day.

The history of the settlement of the moral territory was concluded once and for all when, after Clive's impeachment, his successor, Warren Hastings, was also impeached, in a trial lasting seven years, a trial conducted for the British crown, and for the Christian world, by Burke. The pith of the matter at issue was, whether the control of alien races by Christian rulers permitted the use of alien methods and morals; whether, in short, the Western ruler should be permitted to have an easy code of geographical ethics, one for London, and one for Calcutta; one for Amsterdam, and one for Java; one for Washington, and one for Cuba; one for Brussels, and one for the Congo. Theoretically the question was settled for all time at the trial of Warren Hastings in the historic hall at Westminster; practically it is still to be enforced, but only here and there, and by conquerors other than the Anglo-Saxons. St. Augustine writes: "To extend rulership over subdued natives is to bad men a felicity, but to good men a necessity."

The East preys upon the weak, the West protects the weak. The social economy of the East is based upon the law of the jungle, we of the

West make the attempt, at least, to base our own upon the dicta of Christ. Therein lies the difference which separates us completely. It is the difference between the wolf and the sheep-dog. I do not maintain that the shepherd's dog is always, everywhere, perfectly correct in his behavior, but his ideal and his general standard of conduct are protection and guidance for the sheep, and affection and loyalty for his master. While the ideal and the general standard of the wolf are to kill both shepherd and sheep, if it can be done with safety to himself.

Even after the new code of the rulers was firmly established morally, it had to fix itself physically. The natives of India could not be taught in a hundred years to believe what for two thousand years and more they had been beaten and plundered into not believing. The Mutiny in 1857 was the result of their scepticism. The motto of that trading company in 1757 might well have been: *Omnes diligunt munera,* but the most bitter enemy of Great Britain must confess that her civil service both in India and elsewhere is now a standard for the world. *Candor non laeditur auro.*

The civil government of two hundred and thirty-two millions and the partial control of sixty-six millions in India are now in the hands of about one thousand two hundred Englishmen,

including military officers in civil employ and others, and I doubt if there is one brown man's rupee in any white man's pocket that should not be there. But a man may be honest, contemptuously; just, arrogantly; and confident, carelessly, that those beneath him will accept his actions without his sympathy, and judge him by his morals rather than by his manners. But that is not the brown man's way. The prohibition of sati, or widow-burning; the execution of the high-caste Brahman like any low-caste man, if he was found guilty; the missionary assertiveness on behalf of themselves and their converts; the indifference to the laws of caste; the doing away with any legal obstacle to the remarriage of widows; tales that in the jails all were fed alike without reference to caste; the fear of the Brahmans that they would lose their position and influence; the readjustment of land revenues and taxes; the settlement of claims and boundaries; the lapse of territory to the British power in default of direct or collateral heirs; the story of the Enfield cartridges greased with a mixture of cow's fat and lard — true as shown by the investigations of Mr. Forrest — Lecky writes that the Sepoys in the Mutiny had "sound reason" for fearing injury to their religion as Hindus and Mussulmans: "This is a shameful and terrible

fact, and if mutiny were justifiable, no stronger justification could be given than that of the Sepoy troops"; the sickening sentimentality of the ignorant English at home, who fêted and petted a certain Azimula Kham, the emissary of Nana Sahib himself, a man of no position in his own country, but who was received into the best society in London, and who exchanged love-letters with ladies of rank and position, even became engaged to an English girl, and was called "her dear Eastern son" by an idiotic old dowager; flogging abolished in the native army, but continued among the British, the natives looking on at the flogging of white men; the annexation of new territories until the Rajput, the Mahratta, the Sikh, and the Muhammadan laid aside their common jealousies and recognized England as equally the foe of all; no rapid intercommunication as now; a British force in India of thirty-six thousand men as over against a native force of two hundred and fifty-seven thousand, besides the armed police, and lascars attached to the artillery as fighting men — it would have been a miracle if there had been no mutiny.

Along different lines much the same thing goes on in England to-day, and again it will be a miracle if there is no trouble with Germany, or in India, within ten years. One can depend

upon the British, however, to wait for that event until they are fully unprepared.

If an imaginative observer were asked to coin a phrase least adapted to the present situation and condition of the British Empire, he might use the words: "Englishmen may sleep peacefully in their beds!" It is comical to record that the young solicitor who answers to the country for the navy uses this phrase; the able metaphysician who responds for the army uses this phrase; the lately anarchical labor leader, who replies for the commerce of the country, uses this phrase; the solicitor who is responsible for the finances of the country uses this phrase; the Prime Minister, a scholarly barrister, and be it said the steady-headed, strong-handed master of them all, despite the tales to the contrary, repeats the same phrase. I repeat, for an almost wearisome number of times, they are a great people! Fancy singing "Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top" to the House of Commons and to the country, with such responsibilities, such perils, such warnings pressing upon their attention. We may all envy them their sound nerves. If this cabinet were a drinking cabinet, I should ask, as did Lincoln of the accusers of Grant, for the brand they most affect. I should indulge myself, and distribute what could be spared in Wall Street.

The British were warned over and over again before 1857. Read that rare but valuable book, "Essays Military and Political," by Sir Henry Montgomery Lawrence, and see the blundering methods, described by one of their own most dutiful servant sons, which brought on the Mutiny.

The native, instead of understanding, misunderstood. He did not see that these changes were meant for his good. He believed that the Brahman was a law unto himself, that widows should be burned, and certainly not be allowed to remarry, and thus stiffen the competition, already severe, against his own daughters. The annexation and control of territory was robbery to him; he did not see that it meant peace, security, and justice. That the Hindus' cartridges were to be greased with the fat of the sacred cow, and the Muhammadans' cartridges greased with the fat of the abhorred pig, was to them what coarse jests at the miracle of the Mass would be to Catholics. It was blasphemous, terrible, and ominous of mysterious and awful spiritual punishment.

We rejoice at the daring of Luther and Sir Thomas More, and the blood and fire of our own religious revolution, why then be astonished that there was revolution in India before the protestant there won freedom of opinion and

worship? The jaunty confidence, or the prayerful faith, in right doing of the white man, was not accepted as the voice of any god known to them by the Indians. The Indian brain seethed with mutinous misunderstanding, and why not!

The English were so obtuse that they saw not, neither did they hear, much less did they take any precautions. Many of the most energetic and valuable officers had been drafted off from their regiments, both to serve in the Crimea, and to meet the heavy demands of the many newly acquired territories for governors and advisers. I quote the words of one of the heroes, and the historian of that time, the words of the man who has retrieved more than one of England's maudlin blunders, the man who is to-day emphasizing with his now unequalled experience of the past, the dangers of the present and the future, Lord Roberts. "Seniority had produced brigadiers of seventy, colonels of sixty, captains of fifty. Nearly every military officer who held a command or high position on the staff in Bengal when the Mutiny broke out disappeared within the first few weeks. Some were killed, some died of disease, but the great majority failed completely to fulfil the duties of the positions they held. Two generals of division were removed, seven brigadiers were found wanting, and out of the

seventy-three regiments of regular cavalry and infantry which mutinied only four commanding officers were given other commands, younger officers being selected to raise and command the new regiments."

These were the gentlemen who, in pajamas, with a whiskey-peg and a cigar, seated on the roof of a bungalow, drilled the natives of India, believing that the gods, and literature, and religion, and customs of three hundred million people for two or three thousand years would melt into acquiesence at the wave of the whiskey or cigar-laden hand from on high.

They were dealing with a generation which had forgotten the anarchy and bloodshed, the pillaging and oppression, which preceded British rule. Muhammadans looked back to the time when they were emperors of India, and when British ambassadors stood meekly on the lower steps of their emperor's throne. The Hindus only remembered that they were on the point of wresting the control from the Muhammadans when the white man stepped in. The interim of order, security, and justice was forgotten. Instead of to a magnificently clad figure seated on a bejewelled throne, with a peacock's tail of precious stones worth millions as a background for his turban, and this in the setting of a marble hall which

still remains as a monument of beauty, instead of to this he salaamed to an amorphous and rubicund figure on the roof of a cheaply built bungalow, whose sceptre was a cigar, and whose spiritual life was contained in a glass. The one was thinking of curry and comfort; the other of traditions, and faith, and lost prestige; and the gentlemen of curry and comfort were actually dumfounded when the underfed underlings betrayed them, killed their women and children, and marched from Meerut to Delhi, before they could get the whiskey-fed rheum out of their eyes. Indeed they let a whole night and day go by, did these men, whose ancestors had driven Clive to suicide, before they made a move. How different if Clive had been there!

The Mutiny opened May the 10th, 1857, and it was January, 1859, before the English gained complete control again. And at what a price of heroism and suffering! But, not the Mutiny nor any other disturbance, political or otherwise, in India, affects more than a minute proportion of India. Throughout the Mutiny the peasants tended their fields; the rice, the wheat, the sugar, the cotton were sown and reaped as usual. Millions in India did not even hear of the Mutiny. This is a characteristic of India to be emphasized and to be remembered. No other country

is so mute, so unconscious, so deaf in the midst of turmoil and bloodshed. The American must school his imagination to this situation. A fire in Chicago, a flood in Texas, an earthquake in California is a fire, a flood, an earthquake for the whole country. Not so in India. There were people peacefully at work within fifty miles of the fighting who knew nothing of it; and even now, flood, plague, or famine slays hundreds of thousands in one part of India, and the rest of India is ignorant and undisturbed. When one hears of unrest in India, or when one hears that India wants this, or needs that, all such statements must be put into this enormous crucible where they are ground exceeding small, and prove to be after all only the unrest, the need, or the want of a minute fraction of the unwieldy whole. It is like one of the huge zoological reconstructions of another age, whose hide is so thick, whose extremities are so far apart, that unlike any other bodies known to us, what touches or hurts or heals one part has no effect upon the others.

At Cawnpur was a large native garrison, and when they mutinied Nana Sahib put himself at their head. The Europeans, including more women and children than fighting men, were besieged for two weeks, and then trusting to a safe-conduct from Nana Sahib, they surrendered.

They embarked in boats on the Ganges, the boats were set fire to and shot at by the natives from both banks, and only four escaped. The women and children were massacred a few days later, some of them being pitchforked living upon the bayonets of their murderers.

Delhi was besieged for months from the surrounding ridge, over which I have walked and driven, but it was only in September that the Kashmir Gate was blown in, and Nicholson fell at the head of the storming party.

The chief commissioner of Oudh was a Lawrence, and not a Lawrence for nothing. He prepared for a siege in the Residency at Lucknow, and was mortally wounded there, but his intelligent prevision saved his companions till at last Lucknow was relieved.

It is one of the ghastly nightmares of history to see that Black Hole of Calcutta, that well at Cawnpur, that cellar in the residency at Lucknow, that grave-dotted ridge at Delhi. Women and children outraged, suffocated, pitchforked on bayonets, burnt, stabbed, starved, and strangled: it is a horrible tale. Say what one will of all that, it is British business, British vengeance, not ours, but it is a disgrace to the whole white race that British callousness, and lack of taste and reverence, should permit these graves to be

overgrown with weeds, should suffer that miserable little graveyard on the ridge above Delhi, should allow the lettering on the Kashmir Gate to become defaced. The only monument in all India that is not a travesty is the statue of John Nicholson, and more than one of the statues of the white empress and the white emperor of India are *black!* With all their splendid qualities and achievements, to which I have tried without prejudice to do justice, their stupidity is at times as criminal as their attempts at artistic commemoration are grotesque. If taste is not indigenous, we can and do supply them with a West, a Whistler, a Sargent, a La Farge, a St. Gaudens. Let them knight their painters of marble baths, and Greek maidens, and bridge problems, and over-decorated wooden sovereigns, and sentimental scenes of bourgeois domesticity, but let them turn over their monuments, in which we are all interested, to the real craftsmen of the arts.

The East India Company, its first charter signed and sealed in 1600 by Queen Elizabeth, came to an end in 1858 after the Mutiny. The administration of India was handed over to the crown. Queen Victoria, later, on January 1, 1877, to be proclaimed empress of India, issued the following proclamation when India was taken over:

"We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our subjects; and these obligations, by the blessings of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil. And it is our further will, that so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be fully and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge."

I quote these words for my readers because they were quoted many times to me by the discontented natives of India. The British went further with words of promise than they find it easy to go in actual practice. Intentions have lungs, breathe, and are communicative. The English are forever intending things for India, which when they are done are already ungratefully received as things long ago deserved; and when they are not done, and compromise is substituted, the Indian sees nothing but hypocrisy and broken promises.

A distinguished Indian gentleman, writing of the reforms just introduced by Lord Minto, says: "Why is there so little enthusiasm among the educated classes about them? Why are some even beginning to fear that they may fail to heal

the existing distemper? Because a certain fatality seems to clog the steps of the government, that whenever it does anything useful for the people *it knows not how to do it with good grace.*" The italics are mine, for there in a nutshell is the ever-present criticism of British rule. It is just, honest, but unsympathetic and ungracious. It is a delicate and a difficult problem. One must tread softly both physically and metaphorically. We ourselves have not won such laurels by our dealings with the ten million negroes in America that we can afford to be censorious, or to offer easy, ready-made solutions for the problem. Ineffable cocksureness might be tempted to shout: Get on or get out! were it not for the possibility of a despatch the next morning announcing a lynching-bee in one's own country, to emphasize one's fallibility.

If you and I had taken over the government of a distracted country, which for centuries had dated passing events from the last raid, the last massacre, the last famine, the last deluge, the last plundering ride of a foreign invader; and if we had laid there 30,000 miles of railway, 100,000 miles and more of telegraph wire; if we had watered 17,000,000 acres with canals of our own construction; if we had arranged that one in every seven acres of the whole country were ir-

rigated; if we had built schools, nursing homes, dispensaries, hospitals, where 8,000,000 children are vaccinated and 25,000,000 people receive relief annually, and post-offices and police-stations; if school attendance had increased from 500,000 to 6,000,000; if the letters carried had increased from none to 700,000,000 annually; if we had policed the country from end to end, administered justice without fear or favor; spent millions of money and thousands of lives in the country's defence; protected the people from brutal customs, protected the widow and the orphan; secured to every man, woman, and child his rights, his property, and his earnings; if out of nearly 29,000 offices of the government drawing salaries ranging from £60 — no small income for a native of India — up to £5,000, as many as 22,000 were filled by natives, and only 6,500 by Europeans; if out of a gross revenue of £75,272,000 only £20,816,000 was raised by taxes so-called, while in England taxation supplies five-sixths, and in India only about one-fourth, of the public income; if we had reduced crime to proportions smaller than in England itself; if the public debt, outside of debt secured by the ample asset of the railways, canals, and so on, amounted to only £28,000,000, a sum less than half of what it cost to suppress the Mutiny

alone; if the land, which when we took charge had hardly any commercial value, was now worth £300,000,000; if the export and import trade in less than fifty years had increased from £40,-000,000 to £200,000,000, while taxation works out at about 37 cents per head; if innocent religious and social customs had not only not been changed, but protected from interference, in these days too, alas, when so many people mistake interference for influence, and in a land of jarring and quarrelsome sects — if you and I had a fraction of these things accomplished by the English in India to our credit, we should be astonished at censure from without, or criticism from within. We might indeed be tempted to resent them.

The Indian agitators tell the people that the railways carry the grain away from the starving, and pay large dividends to the builders; that the canals carry pestilence and disease; that the taxes go to the support of an army to fight England's battles, and to the support of officials who bully the native; that the schools, and hospitals, and colleges are hot-beds of heresy, where the young Indian is taught to deny his ancestral beliefs, that the foreign ruler may surreptitiously introduce his own creed and ritual. These are the grosser forms of seditious talks and litera-

ture intended to impress the agricultural class. The more intelligent are fed with more subtle accusations.

One accusation against the English carries weight. There are people still living who can remember when India had its weavers and dyers by the hundreds of thousands, and when weaving was a profitable industry. In the early years of the last century, it was stated in evidence, that the cotton and silk goods of India could be sold in England at a profit of from fifty to sixty per cent, and there and then the English weaver was protected by duties upon this class of Indian goods of from seventy to eighty per cent on their value. The poor Indian weaver, earning his six or eight cents a day, was ruined for the benefit of the English manufacturer. Lancashire mills are protected to this day by duties on Indian goods. This is indefensible and contemptible. British goods are forced upon India without duty, while Indian weavers were starved out by heavy duties. England bids India supply her with raw materials, that she may employ her capital and her labor profitably, and then sell the manufactured articles to helpless India, deprived of the right to manufacture for herself. I emphasize this, because I consider it a justifiable and competent criticism against

British rule. We must all agree, Americans, French, Germans, that we should go to war in an instant against such unfair oppression.

On the other hand, the accusation of lack of sympathy, of comradeship, of social intercourse, is twaddle. The Indian climate, and population, and steady adherence to religious and social customs have swallowed up every religion and every civilization which has mixed with it, from Buddhism in religion to the Mughal dynasty. The British maintain control, and can only retain control, by refusing any intimacy of intercourse which would entail the mixing of one civilization with the other. They have their own clubs, their own sports, their sheltered homes, and their own codes. They go out to India in relays, and not to settle, and that is their salvation. They go out alone or with their families, not to mingle and to mix, but to work at governing, and to come home when their task is done as much Englishmen as when they went out. If they went to India with their families to be swallowed up, to be incorporated socially, morally, and politically, then indeed there would be no excuse for their rule there. Any other policy would be fatal.

No race except the English could maintain their gravity at the thought that *purdah* parties are a political necessity. Most of the Indian

women live secluded, and always in public cover their faces, which is termed being in *purdah*. The women of the families of the English officials have been urged to show their interest by inviting these ladies to their houses. They play children's games with them, eat cakes and drink tea with them, and stroking the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral to influence the dean and chapter is no more futile than is this silly soliciting of comradeship with the women of India, as a method of propitiating the irreconcilables.

Mr. Saint Nihal Singh writes: "Statistics show the number of female children married under four years of age to be more than 200,000, of those married between five and nine to be over 2,000,000, and those married under fourteen to be 8,000,000; and the enforced widowhood of these girls is the greatest curse of India. But while educated native men are working for the emancipation of the women, unfortunately, as already observed, they are persistently hindered in their efforts by the opposition offered to their programme of progress by their unlettered, reactionary womenfolk; their wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, even their widowed female relatives, are bitterly opposed to this radical reform, and their combined power perpetuates the practice.

"The last census showed that 997 Muhammadan and 995 Hindu women per 1,000 were illiterate in the year of our Lord 1900. What is still worse is the fact that at present less than one per cent of Indian girls of school-going age are being educated."

None but a great nation impervious to ridicule could persist in urging officially its civil servants to ask their wives to entertain the native women with childish games, as a mark of a sympathetic administration. The French or the Americans would suffocate with laughter at the suggestion. This is not sympathy, this is curdled kindliness. Just as one ceases to be well dressed when one is noticeably well dressed, so friendliness ceases to be friendliness when it puts on a uniform and advertises itself. But what can you expect from a nation whose minister for war sends out a solemn circular suggesting that the new territorial force should assemble on a convenient Sunday to thank God that they had been evolved from his brain, and that their predecessors had ceased to exist; or the even more grotesque circular, which must certainly have been suggested to Mr. Haldane by a wag in the war office, but which was nonetheless sent out, to the effect that landlords who are heads of territorial contingents in their neighborhood

should be granted permission to add an unsheathed sword pointing upward to their flag, or pointing downward when they were no longer in office? Only a ponderous patriot could thus offer himself for the altar of the Abraham of ridicule, on the off chance that a convenient ram would be found in the near-by bushes.

But along the lines of humor and æstheticism a nation that will tamely submit to the Albert Memorial monument or to the statue of Shelley at Oxford, may be expected to furnish ample matter for amusement. Heine wrote to a rich uncle that there were so many fools in the world that he felt no fear of not being able to make a living. He even added, that he thought he could live on that one uncle alone. The Albert Memorial alone would furnish a literary living for a life-time.

The male Indian, both Hindu and Muhammadan, of course with exceptions among the educated, still looks upon women much as Erasmus did: "Woman is an absurd and ridiculous animal, but entertaining and pleasant."

When the Englishman becomes self-conscious, either socially or morally, he is deplorably awkward. There is so much talk, so much audible discontent, so much putting of the old methods of government into the crucible, just now in

India, that the Englishmen is beginning to wonder if he is right, if he is justified, and this makes for self-consciousness and for lack of confidence, and reacts upon the people. A nervous rider makes a nervous horse. The Indian does not understand that this is the vacillation of conscience; he interprets it in the one way his experience permits him to interpret it, as fear. Artificial sympathy, pumped-up cordiality, assumed comradeship, are no more possible to the average Englishman than trimming hats, curling hair, or dancing skirt-dances.

There is an ample supply of honest comradeship and real sympathy between the British and the Indian. I have spent weeks camping and travelling with soldier and civil service officials. Any man who believes that there is lack of sympathy should spend some time with British officers and their native troops; with British officers and the Imperial Service troops of the native princes; with commissioners and deputy commissioners doing their work in the outlying districts; or hear for the first time the Englishman "talking shop" as the British officer in India will do in his enthusiasm about his Gurkhas, or his Sikhs, or his Patiala Lancers, or his Bhopal light cavalry. It would be affectation on my part to say that my experience is limited in these matters,

for I have ridden with our Western troopers many a mile on the plains, and only lately I have seen Japanese cavalry schools, Chinese mountain batteries, Argentine cavalry, English soldiering at home, and nowhere in the world, I maintain, will you find better feeling between officers and men than in India. This is the sympathy that one need not be ashamed of, and which counts; while the tea-cake variety is merely the doctrinaire philanthropy of parochial officialdom.

When one reads a leaflet recently distributed in Bengal signed "Editor," and with the following postscript: "The editor will be extremely obliged to readers if they will translate into all languages and circulate broadcast," and which runs as follows: "Sacrifice white blood undiluted and pure at the call of your god on the altar of freedom. The bones of the martyrs cry out for vengeance, and you will be traitors to your country if you do not adequately respond to the call. Whites, be they men, women, or children — murder them indiscriminately, and you will not commit any sin;" when one reads this, rubbish though it be, and remembers the ignorance and prejudice of those who read it and those to whom it is read, the sheltered humanitarianism of the India Office seems very afternoon-teay indeed. "His heart swelled," writes Balzac,

"with that dull collected love which we must call humanitarianism, the eldest son of deceased philanthropy, and which is to the divine charity what system is to art, or reasoning to deed."

Sympathy is the catch-word in India just now. One hears it suggested on every hand as the remedy for unrest. The kindly feeling for, and the understanding of, another's temperament, which makes for sympathy, curdles when it is forced. I remember a Sunday-school of my boyhood days, where a class of small boys sat in a circle around their teacher. The superintendent was leading in prayer. One of the small boys was gazing about the room. I even remember that boy's name: Crosby. His teacher saw his inattention and whispered to him fiercely: "Crosby, now you pray!" Through many years that scene has been a picture to me of the folly of attempting to enforce spiritual laws. The present situation is not less ridiculous. India kept in hand by a small party, mostly of young men in the army and the civil service; sport-loving, wholesome, unaffected, with no thought, most of them, of artifice in their manners or their methods, in very many cases adored by their men, and of a sudden one hears the voice of inexperience, of theoretical enthusiasm, saying: "Now, you fellows, sympathize!" and they prob-

ably sympathize the way Crosby prayed, and they would be fools indeed if they did anything else.

There is no cleaner, healthier, better-managed colony in the world than Java, and we do not consider the Dutch to be either imaginative or sympathetic. A man may be fond of children, and not care to take his meals with them in the nursery, or to give them the run of his study, or take them to lunch at his club, or to have them camp every night in his bedroom.

Sir Richard Burton, who knew the ins and outs of the Oriental mind if anybody ever did, does not hesitate to say that the natives of India cannot even respect a European who mixes with them.

The old wholesome theory that the inferior should be urged to play up, and be rewarded if he did, made us Americans and English what we are; the modern theory, born of the miasma of the French Revolution, urging the superior to play down, will emasculate us inevitably.

I fail to see any signs, at home or abroad, that the coy but nonetheless calculating professional philanthropy of the day has brought about, or is on the way to do so, a better feeling between men. We are producing artificial relations between men in a hot-house, and when they are bedded out

to grow, in the competition and strife and turmoil of all weathers and temperatures with which life assails them, they wilt even more quickly than before they were so carefully tended. If you feel your pulse, or watch your breathing, or ponder overmuch about your digestion, your pulse and your breathing become irregular, and your digestion goes wrong. Try it and see. Certain human functions are, and must be, automatic; they are so sensitive that the least interference with them, even thinking about them, will disarrange them. Certain of the relations between men, whether in India or in the negro belt in America, or in the squalid quarters of the poor in New York or in London, are of that kind.

If I may be permitted to use a personal illustration, I cite my own liking for the negro. I come from his country, my family has for many scores of years dealt with him and served him, as he has served them. I could no more pump up this feeling of understanding and sympathy, and ability to get on with him, than I could think myself into being a painter, or urge or excite myself into being six feet and four inches high. It may be asked, then, if the writer is utterly contemptuous of kindly human feeling. No one less so. It is the attempt to solve the inevitable problems of economic and governmental conditions that

are necessarily artificial, by an assumption of artificial temperament and manners, that is condemned.

Civilization in India, and in every great commercial and political centre of the world to-day, is distorted by the political and economic exigencies of great aggregations of population, fed, clothed, and housed by machinery instead of by the individual labor of each one. If all the machinery in the world to-day in the cotton, corn, and wheat fields, in the mines, in the great manufactories, in the transportation agencies, in all the branches which feed, clothe, house, water, and carry us, were suddenly to become useless, and could not be repaired; if our own railroads were to be hampered by excitable legislation—if, in short, with our present aggregations of population we were obliged to revert to the methods of even one hundred years ago, what awful plague, famine, and death would follow! This means that vast populations are existing to-day by the grace of machinery, and not by virtue of their own prowess, and practically every social problem of the day arises from that and nothing else. We are all, more or less, living upon charity, except the farmer, and not by the exertion of our natural and elementary forces; and it is only the strong-willed and the stout-hearted who

do not deteriorate in consequence. Those who see this may be forgiven for not only believing, but knowing, that more philanthropy, that more artificial sympathy, only make matters worse.

Modern ingenuity and obedience to the laws of hygiene, have brought this enormous brood into the world, and we now propose to smile and smooth it into contentment. One might as well attempt to bring up one's children on the sugar-coating of one's wedding cake.

It is stated that the average length of human life in European countries, in the sixteenth century, was between eighteen and twenty years. To-day it is between forty and fifty years. The death-rate has fallen as man's life has lengthened. In the seventeenth century the mortality rate of London was 50 per 1,000 of population; to-day it is 15 per 1,000 of population. In the year 1700 the mortality rate of Boston was 34 per 1,000; to-day it is 19. Within a century, London, Berlin, and Munich have cut their death-rates nearly in half. In Sweden, the home of school gymnastics and government-controlled hygiene, the average length of life is 50 years for men, and 53 years for women, the highest in the world. In the United States, the average lifetime is 44 for men, and 46 for

women. In India the average lifetime for men is 23, and for women 24. It is almost impossible to calculate the enormous increase of population that these figures suggest; and an increase of the number of men and women in the world of mature years, whose demands upon life for food, for occupation, for education, for amusement, and for governing are the demands of grown-up people. This single problem of the increase of the grown-up population of the world in the last two hundred years is never mentioned; and yet it is outstanding, ever growing, all-else-including, and as much more overshadowing all other problems of civilization as the sky compared to tents. To imagine that this greatest problem of our time, perhaps of any time, is to be solved by doles of money, smiles, and words, is not only ridiculous as theory, but is proving itself deplorable as practice. Wherever else the way out of the tangle lies, it is not there. To issue orders for *purdah* parties, and for bows and smiles on railway trains, makes one doubt the lucid writing, the clear thinking, the masterly grasp of great problems, for which I for one have admired and extolled John Morley for nearly a quarter of a century. It is not only no solution of the problem in itself, but it is tempting the unthinking and superficial to believe that the problem is

only as difficult as the suggestion of such sickly remedies implies.

India has a negligible amount of machinery, and an overwhelming population, consequently the problem is more acute there than elsewhere; but it exists in Germany and in Japan, and while it is called "Unrest" in India, it is called the "German Peril" in Europe, the "Japanese Peril" in America. In addition to this machine-made population, there has grown with advancing civilization and its wealth, a fashion of relieving women of all share in productive labor. America and England, for example, carry, industrially speaking, an enormous weight of idle women, the most idle and luxurious of whom do not even bear children, and who are the direct incentive to extravagance and waste. Fortunately they are comparatively few in number, but they are nevertheless a factor in the problem. Let us be frank, therefore, and say at once that "Unrest" in India is not an exotic among social and economic problems, it is a phase, an Oriental phase, if you please, which presses upon every country in the world, less in the United States and in South America than elsewhere merely because we have the food supply of the world in our hands.

Manufactured sympathy will solve the prob-

lem neither in India nor anywhere else. On the contrary the unthinking philanthropist, and the cunning politician, not only in India, but in England, Germany, France, and America, are leading whole populations to believe that the millions concentrated in a few hands are the cause of the poverty and discomfort of all the rest. There never was a meaner nor a more dangerous lie: first, because it tickles the fancy of the people, second, because it leads them in a wrong direction for the solution of their troubles, and third, because it is these very aggregations of capital that alone make it possible even to feed these masses of population. Like every other remedy for human ills, if it be easy and pleasant you may be sure it is poisonous. There are room, and food, and leisure, and opportunity for every honest, sober, hard-working man in the world, still, whatever the future have in store for the rapidly increasing population of the world; but the mill of competition is growing more and more terrible as modern science fosters the growth of population, and the shiftless, the dissipated, and the weak find it harder and harder to keep on the road, and out of the gutter, as the road becomes more and more crowded. "Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a new man!" The

ghastly gospel which preaches that all our woes are due to somebody else, and the demagogic apostles of that gospel, will, and can, only land their followers in a deeper ditch. Sympathy, yes, but easy lies, never. The slightest move in this direction, the faintest whisper to these three hundred millions in India, would be on a par, for fiendish cruelty, with persuading the children of a family that all their woes were due to the selfishness of their parents.

V

RELIGION AND CASTE IN INDIA

IN writing a chapter on religion and caste in India, as I have seen it, I wish to begin by proclaiming how superficial this sketch must be, and how well I know what I do not know of a subject to which many volumes have been devoted by students of many years' residence in India, and for a full analysis and history of which many volumes are still needed.

I am proposing merely to furnish enough material to put the situation before my countrymen, and to show how ludicrous is the ideal of self-government, as we understand it, for a people so unhomogeneous, and how calamitous will be the result of going too fast in granting legislative privileges.

First of all, caste is a question of birth, and there is no entry except by birth. A worker in a coal-mine may become a part owner thereof, and his daughter marry a peer, and his grandson become a peer in England. I can personally introduce the reader to dozens of still unedu-

cated clerks, stenographers, mill-hands, newsboys, and their wives, widows, sisters, and daughters, whose millions seat them at the dinner-tables of the Brahman class in America and in England. But no millions will enable a low-caste Hindu to marry into a Brahman family, or even to touch the hand, or throw his shadow on the food, of a Brahman in India.

If a man is excommunicated by his caste fellows in India, no one of the caste will eat with him, accept water from his hands, or marry him. His own wife will not touch him or speak with him. He is dead to his family. The barber even will not shave him, or cut his hair or his toe-nails.

There is no legislation, no police work, no trial in the courts, no adjustment of land revenue or land tenure, no meeting of municipal or district councils, no appointment to office small or great, no handling of any community in time of plague or famine, no hygienic precautions or sanitary arrangements, into which does not enter this question of caste to complicate, to make difficult, and perhaps to foil, the most reasonable and necessary work of the administrator. A Brahman clerk has been known to distribute legal documents by throwing them down at the end of the village street in which live his low-caste

brethren. Letter-carriers have been known to refuse to enter the houses of, or to permit themselves to come into personal contact with, those of a lower status than themselves.

If one could picture to oneself social snobbery lifted into a fanatical religious faith, it would be a pale description of the iron subdivisions of caste in India, but even then simple as compared with the incomprehensible intricacies of this social pall. There is no patriotism, and can be none, in a country thus divided against itself, and divided against itself not geographically but socially.

As I watch for hours at a time the worshippers at the Ghats, on the banks of the Ganges at Benares, I only find myself more puzzled. It is more than complicated, it is cloudy confusion, wherein one loses the support even of one's ordinary mental and physical working powers.

Benares has been the capital of the Hindu religion for more years than any historian has counted. Buddha, who was born about 557 and who died about 478 B. C., began his public teaching in the deer-forest near what was even then the great city of Benares. For nearly two thousand five hundred years, of which we have some knowledge, and for how many years more no man knows, the Hindus have bathed and prayed here

on the banks of the Ganges. Buddhism and Islamism have been absorbed or swept aside.

It must be said of Buddhism, however, that it has left one indelible mark all over India, China, and the East, and that is the teaching of gentleness and kindness to one another and to animals. Buddha taught that life is but a prolonged endeavor to escape from suffering, and that, therefore, to cause others to suffer is the unforgivable sin. By meditation a man is to lose the sense of the painfulness of life, and to earn some mitigation from the cycle through which he must pass before reaching Nirvana, where all re-birth ends at last, and one loses consciousness forever. This creed is pure agnosticism, holding that a man's own acts alone make up the tale of his faith.

Agnosticism everywhere throws a man back upon himself, and everywhere and always produces one of two results. It makes men, as in India and China, pessimists, hopeless, helpless, and without ambitions for either their souls or their bodies; or it makes men colossal egoists who worship themselves. Nothing can be more portentous of evil to the race than our agnostic democracies of the West, which are putting man on a pedestal, and waving the incense of eight hours' work, old-age pensions, no conscription, a vote

for each adult, state support, and so on, before him.

It was a moving spectacle, for example, to all students of the ethnic religions when Mr. Keir Hardie, as the exponent of Western agnosticism, or man as his own god, came out to India to preach this doctrine to the Buddhist-impregnated Indians, steeped in pessimism. They immediately dubbed him the "King of the Coolies" and could not wrench their imaginations to see how a man of no caste could be worth imitating or following. The first flash of a picture of that which will some day be a terrible conflict between the Yellow and the White was revealed when the man who cared everything for man met the men who care nothing for man, and neither understood the other in the least.

Buddhism has done for the East what rationalism has done for the West; it makes men doubt the existence, even deny the existence, of any power higher than themselves, but with the abysmal difference that it prostrates man in the East while it puts him on a dangerous pinnacle in the West. Man with nothing higher than himself to obey, to fear, to love, or to placate, becomes morally and mentally disorderly. The same is true of the state, which brings itself to the condition where the voting man is paramount, and

to be feared, obeyed, and placated. With no higher ideal than that, a state disintegrates, drifts into bureaucracy, then into pensionism, finally into the bread-and-circus stage, and then disappears. Such a failure was Athens, such a failure is before our eyes in modern France, France the land of pose and phrase, egotism and scepticism. Even the ethical code of agnosticism fades and dies, lacking a higher sanction to command obedience.

Buddha little thought that his teaching of the valuelessness of life would result in the callous cruelty of the Indian and the Chinese. Rousseau, if he thought about it at all, could hardly have dreamed that his scheme of a return to the simple and the natural life, with every man equal, would make of France a shambles, and produce a philosophy of life which, while attempting to gain the whole world for each individual, not only loses its soul, but loses the whole world, for every body of individuals which attempts it. The time is still æons off when each man may be his own master. It is a pitiable failure in the East. It will prove a colossal failure in the West.

Curiously enough, it was King Asoka, nicknamed "The Furious" in his youth, who, in 260 B. C., became the great apostle and missionary

of Buddhism. The lives he had taken, the suffering he had caused, in the days of his autocratic sway, led him to find comfort and repentance in a creed which abhorred the taking of life. It was through his influence and the influence of his saffron-robed priests, of whom he is said to have supported forty thousand at his own expense, that Buddhism grew from a mere sect of enthusiasts into the creed of a third of the human race, and spread through Asia and parts of Africa and Europe. The Brahmanism of Benares is partly the result of this wave of Buddhism. It is a gentle, mannerly, soft-spoken crowd, absorbed in forgetting that it lives. This carelessness of life, on the other hand, breaks out in monstrous slaughter and sickening brutalities, as in the Mutiny, when it loses control of itself. The Mutiny was a picture of pessimism let loose; the French Revolution was a picture of how rationalism establishes the rights of man, or in the happy phrase of that most skilful and most brilliant modern political diagnostician, Lord Rosebery, "the fierce equality of France."

Benares at the present time, so far as buildings are concerned, is of the most modern. The idol-breaking Muhammadans left nothing after their conquering of the city except a spiteful mosque,

built by the fanatical Aurangzeb on one of the sacred sites, which still rears its towers above all the other buildings on the river bank; and there are few buildings of an earlier date than the middle of the eighteenth century. But the Ganges has never been conquered, nor turned aside, nor has the Hindu faith.

They are here by the thousands this morning, washing themselves, washing their clothes, sitting wrapt in contemplation some of them, only their lips moving. Old and young, men and women, all bathing, and in curiously decent fashion. Their arrangement of clothing must be peculiar, for they undress, and dress, and bathe, and somehow each one so manages his or her clothing that there is not a hint of indecency or even of immodesty. You are rowed along within a few feet of the bank of the river where these thousands are bathing, drying themselves, dressing and undressing, and nothing could be more sedately proper. You see the Brahman rubbing his sacred triple thread round and round his shoulder and body, others scrubbing their mouths violently with their fingers, others washing their clothes, babies being dipped by father or mother, and soundly rubbed afterward, youths more particular, using combs; and higher up on the bank the barbers are busy, shaving and cut-

ting hair, while the customer sits cross-legged, holding a mirror.

Even my travelled Brahman friend, who told me that he was what we would call a Unitarian, wore, and showed me, his sacred thread. The Rajput father binds round the arm of his son a string made of a sacred grass which is to ward off evil spirits. No doubt the sacred cord of the twice-born castes of India originated in a similar belief. The cord is made in various ways. "Among the Madras Brahmans, who are most careful in such matters, it is of fine country-grown cotton, not foreign, and spun by hand. Three very fine threads are twisted by a Brahman into a single cord sixteen feet long. He then squats on the ground, winds it thrice around his knees, and fastens the ends in a special knot known as that of Brahma." In the north, the four fingers of the hand are closed, and a thread is wound back and fourth over them ninety-six times. This thread forms one strand of the cord, and three of them make it complete. During worship of the gods it remains over the left shoulder; when the wearer is unclean, or when he performs the rites for the dead, he shifts it to the right shoulder.

The thread is put on a boy between his eighth and twelfth year, when he is supposed to assume

the religious obligations and the authority and duty of a Brahman. When the thread is first put on the boy he makes pretence of leaving the house to become an ascetic, but he is, of course, persuaded to return and live as a layman.

It seemed to me strange that there was no swimming. In any Western crowd there would have been scores of boys and men diving, swimming, playing games in the water; but there is no sign of any desire for exercise or play here. Rubbing themselves, thrashing their clothes on the flat rocks, moving their lips and hands in prayer, but no other exercise.

They are a sitting, riding race, not a walking or running one. Their posture is as peculiar to them as their color. It is always the same, wherever you see them, whether it be the prince in his palace, these people praying by the river-bank, the passengers waiting for the train at the railway stations, or sitting on the seats in the train, your bearer waiting outside your door, or the cab-driver on his box in the great cities. The hinges in their knees must be different from ours. They squat down with their knee-caps under their chins, and that part of their persons which the French describe as *où le dos change de nom* close up against their heels. I was told at Udaipur that His Highness, the Maharana of Udaipur,

has no chairs in his private apartments, but always sits cross-legged on the floor, whether to eat, or to read, or to rest. When you return to your cab you will find the driver almost invariably perched up on the seat with his legs under him. Thousands of years of chairlessness have made this the most comfortable posture for them. I suppose in a country of three hundred millions of people there is only room for them to sit on the ground, and, at any rate, among these people there is no money to provide any piece of furniture which is, at one and the same time, so convenient to carry, and so cheaply upholstered, as that part of the person, *où le dos change de nom!*

Benares is evidently a cosmopolitan place; you notice the difference in the people as you drive or walk through the streets. They are less shy, the women do not cover their faces so carefully, they are more accustomed to strangers, and well they may be, since it is estimated that there are a million pilgrims here every year, who come to bathe, to pray, and to take the long, dusty walk, or pilgrimage, of some forty-five miles, around the sacred precincts of the city. Into the sacred waters of the Ganges, too, every Hindu wishes his ashes thrown. At one of the Ghats on the bank I saw bodies burning, and others lying waiting to be burned.

Both here and at Bombay I have been present at these burnings. The bodies are brought in on a frail litter. A pile of logs is built up, held in place by four iron stanchions. The body with the head uncovered is placed on the logs, more logs are piled on top, the litter is broken up and added to the small fagots underneath, and the fire is lighted. There are various ceremonies connected with the rite. The body is carried several times around the pile before being placed upon it. The nearest relative walks around the pile with a jar of water, letting it drip down as he goes, till of a sudden he dashes the jar to the ground, breaking it to pieces. A symbol of all life, everywhere. At a certain moment, too, the skull is fractured by the nearest relative, to allow the easy escape of the spirit to another world. Where the deceased is rich, the fire is made of costly and sweet-smelling wood, sandal-wood and the like, and the ceremonies are more elaborate and more prolonged. No doubt it is the ideal way to dispose of a dead body, but when I have seen it done here it seemed to me a callous and a careless rite.

It is true, if one have faith death should not be a cause of mourning, but parting from those one adores is a poignant sorrow, even if there is to be another meeting here on earth. So far as I have

studied the faces of mourners here, I could see nothing. In these matters they are either behind or very far in advance of us. No doubt Mrs. Annie Besant, who has her Hindu College here at Benares, and her Theosophical Institution at Adyar near Madras, would maintain the latter. She and her former associates Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky preach the superiority of the Hindu system to any philosophy or religion of the West. One cannot perhaps curtail the freedom of speech of these people, but they can hardly be accepted as scholarly authorities in the study of the ethnic religions. It would be a useful addition to the curriculum of one of our great universities if there could be lectures on applied ethnic religions, as there are lectures on applied ethics. I have noticed all over India the absolute indifference of the natives themselves to the pain, and deformities and maladies that are displayed as an excuse for alms. It is not the stoicism of our Western Indians who thought it dishonorable to show fear, or to shrink from pain, but an imbedded indifference, a numbness to this particular influence. We, on the contrary, dislike the sight of these things, and turn from them, and pity is forced from us, but all such spectacles seem to pass absolutely unnoticed by the Oriental. And what horrible de-

formities are exhibited! One might think them invented and carved, so hideously grotesque are they sometimes.

It is a wonder there are not more. A wonder, too, that there is not more plague, more cholera, more disease of every kind. Here on the banks of this river are thousands, bathing, washing their clothes, and drinking, all within a few yards of one another. One man drinks the dregs from another man's body, another the scourings from another's clothes, and women and children the same. It is not strange that India is the paradise of contagion.

I have heard it maintained that the Ganges, which is the most bathed-in river in the world, is different from other rivers, in that the water itself has certain antiseptic qualities, and that microbes do not flourish in it as in other waters. If one rows up and down the river front, or walks through the narrow streets leading to the river, the stench and mud and crowds make it appear a very incubator of microbes.

I stood for a long time within a small court, in the middle of which was a much-frequented temple. Cows stood about in their own filth, men, women, and children crowded in, went to the shrine where they bowed and prayed, and were given something by the attendant, or priest,

which they popped into their mouths. Some came away with garlands, but all of them evidently impervious to the smells and the mud. It was warm outside, but in this particular temple the smell of hot humanity, and hot cow, was sickening.

Nor Mecca, nor Jerusalem has known such hordes of worshippers, so many thousands of years of continuous pilgrimage. No matter what his caste, no matter what his occupation, no matter how black his heart or red his hands, the Hindu who dies within a radius of fifty miles of Benares is spared all future torment, so it is said.

In the theory of the transmigration of souls, or metempsychosis, the Hindu believes that there are some millions of species of animals that he may be obliged to pass through, one after another, before he arrives at the house of his god, if he does not pay due attention to the duties and formalities of his religion. This saving of one's own soul becomes a very important business under these circumstances. The hell of the most enthusiastic revivalist is a very lukewarm affair when compared with this interminable vista of animal impersonations which confronts the pious Hindu.

The upper classes and intelligent Hindus have become Theists, but the mass of the Hindu world

are crass Polytheists, who worship not only endless named gods, but sticks and stones, and trees, and mounds of earth of their own choosing and making. On one occasion I asked a lower-caste Hindu, who had been very attentive in his service, if I was not taking too much of his time. I had noticed that his forehead was not marked, a sign that he had not bathed and prayed as his ritual requires. "Oh," he replied, "I have my own private god in my compound!" On the other hand, an educated and travelled Hindu, of whom I saw a good deal, told me that he was what we would call a "Unitarian!" Another Brahman, of the mystical type, is said to have remarked quite casually: "I have never seen Christ myself, but I have a friend who often sees him, and he tells my friend that he finds many of his followers very trying people."

I remember I took a course of study in the Ethnic Religions when at the University, but of these mystic refinements on the one hand, and these crudities on the other, I knew nothing till I was face to face with them here. One is rather shocked at the abysmal gulf between the book and the fact, between the professorial teaching and the practice, when one is brought into close contact with the latter in India. As I stand beside the reeking cow, ankle-deep in filth, in the

temple of this dark, crowded court in Benares, and see the earnestness of the worshippers, I am impressed by the fact that all I know, or may have known, or shall know, is of little use in interpreting this situation which is here and now, and which has been for thousands of years.

All religions really, whether of Buddha, Brahma, Muhammad, or Christ, maintain that life is to die. The Buddhist and the Brahman and the Muhammadan stick to the original text, to the primitive message. We Westerners have twisted the Christianity of Christ into a code and a creed suited to our climate, our environment, our temperament, and our ambitions, and we maintain that life is to live. But no philosophy and no religion which has its roots in the East can be fairly interpreted as giving such a message. We have interpreted isolated texts to please our love of life, but the founder of Christianity was an Oriental, with the same profound conviction that "my Father's many mansions" are preferable to hut or palace here, which characterizes the creeds of the Buddhist, the Brahman, and the Muhammadan. The Buddhist is a Buddhist, the Brahman is a Brahman, the Muhammadan is a Muhammadan but we Westerners are not Christians. We merely wear an

ethical cloak, made up of a patchwork of sayings, which we have wrenched from their context, to enable us to do our work in the world with freedom of movement. Were we to wrap ourselves in the genuine robes of Christianity we should be as hampered, and as helpless, as are the thorough-going disciples of Buddha, Brahma, or Muhammad.

Hinduism is not only a religious bond, but it is also a sort of social league governing all the relations of life. As a social league it rests upon caste, that immovable barrier against reform or progress; as a religious bond it rests upon a union of the Aryan and the Buddhistic faith. Hinduism recognized the so-called twice-born, or Aryan castes, that is, the Brahmans or priests, the Kshattriyas or warriors, the Vaisyas or agriculturists, and the Sudras or serfs. But this is a mere guide-book classification. If you investigate the make-up of an Indian village you may find herdsmen, fishermen, weavers, artisans, barbers, coolies, some Muhammadans, some Brahmans, traders, money-lenders, and here and there Mahrattas, and a few other immigrants. But even these divisions do not begin to complete the list, for there are still subdivisions of these. Even the Brahmans have ten distinct classes or nations, and these again are divided into some two thousand

tribes. In Bombay alone, where there are more than a million Brahmans, there are some two hundred groups of them, none of which intermarries with another. In Madras there are six groups, each speaking a different tongue, and no member of one group will marry or eat with the member of another; while each of these groups, again, has rules regarding the persons within its own circle, with whom its members may marry or eat cooked food.

The Brahmans of the south of India claim to be of higher rank than the Brahmans of the north, holding that the Brahmanism of the north has been defiled by one conqueror after another, while they of the south have remained more or less untouched by foreign influences. Unlike the northern Brahman, there is no lower caste from whom the southern Brahman will take water.

In this matter of religion, as in political and social matters, the women of India are bigotedly conservative, and insistent upon maintaining all the traditional observances. The most outspoken and the fiercest rebels against the English power whom I met in India were women. The two I remember best were, one the wife of a prominent Maharaja, and the other the sister of a distinguished Muhammadan. They were

ready to take any measures to rid India of British rule. So, too, the Kshattriyas, or Rajputs, are divided into some six hundred tribes in different parts of India. The authorities say that it is impossible to number all the castes in India. They number thousands at least.

When it is remembered that the members of these different castes cannot intermarry, cannot eat together, and that as a rule no Hindu of good caste may eat food prepared by a man of inferior caste, and that much the same rule obtains in regard to the drinking of water, one begins to understand dimly the difficulties inherent in any dealings with these people, whether for hygienic, social, or military purposes. Verily, their ways are not as our ways. Even at the railway stations in some parts of India you see notices posted: "Water for Hindus." "Water for Muhammadans."

Just as one example, imagine the difficulty of helpfulness to one another when the neglected and the help-needing person may be one whom to touch, or to come in contact with in any way, is a social and religious degradation, imperilling not only one's social position, but one's salvation. The enlightened ruler of Baroda, His Highness, the Gaekwar, calls these people the "Untouchables," a very happy description of them, and he

estimates their numbers at six million, or a fifth of the population. He, a Hindu of the Maratha branch himself, says: "The system which divides us into innumerable castes, claiming to rise by minutely graduated steps from the Pariah to the Brahman, is a whole tissue of injustice, splitting men equal by nature into divisions high and low, based not on the natural standard of personal qualities, but on the accident of birth. The eternal struggle between caste and caste for social superiority has become a source of constant ill-feeling in these days. The human desire to help the members of one's caste also leads to nepotism, heart-burnings, and consequent mutual distrust."

The polluting power of a cat, as an example of the intricacies of this subject of caste, is small, of a dog greater, but nothing equals the pollution of a Pariah. Man, in this connection, is degraded below the beasts. Such people are denied the advantages of social sympathy and industrial aid. They are denied all influence for good, arising out of free intercourse with their neighbors. The full and free use of hospitals, of public inns, public conveyances, wells, and even temples, is withheld from them. They are even refused the opportunities of earning a living. Menial service even is denied them, as they

cannot touch the food or enter the houses of the higher castes.

My friend, the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, is possibly the most outspoken prince in India, so I quote another saying of his, that my readers may know something of his political and social views: "I can quite understand the difficulty involved in giving up one's inherited ideals of thought and custom, especially in conservative India. If the Indian people wish to progress, and to make the most of their national influence, they must consciously give up these old false ideals and open their eyes to the light of progress, in which not one class or many classes, but all shall share. Men are asking for a constitution, by which they may limit the powers of princes and governments; they neglect to limit the tyrannical and despotic sway of religion, which is crushing the life out of our people by driving out of them all sense of personal pride, all individuality and ambition. There is no room in the world of to-day for such priests as are little gods with an exaggerated idea of their own importance, insisting upon their infallibility, content with ignorance, contemptuous of knowledge. Priests of this kind are a drag on the wheels of progress. Instead of ministering to the people they are their bad angels."

Sir Harry Johnston, who at least cannot be accused of not knowing India, writes: "The one hundred and sixty-two million Hindu men and women and children follow for the most part wholly unreasonable forms of religion, quite incompatible with modern ideas of physical development, social progress, sanitation, avoidance of cruelty, and unrestricted intercourse with one's fellow-men." To this he adds: "If all forms of the Hindu religion — Brahmanism — could be submitted to an impartial world-congress of non-Hindus, the members of which were selected from all parts of non-Hindu Asia, from America, Europe, and Africa, the Hindu religion would be universally condemned as a mixture of nightmare nonsense and time-wasting rubbish, fulfilling no useful end whatever, only adding to the general burden borne by humanity in its struggle for existence. And, of course, so long as two hundred million Indians remain attached to these preposterous faiths, with their absurd and useless ceremonials and food taboos, so long — if for that reason alone — will the British be justified in ruling the Indian Empire with some degree of absolutism."

In this connection, one should remember that of the fifty-five million adult Muhammadans, about seventy-five per cent can read and write

in Hindustani, and some ten per cent are acquainted with English; while of the one hundred and sixty-two million Hindus only twenty per cent of the adult males can read and write in the vernacular, and only three per cent are acquainted with English.

It is somewhat disconcerting to an observer and student of Indian affairs, therefore, to find that it is from the Hindu element and largely from the Brahman caste that the murderers, bomb-throwers, seditious editors of the vernacular press, and the men who shoot down the English officials on platforms and in theatres are drawn. It can only mean that the great Brahman caste, which for centuries have been the social and political leaders of these timid and ignorant masses, are jealous of the English authority. Instead of aiding in all efforts to improve the sanitation, in all efforts to protect the peasant from the money-lender, in all schemes for irrigation and education, the Brahman is the leader of the reactionist party. He prefers, apparently, that the mass of the people should remain ignorant, debased, diseased, and helpless, as his position is magnified by just the width of the social chasm between himself and them. He both hates the English and despises his own people. He and his people have been the victims of

the Turk, the Tartar, the Mongol, who, times without number, have swept through the Afghan passes, and robbed, slaughtered, and deflowered, but he has always heretofore reappeared as the religious, social, and political lord of these poor people. He would rather have chaos again than see his acknowledged superiority slip away from him, through the uplifting of the masses, slow though the process be, by the English rulers.

There are numbers of sympathizers with the so-called Indian patriots in America, who contribute to their funds and to their excitement. They should realize that it is the Brahman agitator they are backing, and they should take some pains to assure themselves that they are not putting their money on the wrong horse. It is well enough to sympathize with, I will go farther and say, and to help any body of men suffering from the tyranny of injustice and brutality, whether at home or abroad. Though we have many such down-trodden people in America needing attention, it is perhaps excusable in certain temperaments to prefer the excitement of participation in revolutions abroad, where at any rate their own skins may remain whole, whatever happens. But this attempt of the Brahman agitators to oust the British, or at all events to gain more offices, more authority, and more power for

themselves, is an effort to replace British control by the rule of the Brahman, which represents the most tyrannical, the most un-American, and the most revolting social, religious, and political autocracy the world has ever seen. How any American, whatever his ideals or his sympathies, can lend his influence in support of a movement to increase the power of the Brahman caste in India, politically or otherwise, can only be explained on two grounds: he is either maliciously mischievous, or he is ignorant. If one were to search the world to find ideals utterly unlike, and destructive of American ideals of government, of religious liberty, and of social freedom, he could find them nowhere better than in Brahmanism.

The Brahman has never been a fighting-man; he has fattened upon superstition, and consequently has aided it, and continues to encourage it to the utmost, and holds, consequently, the strange position in India of being a seditionist as against the English and a reactionary as against his own people. There is a harsher word than I care to use for this type of citizen, but whatever he may be, he is distinctly a stumbling-block in the present situation. Men who ask for larger representation in the government, knowing full well that they alone are sufficiently educated to profit by it, and who are

inciting the weak-minded to assassinate, and the ignorant to balk, the alien reformers, are difficult to deal with, especially when one hears on every side from disinterested natives that they tremble at the idea of their future magistrates, having as much concern with the increase of their salary as with their caste elevation, and who say: "It would be treason to humanity to place us by force of British bayonets under the yoke of those whose flesh creeps on their bones when they hear of war." I quote from a Rajput noble of Oudh.

We have only to picture to ourselves the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Catholics, the Episcopalians, and the railway employees, the shop-keepers, the clerks, the barbers, the butchers, the money-lenders, and the lowest class of laborers, say in Utica, N. Y., divided into sects and sub-sects, not permitted to intermarry, to eat together or to touch food cooked one for the other, to get an idea of the helpless chaos so far as any effective work or progress as a community is concerned. And this is by no means an exaggerated picture of thousands of communities all over India. On the contrary, it is but a very rough sketch of communities far more minutely subdivided and far more intricately disassociated.

This system of caste, which, by the way, is the great stumbling-block in the way of native reformers, whether revolutionary or otherwise, is not limited to social and religious matters, but permeates even the industries of the people, since each caste is also, in a way, a sort of trade-guild. It makes laws and rules for the different trades, and even goes so far as to promote and support strikes.

This is but a passing and superficial statement of a most intricate, and to the Western mind most incomprehensible, social and religious condition. I mention it not as an indication of erudition, nor as an attempt to explain or to make clear what years of study and experience would hardly compass, but to give an example of one of the most difficult problems facing the English administrators of this huge continent.

It is easy to see that the visible ruler is soon, and surely, held responsible for everything that goes wrong. The English government has introduced authority which insists upon standing absolutely aloof, as it must, from all interference in religious matters. But here, as we have seen, the religious life begins with the brushing of the teeth in the morning, and thoroughly permeates the hourly life of the people, their eating, drinking, marrying, and dying. There

are new and strange desires, there are distress and discontent among the peasants, there is a rearrangement of classes, there is the ignoring of caste, as in the railway trains, where all must of necessity be treated alike.

Fancy the New York Central Railway attempting to cater to the prejudices of Catholics and Unitarians, Vegetarians and Christian Scientists, New York hoodlums and Brahmans from Boston, and when I say that such a problem is easy as compared to this problem of caste in India, I tell even less than the bare truth. The government is, of course, blamed for this by the ignorant. The sages and teachers of the Hindus have been preaching for centuries asceticism as an escape from the distresses and wearisome problems of life. Now comes a spirit of progress, rejoicing in and lauding material possessions, comfort, and the prolongation of life. Life is to be a struggle to overcome the impediments, whether physical or climatic, to an agreeable existence even in India. Men are pushed forward to live, and to live as comfortably as possible, who heretofore have been taught that the heights of human perfection are reached only by those who live most simply, who ignore most completely the material side of life, and who quit most speedily this tenement for another.

The Brahman looked forward to absorption in Brahma, the Buddhist to Nirvana, or absolute loss of consciousness, so far as the material world is concerned.

There was a thick-headed citizen of Marseilles who was known to have little enthusiasm for the church, but who was none the less a frequent attendant at mass. When asked why he attended mass, he replied: "Oh, j'attends que ça soit fini!" There are millions in India who have that hopeless, helpless air. Their whole physical and mental attitude seems to say: "Oh, nous attendons que ça soit fini!" Into this state of mind, into this situation, the Englishman introduces the wedge of Western civilization. Railways, telegraph wires, canals, hospitals, dispensaries, police, justice without bribery, and the cheery Englishman himself, playing, shooting, making himself comfortable, doing his duty, and hoping and believing in, not only to-morrow, but the day after to-morrow. "You need not die if you don't want to!" this Western civilization says to three hundred million people who have seen little in life but to die; who look upon disease and disaster, famine and plague, as visitations of God; who, some of them, have held it blasphemy to try to cure a small-pox patient, because it must be a very powerful god who could produce such

an awful disease. In this connection it is fair to remind readers that even the English were frightened when vaccination was first introduced, and the more ignorant expressed the fear, that the race might become minotaurs: *semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem.* England comes blandly, ignoring these gods, smilingly sure that life is worth living, and ready to spend an immense amount of energy in giving to life, what every Englishman all over the world believes to be the only proper setting for such a jewel—comfort! England comes offering prizes to those who win material prosperity, and these people have not merely been taught, but have had it ground into them for centuries, that material possessions are merely the hampering baggage of spirits, which should be always on the alert to escape to another place.

India, for all these centuries, has had no standards but those of birth, blood, caste, and the personal power of conquest. Poverty was no disgrace; on the contrary, the religious beggar, the Brahman, the Buddhist priest, however poor, was a person of dignity, looked up to, and reverenced, because he had stripped himself of every form of wealth. Now India is being inoculated with the economic lymph of the West. They see men treated with respect, and placed in dig-

nified positions, partly at least because they are rich. It is hard, for an American particularly, to understand what a tremendous change this marks for India. What a man accumulates and holds counts. This is new to India. This situation adds measurably to the existing discontent of an ever-increasing number, who measuring themselves by this entirely new standard find inequalities they equally dislike and do not understand.

They are beginning to wonder if one may not at the same time be holy and rich. It is easier to be good than to be rich and vulgar, they see evidences of this, but many, none the less, are being influenced to prefer the latter.

Their own miseries were not enough. They have now this new source of discontent, the poison of the West; the standard of money! The social and even political tyranny of the irresponsible rich is yet to be their portion, and their potion, and it will prove more unpalatable to them than any that has yet been forced upon them. They must go through all this, and then, alas! learn all over again that comfort is not prosperity, that luxury is not culture, and that a mind besmeared with odds and ends of learning is not education. Even England and America are only just beginning to see this.

So far as the masses of India are concerned, they still preserve and adhere to their centuries-old polytheism, they worship innumerable gods; the class slightly above them still worship the gods of the Hindu pantheon as manifestations of divinity which is everywhere, in short, they are Pantheists; while the students, and teachers, and intellectuals of the higher castes are weaving and unravelling the fine theological threads which were doing duty for the scholars' exercises of the fourth century and the school-men of the Middle Ages. Mr. K. G. Gupta, writing of orthodox Hinduism, says, "It is mainly and substantially idolatrous; and image-worship, in which anthropomorphism plays an important part, is its principal feature. It has many cults, many sects, each having its special gods and goddesses, but all combine to venerate the entire Hindu pantheon. The worship of a certain deity representing the active female principle of the universe is never complete without the shedding of blood, and she has even to plead guilty to a hankering for human sacrifice." There is more than one example, even of late years, where this goddess has been offered human sacrifices by her ignorant worshippers.

If there were no problems of taxation, of hygiene and sanitation, of educa-tion, of adminis-

tration, of safeguarding the country within and from without against sedition and attack, to cure this disease of the religious and social skin, within which these people move and have their prejudices, were surely a task of momentous difficulty in and of itself. Fortunately for the problem, and probably for themselves, this hard-playing, unanalyzing, governing race of Englishmen, with unbounded confidence in themselves, take all these matters so lightly, ignore them so placidly, discuss them so flippantly, that for them they cease to exist. They come and stare at Benares like children at a pantomime, then return to deal justly and patiently with three hundred million wards, as though the whole spiritual and intellectual life of thousands of years and millions of subjects did not exist.

This ignorance and confidence explain their success, but these ignored problems are nonetheless the fundamental cause of most of their anxieties. These people are so split up into factions, racial, religious, social, and political, that they cannot combine to free themselves from their governors. Herein lies the safety of the English. But 1857, the year of the Mutiny, showed that if once the religious prejudices can be touched, then the fire will light and burn. Once the Muhammadans were persuaded that the ab-

horred pig, and the Hindus that the sacred cow, were used to make the grease for their cartridges, and that the Russians were beating their supposedly unbeatable conquerors in the Crimea, they threw off all allegiance, they forsook friends, they killed companions and broke the bonds of years, to an extent that their own officers, who had lived in the closest intercourse with them, could not believe possible.

The seditionist of to-day knows full well the strings to pull to produce another uprising. Not many months ago it was going the rounds that the bone-dust of animals was to be mixed with the sugar, and the Japanese success over white opponents has been used to the full to inflame their warlike ambitions. It is only some such attack upon their religious and racial sensibilities and prejudices that can pervade the mass of the people, and the Indian anarchist knows it, and is nowadays again on the lookout for some such materials to start the blaze.

It is to be remembered, too, as an important factor in any discussion of caste, that peace has been maintained in the past, in these thousands of communities all over India, because the assembly, such as it is, has been influenced by the men entitled to influence it. When caste is destroyed, into whose hands will this governing

power in all these small communities fall? The English thus far have left, to a large extent, these smaller offices in the hands of those who have always asserted their right to them by reason of their blood or caste standing, a right, be it said, universally and contentedly recognized. There is no new influence, no new arrangement to supplant this old system, and the old system of caste is being, even though very slowly, corroded and eaten away by the civilization of the West. When it disappears, the governors of India will have another difficult problem to face. They will have reached the summit of one mountain of reform only to see another peak beyond. Caste may interfere with progress, but it undoubtedly helps mightily to preserve the peace. Caste is a better policeman even than the Englishman. Once this system, which has permeated for thousands of years and still does permeate all classes in India, is weakened, or ridiculed out of existence, all sorts of other superstitions will follow to create trouble.

There were actual riots in the streets of the capital of Korea, some years ago, due to a widespread report that the American missionaries were boiling Korean babies to manufacture chemicals for photographic processes. This was, indeed, a tribute to Yankee ingenuity, but it is

also an illustration of what preposterous methods may be used successfully to breed trouble among masses of ignorant people.

It is an interesting commentary upon the impartial attitude of the English, that while they pay and protect missionaries in India and elsewhere, they are at the same time large manufacturers and shippers of idols to these same countries.

The ordained missionaries in India number something over a thousand, with about the same number of native pastors. They have made practically no impression upon India, and the best of them, both European and native, admit as much themselves. The converts are almost entirely from the lowest class of natives, and from the Eurasians, that is, those of mixed European and Indian parentage, a class, by the way, for whom one has much sympathy, as they are equally despised and rejected by the English and the Indians. "In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred (always excepting the Roman Catholic Christians of the West Coast) to be a Christian is to have been a pariah," writes Stanley Rice, a recognized authority on the subject. Medical assistance, teaching, and so on by the missionaries are valuable, but I doubt whether either the civilian or the soldier would not willingly see

the whole band of missionaries sent home. Their interest in the native sometimes gets to the point of mawkishness, leading the native to overestimate his own importance, and weakening his respect for authority. Upon the better-class Indian mind, the necessary assumption of omniscience which must underlie all foreign missionary effort, particularly when many of the missionaries are distinctly of the social and intellectual mediocrity, produces an invulnerable dislike. To them the theological crazy-quilt, offered them as a coverlet for their salvation, a patchwork of Anglican, Presbyterian, Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, and Universalist, must lack dignity, subtlety, and beauty of outline.

The Sanskrit word for caste is color. A philologist might argue that this matter of caste probably dated from the time when the swarms of white Aryans came to India, and wished to cut themselves off and to keep themselves apart from the darker races they found there. The missionary finds himself balked in his endeavors by his own logic. If the incarnation is true, then no race which is Christian can remain ostracized from and by other Christian races. The European Christians in India are a caste by themselves. They will not hear of much social intercourse, or of intermarriage. Indian Christians

are even barred from the Transvaal by their brother Christians there. White Christians refuse to meet African Christians even at the sacrament; much more strongly do they persist in ostracizing them socially.

Whatever the Indian may be physically and morally, he is admittedly subtle mentally. To preach brotherly love at the table of the holy communion, and to be ready to slay the man who should propose social intercourse, or marriage, with your sisters or daughters, is a difficult dilemma, a hornless dilemma, in fact, for the missionary. For the convert, belief in the incarnation is indispensable, but for the white converter to carry out the plain prescriptions of the incarnation is a crime against his race. It is safe to say that there will be no great missionary progress among the colored races until this problem is solved. It is not surprising that the rooted beliefs of the East are sometimes puzzled into ferocity. And, alas! I am bound to admit, as an outsider, that I am not sure that one does not see Buddha, Confucius, or Muhammad in the streets of Rangoon, Peking, and Peshawar, quite as often as one sees Jesus of Nazareth in the streets of London, Paris, or New York.

A dozen unmarried women, singing and beating tambourines, accompanied and led by one

man, must necessarily daunt the credulity of the Muhammadan or the Chinese Buddhist. The only effective missionaries I have ever met, either at home or abroad, are those few people, men and women, who never preach, never pray in public, and never by any chance argue, but who make us humble and ashamed by being better than we are. They convert us by their unvoiced consistency of conduct. They are unsalaried, unconscious, but none the less the saviours of the world. There are, and always have been, a few lay Englishmen of that stamp in India, and I have seen some of their converts, and they are the only converted ones in all India for whose faith or courage I would give a fig, when put to the test of the shadow of the cross, or the edge of a sword. That stanch and fearless churchman, Bishop Creighton, told less than the truth when he said: "The conscious missionary is a bore." He is often a menace to peace. It has been suggested that one reason there are so many heathen is that missionaries so often illustrate in their own persons the unpleasant effects of salvation.

Praying to a congregation, or to any audience, any prayer, indeed, except it be inaudible and in the closet, would seem to be a most dangerous and daring form of spiritual exer-

cise, a sickening form of idolatry when it is the mere stringing together of beatific phrases, and when it is a frenzied tearing off of the spiritual garments, an awful exposure, more curious than helpful. All this phase of the matter is even more apparent to the Oriental than to us, and to them it is more disconcerting. The number and the class of the Christian converts in India prove this. They are practically all of the lowest class, for whom the bait of food, in time of famine, and protection, have been the main temptations to conversion.

But besides the Hindus and the Christians, and some one hundred thousand Parsis in India, there are the Jains, a sect which exaggerates some of the Buddhist doctrines, as, for example, the extreme concern for animal life, bodily penance as a necessity for salvation, and so on. These people maintain hospitals for useless animals who would otherwise be killed. I have seen two of these compounds, crowded with camels, bullocks, cows, water-buffaloes, dogs, cats, chickens, pigeons, and so on, all kept alive by this fanatical charity which holds it wrong to kill a fly, or vermin, even when on the person.

There are the Sikhs, a sect of Hindus who recognize no distinctions of caste, worship the

Granth, or holy book, have their own teachers or gurus, and who were at one time, and even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, a formidable military power.

There are the Marathas, who grew from a military organization of local Hindu tribes in southern India, into the most formidable military and political power in India at the time of the break-up of the Mughal empire, in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

There are the Muhammadans (they, again, divided into two sects of Shiahs and Sunnis), who began their invasions of India about 1000 A. D., and who now number sixty-two millions, or about one-fifth of the total population. There are, besides these, numerous tribes, some of them almost extinct, who are practically savage relics of the aborigines and their Animistic worship.

The differences between these various sects and tribes and religions before the British came, were not merely the epicene pulpit quarrels, such as mark our Western theological polemics, matters that do not interfere with inter-dining and dancing, but matters of life and death. Montesquieu writes: "Après tout, c'est mettre ses conjectures à bien haut prix, que d'en faire cuire un homme tout vif." But these people did not

hesitate to clothe their beliefs with full sanction to use both fire and sword. So far as one can see, the vitality of these main beliefs is unimpaired, and the pilgrimages to Mecca, to Rangoon, and to Benares show no lessening of numbers nor of enthusiasm.

If one is to see anything in Benares except a diversely colored peripatetic laundry on an enormous scale, one must have some such thread of knowledge upon which to string one's impressions. How can there be any such thing as national or patriotic feeling in India as a whole! The people of Bombay, of Bengal, of Peshawar, of Madras, of the Punjab can only slowly grow to feel that they belong to one great Indian nation. Their speech even is so different that the man in Madras can no more understand the man from the Punjab than the Spaniard can understand the Russian.

Not only the differences are great, as between a low-class Hindu propitiating demons and worshipping trees, plants, stones, rivers, water-tanks, cows, crocodiles, peacocks, all held to be sacred in certain parts of India, and the high-class members of the two reformed bodies, the Arya Somaj and the Brahma Somaj, who reject all idol-worship, and have refined the Hindu religious philosophy to the point of radical Unitarian-

ism; but the numbers are enormous. There are over 200,000,000 Hindus, more than 60,000,000 Muhammadans, more than 9,000,000 Buddhists, nearly 9,000,000 Animists, besides Sikhs, Jains, Parsis, and a sprinkling of Jews and Christians.

It is estimated that there are 1,544,510,000 people in the world. Of these 175,290,000 are Muhammadans, 300,000,000 are Confucians, 214,000,000 are Brahmans, 121,000,000 Buddhists, 534,940,000 are Christians, 10,860,000 are Jews, and other bodies of lesser numbers. The number of Christians given by the German statistician I quote is, I believe, exaggerated. Where can he count so many?

More than half the people in the world live in India and China, and these figures give one some notion of the colossal loaf of paganism that it is the ambition of the missionary to leaven. These figures, too, tell the tale of the bathing, praying thousands on the banks of the river Ganges at Benares, but they give the reader, also, I hope, some idea of the terrifying proportions of the problem of the British ruler in India.

He is not only dealing in India with these unknown, and almost incomprehensible, diversities of creed, and custom, and ancient precedent, but also with the problem common to all of us everywhere, of the political status of the individual,

of his rights, and of the quality and quantity of his participation in legislation.

No Oriental nation will hear that women have been given a vote, and thereby a voice in how they shall be governed, without a vocal and physical protest such as no mutiny even can parallel.

Great Britain is being assaulted just now by women demanding the suffrage. What will happen among Hindus and Muhammadans, with their notions of the position of women, should women be given the vote, is rather beyond ordinary imaginative powers. Orientals are all born and bred aristocrats. It is the Indians who visit England, and who discover how un-Brahman are many of their rulers there, who return to spread the seeds of discontent even now. The Oriental, of all others, knows the folly of the rights of man.

Rousseau begins his *Contrat Social:* "L'homme né libre, est partout dans les fers." The profound error here, but one that has unduly excited the world, is that man is not born free, he is, on the contrary, born in chains. He begins life in chains, chains of parentage, of inheritance, of environment, of capability, of disposition, of looks, of strength, physical and moral. All discussions of liberty are founded upon this gross error. Some men achieve a certain liberty, but

they are all, everywhere, born to slavery! No political philosopher of the West knows as well as does the Oriental that it is the weak who are always screaming for liberty, while the strong are forever asking for more strength and courage to bear the responsibilities that liberty has put upon them, not the least of which is the protection of the weak, by assuming the right to rule. In these days, indeed, it is very much to be doubted whether the weak are more burdened by the chains of subordination than are the strong by the chains of responsibility.

It is an enlightening commentary upon the difficulties to be met in the evolution of the freedom of the individual, to read the report of the Society of Comparative Legislation upon the legislation of the British Empire. For the ten years ending in 1907 twenty-five thousand new laws were made by men for the restriction of their own liberties in the British Empire! First, men strike off the chains of the church, of feudalism, of autocracy which bind them, and then with a new system, with self-government, in a new era, they are finding that the new liberties must have new masters, and they turn to laws for their masters.

The variety of problems and peoples in the British Empire is shown by the variety of sub-

jects dealt with by these laws. There are laws punishing witchcraft and widow-burning; there are laws about animals, and even about inanimate objects, as in Athens, where if a tree fell on a man and killed him the tree was solemnly tried and outlawed.

This glut of law-making is by no means confined to the British Empire. We in America have many and ludicrous examples of it. The horse breaks his harness and is free, free to cut himself to pieces running through the crowded streets. The lion breaks out of his cage and cowers in a corner, bewildered by his freedom. Men break away from one tyranny, only to harness themselves in a mesh of knots and buckles more hampering than before.

The intelligence, the experience, and the wisdom of the world have no wish to enslave or to hamper individual liberty. Certainly we Americans have no such ambition, nor have the British, but just to take the harness off the horse does not solve the problem. Germany and Japan are ominous examples of how happy is the horse, and how well he goes when harnessed, handled, and housed by one coachman in supreme control.

We cannot be sure that we are not cutting away at individual initiative, at independence, at personal prowess and courage, by this weaving

a web of laws around the individual, even though they be supposedly for his protection and well-being. It may be that he is better off, after all, with a master, rather than with all as masters. This much, at least, must be said for those who hesitate, and counsel delay rather than haste, when dealing with India, and Egypt, and the Philippines. Democracy's cocksureness may land us all scrambling at the feet of a dictator. Liberty is a far more complicated problem to deal with than tyranny, and few there are who recognize it. Those who read these scanty sketches of the history, and of the domestic, religious, and social problems of India, will, I hope, share with me the feeling that a nation with such a gigantic problem to solve, should be judged and criticised with extreme care, and always with a leaning toward leniency; and that we Americans, with our increasing responsibilities, both at home and abroad, in the governing of the colored races, should be the last to criticise ignorantly, or to counsel others to walk, or to walk ourselves, unwarily.

VI

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA

INDIA is governed by the British, but only part of it is governed directly by them. Of the 1,766,642 square miles of India, 690,000 square miles are under the rule of the native princes, as are 66,000,000 out of the 300,000,000 inhabitants. There are some 6,000 native chiefs, big and little, from the Nizam, the ruler of Hyderabad, with its population of 11,000,000, its territory of 82,698 square miles, and its revenues of $12,000,000, down to a petty chief with a few square miles of territory, and a few thousands a year of revenue.

There is as much variety in their breeding, and bearing, and ability as in their territories and revenues. Some of them trace their ancestry straight back to the first conquerors from the north; others are descended from Arab, Tartar, or Afghan invaders; others are the descendants of court favorites, and their ancestral right to rank is as illegitimate as some of the proud names in England and France; while others are heirs of rough

soldiers who grabbed what they could and held it when the Mughal Empire went to pieces. Some are highly educated, others ignorant; some are Anglicized, some Pariscized, devoting much time, those to cricket, racing, polo; and these to such European travel as they are permitted, and lazy licentiousness both at home and abroad. There are fine gentlemen among them, as chivalrous and as proud as any noble in Europe, and there are others who are mere naughty school-boys. There are not a few who spend their money on schools and colleges and museums, on irrigation works and tramways, on roads and bridges and model prisons, and who pride themselves on the efficiency and smartness of their Imperial Service troops; and others who throw thousands about on motor-cars, jewels, dancing-girls, or favorite wives, and hideous Brummagem furniture and pictures. There are burly, heavy-shouldered, big-hipped, gross-featured princes, who look like brown caricatures of some of Rubens's women; and there are lithe, muscular, fine-featured fellows, who look fit for a tussle with a tiger, and show their breeding even to their finger-tips.

"The control which the supreme government exercises over the native states varies in degree; but they are all governed by the native princes,

ministers, or councils with the help and under the advice of a resident or agent, in political charge either of a single state or a group of states. The chiefs have no right to make war or peace, or to send ambassadors to each other or to external states; they are not permitted to maintain a military force above a certain specified limit; no European is allowed to reside at any of their courts without special sanction; and the supreme government can exercise any degree of control in case of misgovernment. Within these limits the more important chiefs are autonomous in their own territories. Some, but not all of them, are required to pay an annual fixed tribute."

It can be no easy task to govern these semi-independent princes; not to hurt their pride; not to offend their sensibilities, for they are very touchy people indeed; not to restrict their liberty too much and yet to keep the less self-respecting among them within bounds; not to interfere in social and religious matters, or between them and their subjects and neighbors, and yet to exert a constant influence for rational government; to shoot and ride and play games with them, and yet to keep well aloof from familiarity; to keep constantly informed of their doings at home and abroad, and yet not to appear to pry, or to be suspicious; to be called upon for advice in the

most delicate family affairs, as well as in matters of state, and to keep a detached mind and maintain a just neutrality; this calls for a very unusual type of man.

I wish I were not debarred by my own rule of not mentioning names, from giving here and now a picture of one of my English hosts, who is an ideal servant of his country, in a position of this kind. He is the resident or political agent who has under his supervision a number of the native princes, one or two of them of great importance, and it was my good fortune to be his guest, when, by reason of a meeting of the chiefs, I saw him in personal contact with them. It was a revelation of what one quiet man's influence can do, and of the control that can be won, without apparent effort, by a man possessing the rare qualities I have described as necessary to cope with such a problem. I sometimes wonder if England knows the value of some of her servants out here.

Many Englishmen, whose fate and fortune and empire, are dependent upon the success of their rule in India, seem to be interested in India as sympathetically and as intelligently as the Irishman in the funeral procession. The long line of carriages was obliged to halt at a certain street-crossing. A passer-by near one of

the carriages asked an Irishman sitting inside whose funeral it was. "Shure an' I dunno," was the reply, "I'm only in for the roide."

However, my host and others like him are not looking for sympathy and not stopping to think often whether their work is appreciated or not, so long as the British Babus in Parliament do not interfere with them. They probably realize, as do all men who do the hard work of the world, that the ladder on which the angels descend is usually set up in a stony place, as it was in the time of Jacob. I have no brief for this civil service of the British in India, and my praise will probably never reach their ears, but I cannot forbear the expression of my admiration for some of the residents, political agents, judges, commissioners, and deputy commissioners I met and saw at work there. They are doing delicate, difficult, and dangerous work, with a coolness, devotion, and uprightness unequalled and unapproached by anything I have ever seen elsewhere in the world, and withal without the slightest attempt to advertise themselves. If I were in such a position, I should be made cynical, indeed, by some of the snap criticism from travellers and politicians, and from the Oxford and Cambridge Babus from England and elsewhere.

We Westerners are not the sole progeny of light. Our civilization is only dawning, and big with possible disasters; but some critics from the East assume that our social, political, and ethical weights and measures have been tested and stamped with approval in heaven; and the more crude and unkempt the civilization they represent, the more categorical are the prophets thereof.

I was honored by invitations from about a dozen of the native princes, and the story of some of these visits it will be a pleasure to tell, and I regret that I have not space for all.

The journey from Bombay to the native state of Baroda was our first experience of railway travel in India. The train was to leave a little before eight o'clock in the morning, and the railway station was at some distance away. The bearer with bullock-carts piled high with luggage got off before dawn. We had ordered cabs for the early start to the station, but when we appeared there were no conveyances of any kind, no knowledge on the part of any one at the hotel that we were to leave, or that cabs were wanted, and no inclination to solve the problem. It seemed to strike the hotel servants as preposterous that we should be excited, and determined to catch the train we had planned to go by.

We discovered after some months in India, that the Oriental way is to make a pilgrimage to the railway station, settle down quietly on the platform, or at some convenient place near by, cook, eat, bathe, enjoy the excitement of incoming and outgoing trains, not infrequently to try to bargain with the ticket-seller as to the price of tickets, on the assumption that by holding off for some hours they may be had cheaper, and thus to get away gradually somewhere within twenty-four hours of the time one arrives at the station. To pull out your watch, call a cab, and get to the train you intend to go by, and all within an hour, seems to them like rushing to the theatre to see the curtain go up, and then leaving.

It may be impossible to hurry the East along large administrative lines, but it is a mistake to suppose that at a pinch the determined traveller with some power of imperative gesture, and a comprehensive vocabulary of the monosyllabic expletives which England has taught the meaning of to all the tribes of earth, cannot prick this inertia into obedient and rapid motion. At any rate I claim to have done so, not once but many times. The climate is ill adapted to sudden violent expenditures of heat, whether in the form of rhetoric or gesticulation, and the consequent open-

ing of the pores may lead to catching cold, but with a cholera-belt, without which no one should travel in these climates, this danger is largely minimized, and one may undertake to hurry the East, on a small scale, without undue risk.

The cars, or carriages, in the Indian trains are divided into compartments for four persons with the seats facing the sides, and not the end of the train. We usually had one of these to ourselves, and with your folding-table and chair, spirit-lamp, supply of mineral water, and some food, I found the travelling very comfortable. At night these long seats are widened by drawing them out slightly, your bedding is put on them, and I have travelled many nights in this way, and in spite of stifling heat sometimes, and bitter cold sometimes, and the most amazingly penetrating powdery dust, our alkali plains, or Mexican dust are nothing in comparison, I must admit that there was little to grumble at. This is not the verdict of many travellers, I know, and though I believe a man ought to claim comfort when it is his right, I may be, these days, rather an easy-going traveller whose experiences ought not to tempt the finical and the fussy to repeat them.

When your belongings are all in the carriage, hat-boxes, helmet-cases, medicine-cases, gun-

cases, bedding, table, chair, bags of all sorts and sizes, food and water, spirit-lamp and night-lantern, cameras, sticks and umbrellas, hold-alls, pillows, etc., etc., you feel prepared to go on, or stop, or to cope with any emergency. These various impedimenta accumulate gradually. If you deviate at all from the main lines of travel you discover that there is no sending out to buy a pen, or ink, or a chair, or a hot-water bottle, or medicine, or a white tie, or what not that you have forgotten; and not infrequently medicine, or hot-water, or a lantern, or towels makes the difference between discomfort, and even illness, and comfort. And moreover the man or woman who takes any risk of being ill in India, and it is a trying place, will be fully recompensed and severely punished. It is expected that you will travel in this caravan fashion. There are coolies innumerable everywhere, and the more you have the more autocratic and authoritative is your bearer, and the more consideration he receives.

When we were later the guests of His Highness the Maharana of Udaipur, I saw a number of tents pitched near the palace, and asked what they were. I was told that the daughter of the prince was visiting him, she being the wife of the Maharaja of Jodhpur whose capital was not

very far away. For her ten days' visit to her father she was accompanied by a retinue of five hundred people! So although our carriage looked rather full when we entered it to start for Baroda, it was really a trifling supply of necessities compared with the usages of polite society in this land. In most of the carriages is a small compartment for native servants next to the first-class compartment and opening into it. As your bearer is not only servant but interpreter, who must be ever at hand to act as go-between when you want fruit or tea or water, and to ask questions for you in regard to time-tables, tickets, eating-stations, and other matters incident to travel, it is recognized by the railway companies, as by everybody else in India, that he must be provided with accommodation close at hand. At the hotels he sleeps outside your door, when you visit he finds a place within reach of the noise of clapping hands, and as he has never known the luxury of chairs, beds, or tables, and would not know what to do with them if they were his, his choice of quarters is easy and means no hardship.

The railway fares both for native servants and for the natives are cheap, and in this land of pilgrimages, these cheap train journeys are very popular. Here at any rate the rigidity of

caste prejudices is softened, and one sees carriage after carriage jammed full of men, women, and children, their bedding, their pots and pans, and all that is theirs, and the more that can crowd into one carriage the happier they seem to be. Many times I have seen carriages only half full while others were overcrowded, and I have asked if all the carriages were for the same destination, merely to satisfy myself that these people were really crowding themselves voluntarily.

This question of the treatment of the natives in railway trains is often referred to, and many are the anecdotes one hears of the bad manners and roughness both of English travellers and English railway management. My experience of travel was comparatively limited, though I covered between seven and eight thousand miles, and journeyed from end to end, and twice clean across India. Once or twice native gentlemen travelled in the same carriage, when I was alone, and I never saw any rudeness except on the part of the minor native railway officials to travellers of their own race. Once, sometime after midnight, I saw an English officer pile out of his carriage in his pajamas and slippers and soundly berate a native official who was bullying a third-class native woman passenger.

The manners and habits of even the better

class Indians are not as ours, and one would naturally avoid travelling in the same carriage with them. It is to be remembered in this connection that it is of all tests the severest to travel together, and that the Englishman is both shy and selfish. Even in his own country, his reception of a stranger who enters the railway carriage in which he has made himself comfortable is of the most frigid, the most erinaceous. On the whole I think he behaves better in India than at home, when he travels. All great travellers from Gulliver to Cook prefer to travel alone.

We arrived at Baroda in the early evening. Late in the afternoon as I was looking out I saw a picture that many times since I have regretted that I could not imprison with brush or pencil and keep, as typical of East and West. On the roof of a lightly built staging in the middle of a distant field, where she was standing no doubt to keep the birds from the grain, stood a woman draped in her deep red *sari*, one hand on her hip, the other shading her eyes as she watched the passing train. The sun was setting, the glow of the sky behind her made her stand out like a statue, and I wondered what she thought; whether she liked it, hated it, feared it, despised it, longed to be in it, or wished it away. When the interpreter comes who can make that

statue of India talk, we shall know many things that no one has told us.

When we left our carriage at the station at Baroda, we were instantly swallowed up in a pushing, haggling, gesticulating mass of brown arms and legs, with turbans bouncing about on top of them, whom our bearer dealt with as though they were troublesome insects; shortly there was silence and order, and several emissaries from His Highness the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda greeted us on his behalf, showed us to our carriage, and we were driven away; later a procession of bullock-carts followed with the luggage, Heera Tall making himself felt as was his wont when our importance and our comfort were to be explained, no doubt with help from his imagination, to those who were to serve us.

We all have our idiosyncrasies as guests no doubt. Personally I care very little what kind of a bed I am given because I can sleep anywhere and on almost anything; I have more than once nodded in a dentist's chair and on horseback; but an open fire in my room delights me, a good tub and plenty of water and towels, a well-furnished writing-table, these seem to me indispensable; and if in addition I find a book or two worth reading that I have not read, my happiness is complete and I consider my host an accom-

plished provider. But these are trifles to your Oriental host. He takes you from the station in a carriage with two turbaned servants on the box and two standing on the foot-board behind; he puts a whole house at your disposal with a steward and a staff of servants; you have but to order your carriage or a saddle-horse when they are wanted; and one of your host's own officers or secretaries is at your beck and call as guide and interpreter. He does not take you to the play, but he sends his whole troop of musicians and singers and dancing-girls to give you an entertainment in your own drawing-room; he orders his athletes and wrestlers, and there were a score or more of them, to perform for you alone; temples, palaces, schools, hospitals, are open and ready for you to inspect; his army is called out for you to review; his cheetahs and an army of beaters are there to give you a day's hunting of the deer; his elephants, his wonderful white bullocks, his stable of horses, all these are at your disposal. If you are interested in any or all of these things, he is the more delighted to have you for a guest, and the more willing to show you everything, and the more eager that you should prolong your visit. What puzzles him and those about him is that you should have fixed dates for other visits, that you should consider time

as a factor, permit time to tyrannize over your inclinations. Why not stay on a month with him, and let these other matters regulate and adjust themselves? This is a much to be desired characteristic in a host to be sure, but one sometimes wonders if it does not prove an awkward thing when matters of business, of diplomacy, of administration are to the fore.

The Maharaja of Baroda, or to give him his official title, His Highness Maharaja Sir Sayaji Rao Gaekwar of Baroda, G. C. S. I., governs a State of some eight thousand five hundred square miles, an area slightly larger than Massachusetts, with a population of two millions, and revenues of something over four million dollars. My first meeting with him in his summer palace revealed a man about five feet six in height, heavily built, but light on his feet and graceful of movement, and dressed in fine white muslin. He speaks both English and French, has been twice around the world, knows Europe and the United States well, and is educating his sons, one in England, and one at Harvard University. He is, or assumed that mental attitude for my benefit, a frank admirer of American institutions and the American people, and hinted guardedly that if ever a change came in the government of India it might be somewhat along American lines, of

a federation of states under a central government.

He is inclined to believe, as do practically all the educated and intelligent Indians, that the exclusive, aloof, and unsympathetic attitude of the British is responsible for the strained relations, so far as they are strained, claiming that distrust breeds distrust. Of his own reforms, and no native prince in India has attempted more intelligently and persistently to better the condition of his people, he said that they were disliked by his people largely through ignorance, and that once they were understood they were appreciated. He said, and profound and true it is, that an autocrat was possible and permissible so long as the people were left largely to themselves, and to their own social and political devices; but that once you introduced social reforms, interfered in their daily lives, tried to change their customs, insisted upon attendance at school, vaccination, hygienic regulations, entered, in short, upon a detailed regulation of their intercourse with one another and the outside world, then autocracy was unbearable and impossible, and that the people must be given a voice in their own government, when their immediate and personal concerns were thus investigated and dealt with.

He spoke freely of the ignorance of the people he governed, and said that even his own relatives disapproved of his travelling and of his eating with strangers. He admitted, owing to religious views, daily habits of eating, drinking, and bathing, the fine web of custom and tradition which holds the Hindus in its meshes every hour of the day, that intercourse and sympathy with foreigners was not easy. He thought political autonomy to be a long way off, but again reverted to an expression of the feeling, that progress might be faster if the British were more sympathetic, more trusting.

That is always the master thought, the irritant factor, the beginning and the end of all the scores of conversations I have had with the educated Indians, this criticism of the cold, stolid self-sufficiency of the British. The Indians do not realize that they are not alone in this feeling, that Frenchmen, Germans, Irishmen, Americans all say the same, that it is the major defect of their great qualities. One can hardly expect the Oriental to hold the balance true in these matters when so few of the Occidental critics have been able to do so. Few of us are big enough to judge others by their superiorities rather than by their weaknesses and littlenesses. Poke fun at the weaknesses if you like, that is

the salt of life, that sense that we are all of us, even the best of us, slightly ridiculous when looked at in certain lights, but never forget that it is the power that drives the engine that counts, not the smoke from the escape-pipe. Most criticism seems to devote itself to the bad smells at the mouth of the vent-pipe, hence its slight value. "They but rub the sore, when they should bring the plaster."

Our days were full at Baroda. The Aide assigned to us turned out to be a Brahman gentleman recently returned from the United States, where he had been the companion of the young prince; and his English speech, and courteous manners and intelligence, smoothed the way for my ardent curiosity, which began with a review of the Baroda army on horseback at half-past five o'clock in the morning, and continued through the day with visits to schools, libraries, hospitals, wrestling-schools, elephant stables, armories, state jewels, and ended at eleven at night, with a performance in our drawing-room by His Highness's musicians and dancing-girls.

In the guide-book under the heading *Baroda* it reads: "Good refreshment and waiting-rooms and sleeping accommodation." These words, and my experience in Baroda, mark emphatically the difference between seeing India as a tourist and seeing India as a guest.

Baroda is policed and lighted, the streets are watered, there is a good supply of water brought into this city, which has a population of over one hundred thousand, from a lake eighteen miles away, the schools are well attended, the hospitals clean, and the jail governed in most humane fashion, the prisoners being all kept at work at carpet, or rug, or basket, or rope making. I visited a model farm where experiments are being made in cotton growing, tobacco growing, breeding of silk-worms, and where I saw a guava orchard, and English vegetables, cabbage, cauliflower, and tomatoes growing.

Next to my gallop with Captain Pathak's cavalry, the visit to a native village at some distance from Baroda gave me as much pleasure as anything. Part of the way we went in a carriage, and the last part of the way over the rougher roads, in a bullock-cart drawn by a pair of the famous white bullocks. We were greeted on our arrival by the whole village, with the important men at their head. They conducted me to a covered-in space with a table and chair, and the fathers of the village sat cross-legged on the floor in front of me. The head men of these villages are often office-holders by heredity; in this particular case no one could remember when a representative of this man's family had not been head man. The village seemed to be

governed by seven, three appointed by the government, three elected, and the head man. There was a town clerk who explained to me the method of election, the way the accounts were kept, and so on.

It should be recalled to the reader in this connection that in India, with few commercial towns and a huge agricultural population, self-government was highly developed in these villages centuries ago. The kings or emperors had absolute power in the empire, but they left the villages with a free hand to govern themselves. The Indians of those days enjoyed more civic rights, more control over their village affairs, than did the villagers of Europe, who in many places were little better than serfs. When British rule came, with its strong central government, village government naturally declined. The villagers became less interested in the police, schools, charities, roads, wells, tanks, small civil and criminal cases, and learned to lean upon the central government.

In Baroda, the Gaekwar is attempting to make the villagers more interested in their own affairs, and is putting more and more the control of small concerns in their hands. Compulsory education, among other things, had been introduced, and I asked the assembly in front of me

their opinion about it; with the exception of two elders who seemed unenthusiastic, the others thought it wise. When I arose to go out, to walk about in the village, wreaths of flowers were hung about my neck, two bouquets were presented to me, and I was given betal leaf and cardamon seed, which are not bad chewing, by the way.

I visited the boys' school and the girls' school, and in both places they were drawn up in line to sing to me. I was allowed to enter two or three dwellings, rough square mud huts they were, with cows, chickens, ducks walking about in the compound, and all with cakes of cow-dung drying on the walls and on the ground, this being their fuel, and consequently a robbery of the land of its natural fertilizer; but there seems to be no remedy for this in a land of no natural fuel.

At the well, which seems to be a sort of village meeting-place, like the railway station at train-time, or a popular corner grocery in a small New England town, or the Indian trader's store on one of our Indian reservations, the women were coming and going, filling their earthen or brass or bell-metal jars. Each one lets down the rope, each one draws it up, fills her receptacle, and walks away balancing her burden on her

head. It is a picturesque sight, these scenes at the wells in India, whether it be these face-concealing women with their statuesque poses, or the men with a pair of oxen letting down and drawing up the great leather bag and droning their song, as the oxen pull the rope up and the bag is emptied into the narrow channels, which serve as tiny viaducts through the fields.

I have watched these people at the wells in India by the hour; these people and the soldiers are the people you like, feel sorry for perhaps, until you discover that they do not feel sorry for themselves; then you realize that you are pumping up the fantastic sympathies of the West which are not binding here at all, and all too often artificial even at home, a way of making the child cry by so much sympathy over his small bruise that he begins to think it important himself. What a lot of that there is, and how the demagogues of our Western world are making the children cry over hurts that they did not even know were painful, until the political boss discovered that they have a vote value, and the advertising philanthropist discovered what good posters they make!

If appearances count for anything, I have never seen happier people than some of the Ghurka and Sikh soldiers, and the people in

many of the villages in India. Life is hard, to be sure, but life everywhere is hard, if it is not soft, and as for that, I have never seen people anywhere so unhappy, so little to be envied, as those who belong to the soft tribe, whether in India or in New York. I left this little village of Gora with garlands of flowers around my neck, with bouquets in my hands, my mouth full of seeds, attempting to reply to the many and profound salaams with the courtesy and dignity they merited.

Another day we were shown His Highness's jewels. One diamond, a pendant to the great necklace, is the sixth largest in the world, and at one time belonged to Napoleon III. There are three pearls said to be valued at one hundred thousand dollars and a pearl necklace well known all over the world to those interested in precious stones. These were merely the choicest things in a collection comprising sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and other jewels. There were inlaid sword and dagger hilts, and scabbards incrusted with precious stones, aigrettes that were showers of diamonds, and richly embroidered coats and mantles.

At the stables we saw the gold and silver gun-carriages and cannon, which contain each two hundred and eighty pounds of gold, and which

are drawn on state occasions by white bullocks, each of which had its own covering embroidered with gold and silver, and even silver cases for their horns.

India has ever hoarded wealth in this form. In a land where securities are unknown, where wealth must be easily portable, where there are no savings-banks and trust companies, the old methods still survive and prevail, and not one but many of these princes, and other rich men in India still count their wealth as most secure when it is in precious stones, jewelry, and bullion. Even the poor carry in their ears and noses, on their fingers, toes, arms, and legs, and around their necks and waists, practically all they possess of any marketable value. What else can they do, in a country where there are no doors to the houses, and no locks and keys, and where a brass toe-stud, a gun-metal nose-ring, or a thin silver anklet represent months of saving, and taken all together comprise the total wealth of the family. The princes merely do in a big way what the peasants do in a small way.

Another day was devoted to the college, high-school, and primary schools, with their dormitories, library of thousands of volumes, playgrounds, and class-rooms; and to what interested me very much, a so-called national school. This

school had some sixty boys who were being brought up quite apart from the state system and without state aid. The boys live at the school, and their teachers are patriotic volunteers who devote themselves to this work for little or no recompense. The idea is to bring up the boys in their own religion, in their own traditions, and to make and keep them Indian. They are taught swimming, wrestling, club-swinging, and other ancient forms of exercise, some of which I saw in practice. A curious ascetic idealism forms part of their working creed. They have their own temple, study their own literature, and are taught their own history. The head of this establishment was a gentle-spoken, highly educated enthusiast, who would have these Indian youths prepared to work as missionaries to keep India, India; and the Indians, Indians, instead of brown Britishers with bowler-hats, bad manners, a tincture of Western knowledge, and hybrid patriotism. It was pathetic, but no man who loves his own can help lending a little love to the fellow who loves his. It struck me as a forlorn hope, but I sent a small subscription when I left. There was no greed, no gain, no personal ambition in it. Here was a John the Baptist out in this wilderness, with little more to work with than he had, and a dream of con-

verting three hundred millions to piety and patriotism; who could avoid lending a hand!

Some miles away geographically, but latitudes away spiritually, was His Highness's wrestling school. There I found a group of athletes that opened my eyes to the possibilities of muscular development in this climate. The Indians as a whole, except in the north-west, are physically a feeble folk, whose working days are over at fifty, and whose women are haggard and unlovely at thirty. These wrestlers went through their exercises for me, and to my surprise I found the medicine-ball, the sparring-bag, the Indian-clubs, and the catch-as-catch-can bouts of wrestling of my youth. They also showed me wrestling in the Japanese fashion, with the leg and arm-breaking holds that we associate with the Japanese but which, I was assured, were as old as Buddhism, and must therefore have filtered into Japan by way of China, Burma, and Korea. When these wrestlers lined up that I might photograph them, I thought how an American football coach's mouth would water at the sight of such material. If I was surprised, they were surprised too that I could swing clubs, play with the medicine-ball, and enjoy a bout of wrestling. How colossally ignorant we all are of one another!

No other town in India, I believe, has a learned Indian musician, with an English degree in music, who conducts a school of native music and devotes himself entirely to a revival of the old instruments and the old music. Baroda is thus fortunate. As a result the musical instruments, and the music and singing at the entertainment given for us, were classic. I admit that the music itself gave me little pleasure, though one feature made me see what I had never seen before. An old, gray-bearded man, accompanied by three or four instruments, including a small drum, recited a long tale with sobs and shrieks and violent gestures. There and then I am sure I saw the bard of Greece. Thus were handed down the tales of the Iliad and the Odyssey, and this particular old man was capable of going on for hours without a break and without hesitation. But when you have reviewed cavalry at 5.30 A. M. even a Greek bard telling of Achilles is wearisome after three-quarters of an hour, and the listener has been out of bed seventeen hours. Even at more ambitious performances I have regretted, that the author or translator of Psalm XCV has made it appear, that "singing," and "making a joyful noise," are equally pleasing.

Following the music the dancing-girls, one of them both in face and figure beautiful, gave two

or three short dances and one long one, the last being the story of two children kite-flying, a very popular sport all through the East; one loses her kite, is in despair; it is recaptured, and so on. It is a graceful form of pantomime, and might be given before a Sunday-school. Strange to say, in these Eastern lands, where nakedness, or partial nakedness, are universal, the theatrical and terpsichorean performers are clothed from neck to heel. I have seen much dancing in India, Korea, and Japan, but it is always the same as to propriety. Such lascivious and suggestive performances as are given, are for the benefit of the puritan-bred libertine, whose diet demands more brutal revelations for its satisfaction. I suppose it is largely a question of rice and red meat, and it would be interesting in this connection to have trustworthy statistics as to vegetarian morals.

We were honored one afternoon before we left by an audience with Her Highness, the Maharani, the wife of the Gaekwar. She was the most beautiful woman I saw in India, and talked to us of her children and their education in England and in America, and broke the rule of receiving men in her palace when she learned that I had been at Harvard. She was much interested in the local schools and hospitals, and the

reforms of her husband, and seemed to be, in spite of her soft eyes and gentle speech, a masterful person with a mind of her own, and far, far away, from the type of secluded, uneducated women which is the rule in India. The surprise of her visit to America had been our women. She thought them bold and noisy and lacking in gentleness. Even her evident leaning toward our many other radical departures in politics and in society did not pardon, in her estimation, what seemed to her the vulgar shrillness and ostentatious independence of our wives and daughters. As we were leaving she showed me a mounted tiger she had shot. When I expressed my admiration, perhaps with a little surprise, she said: "Oh, you think we Hindu women cannot be sportsmen!" I knew better than that. He who knows anything of Indian history knows that India has had her Joan of Arc, not once, but many times, and that the Indian women have sacrificed themselves, not in twos and threes, but in hecatombs, for their country.

His Highness's Aide, who was unwearying in his intelligent attentions, and who even prepared us a dinner with his own hands, such as a Brahman might eat, and sent it over to our bungalow, was a type of Indian very puzzling to deal with, I should think. He was a man of strong

religious feeling and high ideals, far more thoroughly educated than the average Englishman or American of his years, and revealing what I had not seen before, but what I saw often before I left India, a sort of yearning for sympathy for his own case and that of his people. He too noted the lack of sympathy with, and the lack of recognition of, the best class of natives; the refusal of office either civil or military above a certain grade; the smaller salary paid to the Indian than to the Englishman holding the same office, all of which created a sore and sour feeling. He was only just returned from America, and the contrasts leave the shadows of sadness upon him thicker than they are upon other men.

He was, as are all the Indians of his type, moderate in manner, soft of speech, gentle even in indignation. They are pathetic figures, cut off from opportunity, with no exercise for their real powers, and feeling that they are only allowed to play at life, that the real control is in alien hands, and they chafe at the situation. He was much amused at the ignorance of India he met with in America. He mentioned the parochial orthodoxy which looked upon him as a heathen and as a worshipper of idols. The difference between an educated Brahman and a Hindu peasant, he said, was as great in religious matters as the difference between the Unitarianism of Chan-

ning and the Catholicism of a Spanish peasant, and yet both claim to be Christians!

It is Sunday. Two green lizards dart back and forth on the wall before me. On a tree outside the window a monkey is watching me with interest and with occasional gestures and waggings of the head, that might easily be interpreted as indicating contempt for my sedentary occupation, and an invitation to join him in his brisker and healthier arboreal athletics. What a difference between us: I am wondering if my ancestors had tails, while he is enjoying his. My thoughts are far away from Baroda, and the lizards and the monkey.

I see John P. Shorter, who is, let us say, a stove and hardware merchant in Kansas City. He has breakfasted on fried beefsteak, fried potatoes, hot bread and coffee, and also fish-balls, for his wife has a strain of the Brahman blood of New England in her veins. He has on his uncomfortable Sunday clothes. His wife is overdressed, and wears a hat which has cost a disproportionate amount of the monthly income. The children look stiffened and starched. Their clothes and their food, and what will be thrown away of the latter by the Irish servant-girl, represent the revenue of a whole Indian village for a month. They are grumbling at the high cost of living, and John P. mitigates the cost of his wife's

hat by denouncing the Trusts. They go to church, where John P. has a pew in the centre aisle. A small silver-plated name-plate, with "John P. Shorter" on it, marks his possession of a pew in the sanctuary. He knows everybody, everybody knows him. There are few or no strangers, and all belong to much the same social stratum as at a club. There are no poor or friendless or unkempt persons present. They would be as out of place here, as the rabble off the street would be in the front ranks of a military parade.

This Occidental arrangement for the worship of God, is financially and socially much the same arrangement as obtains at a theatre of the better class. It reminds one of the stranger who joined in the anthem at a service at Magdalen College, Oxford. The verger promptly spoke to him and told him he was not to sing. "This is the house of God," he replied, "and I am only joining in the worship." "House of God!" repeated the agitated verger. "House of God, sir!' Why, this is Magdalen Chapel!" Should John the Baptist appear at the portals of the Second Church of Christ in Kansas City, the sexton would be mortified.

The Second Church is the result of a quarrel over who should be superintendent of the Sunday-school in the First Church, and the seceders now

have a church of the same faith, but to themselves. The separation has left both the congregations and the revenues of these two bodies, who worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, rather lean, but the religious rivalry adds piquancy to the social life of the town, and nobody is offended apparently, much less shocked, by this open rent in the garment of charity.

This is Foreign Missions Sunday. John P. has given each of the children ten cents, and his wife fifty cents, and has provided himself, in a convenient pocket, with the amount which he considers his position in the church and in the community demands.

Four strikingly and modishly dressed persons, two men and two women, in a gallery behind the pulpit, where their latest discoveries in collars, ties, hats, feathers, and blouses are ostentatiously and perhaps provocatively displayed, and who are paid handsome salaries to outdo a similar quartette in the First Church, and at the same time to voice John P.'s praise of God for him, arise, adjust themselves for the inspection of the audience, and strike up:

"From Greenland's icy mountains
From India's coral strand
. . . . . .
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain."

They go on to proclaim further, do these ladies in corsets, in open-work blouses, and wearing high heels, false curls and ear-rings, and gold in their teeth, that:

> "The heathen in his blindness
> Bows down to wood and stone,"

and later ask with due emphasis the question:

> "Shall we whose souls are lighted
> By wisdom from on high,—
> Shall we to men benighted
> The lamp of life deny?"

John P. rises, sets his glasses on his nose, and follows the words in his hymn-book. Mrs. John P. inspects the fashions in the choir and about her, and by a natural concatenation of thoughts drifts away to that alley-way in the Waldorf Hotel where she saw, on her one visit there, sartorial visions that have never been forgotten. After this full-throated invitation to Greenland, and to India, and to Ceylon, voiced mainly by the quartette of hirelings, to come into the fold and be like Mr. and Mrs. John P., the missionary pleader is presented to "my people" by "our beloved pastor," whose salary, by the way, is two months in arrears.

I may appear, way out here in Baroda, to that monkey in the tree to be looking at him, but I am

not. I see that preacher as though I were seated in the Second Church in Kansas City. I hear his exaggerated accounts of the work done, and its ever-increasing success. I hear the anecdotes picked for the occasion, of misery and want, and a longing for better things *à la* John P. Shorter; of the rich rulers "bowing down to wood and stone," men of many wives and many pleasures, while the peasants are bowed down and bent, and burnt brown with the toil and heat.

I have described something of the actual situation here where I am a guest. Only yesterday afternoon I saw a Muhammadan standing at sunset on a block of stone on which he had placed his carpet, in a busy street filled with Hindus coming and going, saying his prayers and making repeated obeisance toward Mecca. His religion is not only different, but antagonistic to the creed and the customs of the Hindus, but in Baroda the Gaekwar, a Hindu himself, imposes absolute religious tolerance. I ask myself what would happen if mass were said daily in the open street in Kansas City.

The missionary in his frock-coat and white tie gets hotter and hotter in this furnace-heated atmosphere — the furnace man is a negro. John P., despite his too heavy breakfast of fried beef, smiles benignly as he hears that the cow is sacred

in India, and almost winks at the superintendent of the stock yards whose pew is across the aisle. Mrs. John P., somewhat anæmic, for the climate is trying in Kansas City, is glad she married John P., as she listens to the account of the position of women in India. As for me, I shiver to think what the consensus of the competent, granting even that they are a jury of Christians, would say if they were called upon to decide between John P. and the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda. If there is any such heaven as John P. sings about, and hears preached about, when he gets there he will be surprised to find how bright is the halo, how tuneful the harp, and how elevated the position of some of these heathen princes, for whose conversion he, John P. Shorter, of the Second Church of Christ, in Kansas City, has condescendingly contributed one dollar!

I know of no place in the world so far away from New York as Udaipur. Udaipur is the capital of the native State of Mewar, ruled over by His Highness, the Maharana Dhiraj Sir Fateh Singh, G. C. S. I., and has some twelve thousand square miles of territory, a population of a little more than one million, and revenues of about six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Its ruler is the premier prince, and the proudest, in all India. His authentic ancestry reaches back two thou-

sand years, and stretches on beyond that in Indian mythology, to the progenitor of the solar race, the deified hero Rama. This prince bears to the world of Hinduism a relation unique either in the East or the West. He is part Pope, part High Priest, part King. He may even interfere with Brahmanical excommunication; and at his death, men who would die rather than submit to an insult to their beards, shave their faces clean.

There is no suspicion of representative government, no dreams even of the rights of man, no complications of electricity, or steam, or compulsory education, no politics, no fantastic hygiene, no patent foods, no fear of microbes, no fashions or etiquette of a date later than 728 A. D., when the history of the present State under the present family began by the taking of the fortress of Chitor by Bappa; no newspapers, no news, except the lazy gossip of the bazaars; no hurry except when news is brought from one of the stations in the hills, where men are kept day and night the year round for this purpose, that a black panther or a tiger has been seen, then the Maharana and a retinue hasten away; no daily excitement about an earthquake in Japan, a revolution in Portugal, a change of government in England, a panic in New York, a strike in Paris, or a rhetorical out-

burst in Berlin; no jealousy of other countries, no envy of progress elsewhere. Why should there be, since their ruler is little less than a god to hundreds of millions of Hindus, and to criticise his home, his habits, and his decrees is unthinkable. Therefore I repeat Udaipur is farther from the Bowery than any other place in the world.

It was a happy accident of travel that our next visit after that to Baroda was to this prince, who will have nothing to do with modern inventions whether of mind or matter.

We left the guest house at Baroda to take a train leaving at 5.18 A. M. The train was late and we drove back to wait. We returned to the station an hour and a half later; the train was still late, and we finally got away three hours and a half after getting out of bed, and twenty-nine hours of continuous railway travel brought us to Udaipur. This is one example, there were many, though I shall not cite them, which bids me again warn travellers who lack enthusiasm, a stout heart, and a strong constitution, and the best of introductions, that a visit to India may prove as disappointing to them as it was delightful to us.

Udaipur is worth all the fatigue of getting there. We were driven to a large stone bungalow, of which we were the sole occupants. A

splendid old fellow, gray-bearded, with medals on his breast and a hunting-knife in his belt, greeted us at the entrance, and put himself and the household at our service. The food, the wines, the tobacco, and the service are of the best, and hearing me complain of lack of exercise, the steward provides me with a pony for a ride before breakfast each morning. At each meal he stands in the dining-room, with an eye to everything, and from morning till night he watches over our comfort as though we were his children.

In the afternoon we are driven to the lake, where we take a boat and are rowed to its southern end. We walk up a path to find ourselves on a high terrace looking down upon a dusty plain where hundreds of wild pigs are grunting, squealing, quarrelling as they are fed. Here we make our bow to our host. He had just come in from a panther hunt. Every afternoon when he is at home he is present at the feeding of these wild boars. He was standing with a circle of his courtiers behind him, and a mediæval-looking figure he was, a sword in his left hand, a long hunting-knife in his belt, and those about him all in hunting tunics and boots. He was a slender, wiry-looking man of about sixty, well preserved and athletic, with nothing of the pallid hue of the puzzled thinker in his look, and a deep scar

over his right eye due to a fall from his horse while pig-sticking.

We bowed and shook hands, and through the interpreter I thanked him for his hospitality to us. I was somewhat taken aback when the interpreter repeated: "His Highness says you have no hospitality to thank him for since you have only just arrived." This seemed an attempt to put me on my mettle, so I turned and pointed to the lake with its marble palaces, and to the gleaming white towers of the huge palace overhanging the lake, and said: "Tell His Highness that one glimpse of this is a thousand years of hospitality." We had some further talk about horses and hunting and then turned to go. As we were leaving, one of the suite came after us, and we returned, when the interpreter was bidden to tell me that His Highness hoped I would enjoy my stay, that I was to stay as long as I liked, and that he, the interpreter, was commanded to see to it that we had everything we wanted.

He is a conservative of the conservatives, this prince. He speaks no English, lives his own life, never leaves India, will have nothing to do with the new-fangled notions of the day, is an enthusiastic hunter of big game, has killed fifty tigers, besides panthers and other game, and has never been photographed while doing it, and is simple

and dignified in his demeanor. There was an atmosphere of far-off, by-gone times on the terrace that afternoon. It was as though I had dreamed myself back into the Middle Ages. He and his customs and habits and opinions are passing away, leaving him a lonely figure in a fussy world, but he remains unmoved, unchanged, disdainful. Now as I look back and remember India, he stands out easily as the first gentleman there, and upon the whole the most impressive figure I saw in all the East.

When he heard that at the great Durbar, the Viceroy was to ride in front, and on the elephant beside him was to ride a woman, his wife, he declined to ride behind a woman, and sent his elephant, gorgeously caparisoned, but with an empty howdah. In these days when every man is either nursing or courting a constituency of some sort; when books are written, and newspapers are printed, and speeches are made, and sermons are preached ever with an eye to circulation or popularity; when weighing down the words and thoughts of every man's brain, except the tiniest minority, is the dull dead weight of its possible effect upon a selfish and superficial mediocrity; when both men and women trim their sails shiveringly at the bare thought of being blacklisted socially or politically or morally, it is

refreshing, it is even awesome, to meet a man whose only constituency is his own soul! I am not sure that we may not take steps backward toward Udaipur ere long, before we take many more along the path we are following. We may have better sewers, but I doubt if we have more moral courage, for it takes some moral courage to stand up to the empire which governs one in every five of the human race, and more than one in every five square miles of the habitable globe, and to stand alone. But the British like this man far better, I make no doubt, than those, whether from India or from any other country, who bend to them, agree with them, flatter them, and who mutilate their pride to become eunuchs of patriotism, whose capital is Paris, and whose creed is cosmopolitanism.

As we were rowed back the length of the lake, the sun was going down, leaving a great curtain of dark purple as a background for the palace. This building stands on the crest of a ridge running parallel to the lake, and a hundred feet above it, its granite and marble are all of one whiteness, and with this royal background it looked like a palace of alabaster with carved turrets of old ivory. There is only one other picture, in India, the Taj, which bears comparison with this lake and its surroundings.

The city, of some fifty thousand inhabitants, is entirely surrounded by a bastioned wall, and the palaces old and new within make a town of themselves. On the great terrace running the length of the old palace, where the Maharana still keeps his own apartments, there is room to parade the whole army, cavalry, elephants, and all. From his windows this mediæval prince can look out into this colossal court-yard, where he insists upon the old ways, and so we saw the afternoon we were there, as you may see any other afternoon, bullocks, pigeons, chickens, elephants, camels, geese, all sunning themselves in lazy contentment. As we drove out of the palace, a magnate of this small kingdom rode in, mounted on a fine horse, the saddle and stirrup-straps of red velvet, and the bridle and reins of some red stuff as well. He himself was in brilliant-colored garments, a sword by his side, pistols in his belt, and there followed and surrounded him a retinue of fifty or more, mounted or on foot, with runners on ahead to clear the way for them through the crowded streets.

These were delicious days we spent roaming over the palaces and gardens, in and out of the temples, and through the sunny streets of Udalpur. The only sad spot in the picture was our reception by the son and heir in his apartments.

He is a cripple, shrunken and thin, but with pleasant manners, a pathetic smile, and a little English at his command. He was surrounded by the officers of his household, who looked stalwart indeed beside him, and it was evidently a real pleasure to him, as it was probably a rare one, to receive strangers.

I remember particularly the garden palace so-called, which forms a part of the old palace, and is a hanging garden, filled with flowers and ferns, and palms and fountains, and with exquisitely carved pillars, and marble walls and floors all perched on a part of the flat roof; the wonderful carving of the marble around doors and windows; the garden of the court ladies, surrounded by a high wall, with a great marble swimming-bath in the centre and filled with flowers and shrubs; the Hindu temple of Jagannath with an elephant on each side of the long flight of marble steps leading up to it, and every inch of it carved; the great gateways of the city, the Elephant gate, the Delhi gate, the Moon gate; the cenotaphs of the royal family for generations back, enclosed by a high wall and with many fine trees, and on more than one of these tombs mention of the number of the wives who burned themselves when their masters died; the groups on foot or on horseback, of the bewhiskered gen-

try, for even in a land where the beard is everywhere a mark of manly dignity, the Rajput is conspicuous for his care of his beard, and by tying a scarf around his head and neck he curls out the ends of his whiskers, till sometimes they are twisted over behind his ears, lending him a dashing appearance, which his soldierly bearing emphasizes; the startling appearance of gentlemen in the process of dying their beards black with henna, for during the interim their beards are a bright orange color, which gives a particularly fierce frame for the dark faces and eyes; and then the return to our own little palace with its superb view of lakes and hills, and our cosey dinners by candle-light, with the steward watching with jealous eye every movement of the barefooted and turbaned servants who attended us; and well I remember one morning the shrieks and cries in our court-yard when the steward, well over the age when most men enjoy a bout at fisticuffs, was seen giving a sound beating to a rapscallion who had maltreated the buffalo that brought us the skins full of water for our baths.

Where could a man go for a holiday where he would escape more completely from modernity, and be able to look out of a casement set in the Middle Ages and see his own environment in perspective; where better than to Udaipur as the

guest of the Maharana? The setting is there in these bewilderingly beautiful surroundings, and surely the prince is there as a seal to stamp it as genuine. He is a direct descendant of the Rajputs of Chitor. They were conquered by the Mughals as were the other Rajput clans, but they fled and found shelter among the mountains and deserts of the Indus, and, unlike the others, refused to mingle their high-caste Hindu blood even with that of a Muhammadan emperor. They still boast that they alone among the great Rajput clans have never given a daughter in marriage to a Mughal emperor. Their motto is a fine one: "Who steadfast keeps the faith, him the Creator keeps." Certainly the present ruler is putting it to the test. Long life and success to him, say I!

The Maharana's hospitality guarded us even when we had left his capital. Four hours by train brought us to Chitorgah. There at the station an elephant and a tonga, a kind of two-wheeled cart drawn by ponies, awaited us and we were taken to see the citadel city where this family have ruled and fought ever since the beginning of the eighth century. On a rocky hill over five hundred feet high is the great fort over three miles in length. In the old tumultuous days the capital city of Mewar was Chitor, situated in this

fort. On one occasion, after a siege in which eleven royal princes were killed, all the women entered an underground cave, and were there burned to death, and as the smoke and flames arose the men rushed out to throw themselves upon the swords of their Muhammadan enemies.

The whole of the enclosure at the top is covered with the ruins of palaces and temples. The two towers of Fame and Victory, the one eighty feet high, the other in nine stories and one hundred and thirty feet high, are still well preserved. This so-called fortress could stow away the hill of the Acropolis in one corner and the Roman Forum in another, and impresses you with the magnificent scale upon which these people carried out their building operations. How this place was ever captured, with its sides of sheer rock reaching up five hundred feet from the plain below, and crowned by walls so thick that one may drive along the tops of them, and this before the days of cannon, is a mystery, a mystery even to one who has seen Quebec and knows its story.

When we arrived at the station at Chitorgah, the carriage was detached from the train and left on a siding. When we returned to it from the excursion to the fort, we found a kitchen established outside the carriage door, with pots and pans and dishes and charcoal fires, and a dinner

of several courses was there and then prepared and handed in to us. I was asked to sign a "chit" or voucher for it, for the Maharana's treasurer, but that I refused to do. It was Rajput gallantry indeed to extend hospitality to guests so long as they remained in Rajput territory, but we drank His Highness's health instead in our own brew, and at eleven o'clock the carriage was attached to another train and we were off; with an abiding assurance that our Indian hosts, so far, had nothing to learn in the West of fine manners and generous hospitality.

VII

BUNIA—PANI

IT would be easy to spend a year in India, and never hear the words *Bunia* or *Pani*. As a guest of affable officials, of native princes; as a visitor to Delhi, Agra, Benares, Amritsar, the ruins of Akbar's great city of Fatehpur-Sikri, to Bombay, Lucknow, and Calcutta, one may hear nothing of *Bunia* and *Pani*. At manœuvres with the army, at the great meeting of the contingents of Imperial Service troops, when we were all the guests of Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal; shooting or pig-sticking with Indian or British potentates, you hear nothing of *Bunia* or *Pani*. You might come away from India thinking that the Viceroy and his brilliant consort drove about in splendid equipages with outriders, postilions, and a mounted body-guard; that the governors of Bombay, and Madras did the same on a smaller scale; that the military and civilian officials were interested mainly in sport, and in making themselves comfortable.

As a matter of fact, each and every one of

these people, from His Excellency the Viceroy down to the last recruit to the civil service, is thinking of *Bunia* and *Pani*. And well they may, for *Bunia* and *Pani* are the two great problems in India.

You must tear away the magnificence and the rags; the Imperial etiquette and the splendor of the native princes; you must stop your ears to political and parliamentary discussion; you must forget the polite European essayist who writes of his holiday in India, and likewise the bitter fulminations of the yeastily educated native journalist; and you must study *Bunia* and *Pani*, otherwise you leave India as ignorant as when you first looked at a map of that vast continent.

Pani means water. *Bunia* is the name for the local shopkeeper, grain merchant, and money-lender.

Great Britain has invested capital in India for its commercial and industrial development, including the employment of its people, to the amount of $1,750,000,000. One-tenth of the entire trade of the British Empire passes through the seaports of India, and this sea-borne trade is more than one-third of the trade of the empire outside of the United Kingdom. India is the largest producer of food and raw material in the Empire, and the principal granary of Great

Britain. The imports into the United Kingdom of wheat, meal, and flour from India exceed those of Canada and are double those of Australia.

It is said that the hoarded wealth of India, buried in the ground, stored in the treasure-houses of the native princes, and in the jewelry and precious stones of the Indian men and women, small and great, amounts to $1,800,000,000.

Aside from the strategical importance, what would the British Empire be without India, and what would India be if it were not that the Viceroy and the 10,000 Europeans and the 1,500,000 Indian government employees under him keep *Bunia* and *Pani* forever in mind!

These 300,000,000 in India are agriculturists. Water for their fields means food and comfort; the lack of it means, fever, plague, and famine. And when fever, and plague, and famine come in India, they do not take a few score, or a few hundreds, or even thousands; they kill millions. In 1877 the famines in southern India alone swept away over five millions of people; and a few years ago, in the Punjab, over two millions.

When we hear of a drought, we think of it in a hazy way, as an inconvenience connected with the laundry, the bath-room, or the garden; or at the worst a mill here or there must stop work for

a week or two. But what if it meant death by starvation of numbers equal to the whole population of Greater New York, or of the population of the whole Western division of States, or of all New England, in a few months! That is what it means in India. How little we know of the institutions, the codes, the religions, the observances, the problems, the troubles of other peoples and of other lands; and worse, how little we care even when we are undertaking to teach and to govern them!

"When Mazarvan the Magician
Journeyed Westward through Cathay,
Nothing heard he but the praises
Of Badoura on his way.

"But the lessening rumor ended
When he came to Khaledan,
There the folk were talking only
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

"So it happens with the poets;
Every province hath its own,
Camaralzaman is famous,
Where Badoura is unknown."

The experience of Mazarvan the Magician is the experience of every other intelligent traveller. It was with eagerness therefore that I accepted the opportunity to see *Pani* and *Bunia* at close quarters where "the folk were talking only" of them.

The deputy-commissioner of a certain district in the Punjab was my host. He was about to make a tour of inspection. The Punjab has an area of 134,000 square miles and a population of 25,000,000. Seven-eighths of this total population live in 33,000 villages with an average population of about 500. Half of the population are Muhammadans; 6,000,000 are Hindus; 5,000,000 of them are Jats, and these Jats are half of them Muhammadan, a fourth Hindu, and a million Sikh Jats, and they own half the land in the Punjab. Jat is the name given to the descendants of the Scythians who settled in India, and whose first great king was Kanishka.

The Punjab is divided into twenty-nine districts each in charge of a deputy commissioner or collector; and these again are grouped into five divisions each under a commissioner. Each of these districts has its district board presided over by the deputy-commissioner, who is also a magistrate and collector of the district. There are some 1,500 members of these boards, of whom 600 are elected. They are responsible for local matters, roads, schools, bridges, hospitals, dispensaries. In the large towns there are municipal committees, and of the 1,500 members nearly 1,200 are non-officials, and they control and spend over $2,000,000 per annum. I cite

these facts not to bewilder the reader with details, but to show how the British Government strives to encourage the people in managing their own affairs. In the larger towns the members of these committees show some interest; but the members of the provincial committees take little interest, there is next to no discussion, and the European official chairman does the bulk of the work.

The commissioner is under the control of the financial commissioner, who, under the lieutenant-governor of the Punjab, is the head of the revenue administration. The lieutenant-governor is the right hand of the Viceroy in the Punjab. Each district with its deputy-commissioner is divided into minor divisions called *Tahsils*, and a *Tahsil* as a rule contains two to four hundred villages, and a village may contain fifty huts, built of mud, and thatched with grass, and generally containing one room, with sometimes a space enclosed with mud walls, where household duties are performed, where odds and ends are stored, and where the bullock or bullocks are tethered at night.

It is a long way from the Viceregal Lodge, and the Viceroy, at Calcutta, to this hut and its occupants in the Punjab, but they are closely connected, as we shall see, and it is one of the glories

of the British administration in India that this connection exists and is maintained. If the family in that hut in the Punjab is stricken with fever, or if the plague stalks in among them, the headman of the village goes to the dispensary, the official there reports to Delhi, Delhi reports to Lahore, and the lieutenant-governor there, to Calcutta. Almost before the relatives of that family know what has happened, they know in Calcutta; and the machinery, with its net-work of living wires which spreads over India like a vast cobweb, is put in motion to relieve that family in the hut in a village that few white people ever see.

The deputy-commissioner, his young assistant, and I rode out of Delhi early one morning on our way to the first camp. We were not many miles from Delhi when three men met us on the road. Each held in his hand a rupee, which he offered to the deputy-commissioner with a profound salaam; this was touched and remitted, this being the old sign of allegiance. Thus the feudatories of the great Mughals showed their allegiance to the Emperor; thus the great native chiefs to-day offer a gold piece to the Viceroy, or to the governor of the province to which they belong; thus the headmen of these villages through which we passed made known their loyalty to the great British Raj, represented here and now by the

deputy-commissioner. Then begins a rapid, and sometimes excited, conversation as the representatives of the village walk beside us. The official replies fluently in the native's own tongue, and the expression on the faces shows their confidence in his self-control, patience, and experience. They know little, and care less, about legislation, but this method of dealing with their affairs they both understand and enjoy.

It is of the affairs and condition of their village that they talk. One complains that the cattle from a neighboring village stray into the fields and destroy the crops; another that three hundred of his village have died of the plague, and there are not enough laborers left to cultivate the soil and pay the taxes; another asks that the irrigation canal be brought nearer to his village; another retails how the hail has spoilt the crops; another that the white ants have destroyed the wheat; another that members of the Arya-Somaj are preaching sedition among the villagers; one, and what a relief his tale must have been to my long-suffering host, says that the taxes of his village are all paid, and that they are quite happy, as long as they have peace and safety "under the shadow of the Protector of the Poor."

The deputy-commissioner is as patient and polite to them as he is to me, when after leaving

one after another of these groups, I begin a rapid fire of questions. Every now and again he decides to see for himself the situation in this or that village, and we set off at a brisk canter, leaving the main road to make for the village in question. They are all much the same, though differing in population. Fifty or more mud huts, with the refuse stored in the compound of each, which is intended for manure, or fuel; and the interior of the hut cleaner than I expected, for the walls and floors are covered with a mixture of mud and cow dung, which seems to be a cleanly, as it is a favorite form of whitewashing, since I saw it also used in the cavalry lines in many parts of India. Near the village is the so-called pond, a shallow place filled with stagnant water in which pigs, ducks, geese, cattle, and mosquitoes share and share alike. There are the village wells, some for high-caste, some for low-caste people; the village temple with its sacred tree, the peepul tree, is there; the council tree also, under which the leaders of public opinion smoke their pipes of an evening; there are the shops in the principal street with the proprietor squatting beside his open bags of salt, sweetmeats, grains and spices, these latter covered with flies and hornets and wasps; another sells brass and iron and bell-metal cooking utensils and water-jars; there are

the potters, and I see for the first time, and understand, the Bible's potter's thumb and potter's wheel.

> "For I remember stopping by the way
> To watch the potter thumping his wet clay;
> And with its all-obliterated tongue
> It murmured—Gently, Brother, gently pray!"

I see the wheelwright building those awkward-looking carts which I have admired and wondered at as they bumped their way unbroken over awful roads. They are made of wood, bamboo, and string. They can give at every joint. That is the secret of their resistance. I see the shed where the children are taught; and in a few of the villages they are crushing the sugar-cane, boiling sugar, and doing well with the sale of it, coarse as it is. It is needless to say that the streets are not paved, and you walk ankle-deep in mud or dust; and goats, water-buffaloes, and sacred bulls have the same privileges, the sacred bulls rather more, than you. None of the dogs seems to have owners, each is out for himself and the devil take the hindermost; and at night they and the jackals sing rival choruses. The men and children follow you about solemnly curious; the women, with bare legs and arms and shoulders, cover their faces as you pass, not as we think from modesty wholly, but be-

cause it is considered an impertinence to look at us boldly. One or two of the houses are more pretentious; they have two stories, a tiled roof, and a court-yard, and the proprietor owns bullocks and even a pony. This is the home of the *Bunia*. He buys, and sells, and lends money. He is the Hindu Shylock.

A Hindu will spend a year's income on a marriage feast for his daughter. It is one of the Hindu social laws obeyed among them, as are similar laws among us, with toil, sacrifice, and extravagance; and with far more attention to detail than the moral law or the behests of religion. It is then that the native mortgages his fields, his crops, his everything, to provide a feast suitable to what he considers his station. He buys whistles just as we do, that we do not want, that do not whistle, or that give forth false and discordant notes; because his little social world has made it the fashion. He could live very well, just as we could, if we only bought what we liked, and what we needed, but Heera Lall goes bankrupt, just as Mr. Climber and Mr. Splurge do, buying what they do not want in the way of whistles, to play tunes that nobody cares particularly to hear.

Then the *Bunia* lends at twenty and fifty per cent and even more. The crops do not even pay the interest, let alone the taxes; and Heera

Lall is soon in the hands of the Jews, and labors from sunrise till sunset on the land which is no longer his. In years of poor crops, or when the peasant is sick or otherwise incapacitated, again the *Bunia* appears, not only as a lender, but tempting him to buy on credit.

A parental government has stepped in to protect the small land-owners; there are 3,000,000 of them here in the Punjab alone. The new Land Alienation Act provides that no mortgage can be given for more than fifteen years, and the money-lender is not allowed to purchase except by permission. Sales are only allowed between agriculturists, or where by the sale of part the whole is redeemed. Taxes are often remitted in years of bad crops, in whole or in part; and the government lends money, at a low rate of interest, to poor communities to buy seed or cattle. This law for the protection of these helpless agriculturists, and there are 250,000,000 of them here in India, was bitterly opposed by native babus, lawyers, money-lenders, and the leaders in the movement for representative government. Peace and quiet and prosperity have made land valuable in India; hence the intriguing to get possession of it. We know something of the land shark in America; one needs little imagination to picture what would happen if he had his way in

India. In a few years the land would be in the hands of a few, and the rest would be serfs. The government that brought *Pani* to India's fields, and a strong hand to control India's *Bunias*, brought salvation.

No man has the smallest right to pronounce an opinion upon British rule in India, until he has seen the water trickling painfully through its fields, and the *Bunia* straining at the tether that keeps him in check. Here is the real problem, other matters are froth compared to it.

It is bewildering to find that there is a society in America which, with words and money, endeavors to upset the British rule in India; more bewildering still to find members of this society in America, and labor leaders in England, taking sides in India with the blood-sucking *Bunia* and the agitators who support him. Nothing but dense ignorance can explain it, unless it be that morbid craving for notoriety which leads the critic to rush into any convenient dusty room, waving a cloth about his head, careless of what becomes of the dust, so long as he occupies the centre of the room. Many rooms are dusty in all our civilizations, and the only way to clean them is with a damp cloth, and quietly, and a little at a time. But the demagogue, and the agitator, scoff at such methods; first because such methods call for

work, and care, and study; and secondly because such work must be done quietly. What does Cleon care for such a job as that! Let there be strikes in England, famine and bloodshed in India, panics and excitement, and distress, in America, so long as Cleon occupies the centre of the stage for a brief moment, enjoying that delicious notoriety to which all else is subordinated.

We have ridden fifteen or twenty miles. It is getting hot and dusty, when we see the glimmer of tents, the smoke of fires, groups of camels, and attendants and servants, and we have reached camp. My tent measures thirty feet by twenty; it is carpeted with rugs, has a dressing-room with tub, wash-stand, and other necessaries. There is a writing-table and an easy chair. Your clothes are laid out, the hot bath is ready; and shaved, and bathed, and in light clothes, you are ready for breakfast.

There is a mess-tent, the deputy-commissioner's office-tent and living-tent, the assistant's tent, and all is ready even to the pencils, pens, and blotters arranged on the office table. After breakfast the deputy-commissioner retires to his office, and one after another, singly and in groups, citizens and village officials appear with their troubles, complaints, disputes, and business.

Hour after hour he listens, questions, decides, and patches up differences.

Court is held out here as in Delhi. A picturesque group, witnesses, prisoners, attorneys, police are squatting, or standing, around the door of the assistant's tent; and for two hours or more he deals with a case of the theft of clothes from one woman by another. The clothes of the whole party would scarcely bring a dollar at auction, I should guess; but here as in Bombay, or in Calcutta, justice holds sway, and the lowliest may claim and receive protection.

After five hours' work or more, we are off on our ponies, led by some of the sportsmen of the village, and one evening we returned with a bag which included duck, hare, rabbits, a species of Indian grouse, and a deer. We dress and dine, and dine well, and after a chat and a smoke, to bed. The sounds are strange; the gurgling of the loose-lipped camels, the cries of the jackals and yelping of the pariah dogs, the raucous cry of the peacocks, the chattering of monkeys and perroquets; then for a time the noise and bustle of loading protesting camels and getting under way.

There is a duplicate set of tents, and each night at about eleven all but our sleeping-tents, and the bare necessities of the morning toilet,

are loaded on the camels and set off for another camp; those we leave behind in the morning go on, not to the next camp, but to the camp after that, so that each day, after our three or four hours' ride, we find the camp set and ready for us, and litigants, questioners, quarrellers, and many who come merely to pay their respects, warned beforehand of our coming, are there, waiting the arrival of the "Protector of the Poor," as my host is often called, and as he is, for that I can vouch from daily personal observation.

At one of these camps there appears Rai Bahadur, a title conferred upon him by government, Chandri Rughnath Singh. He is what might be called a country gentleman in a small way. He owns land, he is a magistrate of the second class, and he is the head and representative of a certain group of villages and is called a *Zaildar*. At the request of the deputy-commissioner he shows me nearly a dozen medals and one order given to his grandfather, his father, and to himself for meritorious services as soldiers in the native army. There is a mutiny medal and two medals for services with Lord Roberts among them. I was glad to meet him. He is the other side of the shield, and poles apart from the restless and discontented Bengali. He is a stanch believer in British rule, has fought as a

soldier, and now works as a good citizen, bearing his share of the common burden, modest, unassuming, and efficient. He accompanies us part way on our next day's journey, and is evidently as respected by the natives we meet as he is by my host.

This title of *Zaildar* leads to an explanation. The unit of the revenue administration in India is the estate or *Mahal* which is usually identical with the village or *Mauza*. Each district is divided into several *Tahsils* and a *Tahsil* includes from two to four hundred of these villages. Each *Tahsil* has a separate land revenue assessment. Each village is represented by one or more headmen or *Lambardars*. The villages again are grouped together into *Zails*, by bonds of historical or tribal associations, or common interests, and these *Zails* are represented by a *Zaildar*, appointed by the deputy-commissioner, from among the headmen of the different villages. Each village too has its *Patwari* or village accountant, we should call him the town clerk, who keeps the books for revenue purposes. He records mortgages, keeps the record of the land-owners, of changes of ownership, of assessments and of boundaries, and other matters pertaining to his office. Thus there is a chain from each little village and from each dweller therein, up to the

financial commissioner himself. It is an admirable system, adopted from the Mughal emperors by the British, with changes and improvements, and kept going by these deputy-commissioners and their assistants, and at the same time checked by them by the method I am now seeing, of travelling through the country and keeping in touch with the people themselves. Whatever else may happen, these few officials must keep themselves fit for their arduous and never-ending duties. Seldom do they ask for or receive an *Aegrotat;* and as a body they seem to take it for granted that they will receive little praise and less recognition for their services; and yet no body of men in the British Empire is doing so much to keep their empire together and in peace.

Besides the revenue tax, each headman gets five per cent for collecting from his village, and also eight and one-fourth per cent is set aside for various village needs. Not only do these land revenue methods keep the people constantly in touch with the officials, but in addition there are the schools, the police, the medical departments, all again with representatives in every village, so that the smallest and most far-away community is cared for.

Although each of these small proprietors, there are 3,000,000 of them here in the Punjab, owns

his land, he owns it only as the tenant. The landlord in the old days was the Mughal Emperor, and in these, is the British King-Emperor. A share of the profits from the land belongs to the ruler, by the traditions of centuries. The total revenue of India is roughly $240,000,000. Of this $91,000,000 are raised by taxation which includes an excise tax on salt, spirituous liquors, and drugs, and a customs duty averaging about five per cent; about $46,000,000 from state profits; and $100,000,000 from revenue from the state's share in the land. The taxation is less than forty-four cents per head of the population, and even when the land revenue, which as we have seen is really rent, is included, it is less than seventy-eight cents. The system of self-government in these villages and towns has been pushed as far as can be with due regard to efficiency. There are 750 municipalities in India which administer the affairs of 17,000,000 people, and of the 10,000 official members 8,700 are natives, and they dispense an income of over $30,000,000. There are 1,100 local boards, charged with the care of village education, sanitation, roads, and other civil works, which dispense $20,000,000 a year; and of these an even larger proportion of the members are natives. The demands of the state for its share of the profits of

the land are revised at recurring periods of from ten to thirty years. In Bengal alone the demand of the state was fixed in perpetuity by Lord Cornwallis in 1793. The state has lost millions in consequence. British improvements have increased both the value of the lands and of the crops, but only the proprietors profit.

These are dry bones, these figures, but the reader who has a dim notion that India to-day is governed by a little knot of Englishmen must be told to what a very large extent these Englishmen have turned over the responsibilities of government to the Indians themselves, and at what small cost per head of population this governmental machinery is run.

During the hours when my host is at work in his office tent, I prowl about in the neighboring villages, talking to school-masters, town-clerks, shopkeepers, and the laborers in the fields. In one village the *Patwari* or town-clerk shows me his books, his maps of the village lands, and we walk over to a certain field, and he points out on the linen map its boundaries, and then turns to his books and shows me the names of the family who own it, and their ancestors, and the liens upon it. In some of these villages there are genealogical tables which trace back the descent of each man for ten or even twenty generations.

It may be puzzling to read, but it is clear enough when you stand in the field and see the owner and his son, drawing water in the leathern bucket with their bullocks, walking slowly up and down the ramp; when you hear the *Patwari* tell how the owner came to be the owner; what the amount of the mortgage is, how much the government has remitted on account of a bad year, how much has been paid back, and how much is still owing; how much that new well cost, and how much the government advanced toward its building; how much the crop from that field in which you are standing generally fetches, and what proportion is paid in taxes; whether that particular peasant proprietor is industrious and economical or not; how many children he has, and what it costs him to live.

You find that he and his family live upon the produce of his own land. The corn is ground into flour in his own house by the womenfolk; the pulse, spices, and occasional vegetables come from his own fields; even the tobacco he smokes, and the hemp he uses for ropes, are grown by himself. What little he sells is for money to pay taxes, buy clothes, and perhaps to pay wages when he needs additional labor. His cattle are for milk or work in the fields, for he may not use them for food, his caste forbidding this. In

the winter he and, so it appears to the visitor in India, all the rest of the Indian population, are chewing sugar-cane; in the summer the fruit of the mango tree is equally popular. When you attempt to draw him into conversation on the subject of even the most elementary politics you find him puzzled and uninterested. He is not only not demanding "elective institutions," but he does not know what they are, and the reading of a stray news sheet in the vernacular to him, by one of his more learned neighbors, leaves him dazed and bewildered. A voluble place-hunter, orating to him of his rights and privileges, leaves him impassive and undisturbed. The policeman, the headman of his village, the sight occasionally of a *Zaildar*, or a European official, are all he knows of authority. He sleeps peacefully in the traditions that have filtered to him through centuries, and would be happy indeed if he could control *Pani* and escape *Bunia*.

You have your ear against the real heart of India out there, and you hear it beating. This is the heart of the hundreds of millions of India. What you heard in Parliament; what you heard from the politicians in London; what you heard from lawyers and editors in Bombay and Calcutta, and from teachers and preachers in Aligarh and

Benares, and from missionaries everywhere, is diagnosis, is theory, is the dreaming of the sciolist, or the bitter envy of the Brahman. It is here, with *Pani* gurgling beneath your feet, with the tiles of the *Bunia's* house overtopping the mud huts of the village, in plain view, with the *Patwari's* linen map spread out before you, that you can put your fingers on India's wrist and know something of the patient's condition.

The word "Delirium" comes from two Latin words: "De," meaning "from," and "Lira," meaning "furrow." Etymologically, a man in delirium is one who leaves the furrow, who ploughs crookedly, who gets out of, and away from his field. The city-bred man may well ponder the ancestry of this word. The stirrers-up of the man working placidly in the fields will find more hysteria, more delirium in the towns and cities than in the fields and their furrows. Here in India, and I am not sure that it is not as true elsewhere, the patient's pulse beats more steadily, more quietly in the furrow, than when leaving the plough and the fields he becomes giddy in the streets and bazaars of the town. At any rate it is true that even in our great new cities of the West, there are few leaders, in whatever realm of activity, who are not themselves, or whose immediate ancestors are not, country-

bred. Two or three generations are about all that any family can survive of city life. Back to the land is a modern cry, but it is as old as language; it is the exact opposite in meaning to "Delirium."

The English official is not only doing his duty in making these pilgrimages through the land, but he is adapting, for purposes of his own, methods that are as old as India. The *Durbar* is, with the exception of certain religious customs, the oldest, most respected, and the most fundamental of all Oriental institutions. Briefly, the *Durbar* means: the right of the subject to make, and the necessity of the ruler to receive and to hear, petitions in public. The *Durbar* halls that one sees everywhere in India are the monuments of the theory of justice which obtains everywhere in the East, and which is so imbedded in the Oriental mind that it is wellnigh impossible to uproot it. All his rulers of whatever race, and however despotic, from Kanishka to Akbar and Aurangzeb, have held *Durbars*, often daily *Durbars*, and no one of them would have dared to neglect or do away with them.

The Oriental is a religious man. He believes in the ways of God with men; he believes it so genuinely that he would make it part and parcel of his life here. He therefore prefers a ruler who

is omniscient and omnipotent, who is both judge and executioner. He demands the right to be heard in public, to receive an answer on the spot, and to have the decree of the judge executed at once. If he is to lose his life, or his property, or his office, or if he is to deprive another of life, property, or office, that seems to him the simplest and fairest way to do it. Although the emperors of India were in a sense despots, as are, and have been, all Eastern rulers, in that they had the power of life and death, they never have been despots in the sense that their subjects had not access to them, and demanded it and received it as a right.

The Oriental mind has no conception of equality between men. Even in matters of justice, he dislikes rules of procedure, laws of evidence. He prefers that the matter should be settled face to face between himself and the ruler. As he sacrifices to his gods, and does penance and gives gifts that he may be well treated by them, so likewise he sees not justice but only injustice in being deprived of the opportunity to give gifts, to use cunning, to bring social or political pressure to bear upon the man who is to judge him. He does not scout at equality, he does not even know what it means. He sees on every hand that men differ in ability, in wealth, and in influence; and he

wishes to use such superiority as he has, and believes in the same privilege for other men, even in the courts, and before his judge, and with his ruler. He cannot understand that superior standing in the community is of any value, unless it can be used even in the courts for his own advantage. This is a religion in the East; we consider such an attitude criminal in the West. But how many rich murderers are hanged; how many rich thieves are imprisoned; how many powerful political bribers are punished, in America? I am not sure that any of us really care for justice. I notice that even religion tempers justice with divine grace, and that the best human nature everywhere tempers justice with love.

The Western man believes in himself, not in God. He hedges every authority with rules and laws and regulations. Each man, whether judge, or executive, or representative, is made responsible to some one else. There is always an appeal to somebody else. The responsibility goes in a circle, from the citizen to the magistrate, from the magistrate to the court, from that court to the next, thence to Congress itself, and thus back to the citizen again. Men trust God, when they believe in Him, but they do not trust men when they do not believe in Him. The Oriental detests these roundabout processes. He demands a de-

cree on the spot, from a ruler whom he is willing to consider infallible. This is the puzzle to the Western man in all Eastern countries. But that underlying difference exists in India, China, Persia, Turkey, Egypt, even in Japan, despite their flimsy imitation of representative government, today, as it has always existed.

One of the difficulties of governing in India today is this unending circle of responsibility. An unending correspondence, academic discussions with annotations, beginning in the village of fifty huts and ending in Parliament; with the result that officials who ought to be spending most of their time travelling through the country, as we are doing, are bending over desks loaded with files of documents and letters.

Be it said that all officials from the Viceroy down, do make these pilgrimages through the country from time to time, but there would be much less trouble if they did so far more frequently. Be it said too that I am not advocating any "off-with-his-head" form of government here or anywhere else; but this Durbar system, modified and controlled has its merits; and to one who has seen it in actual operation, it is evident how suitable it is to the situation and how welcome it is to the people. In several of the native regiments the English officers hold Durbars.

The accused is heard in public, judged in public, and sentenced there and then in the presence of his fellows. There is no secrecy, no incomprehensible rules of procedure; and I was told over and over again, by their officers, that the men seldom objected when punishment was meted out to them thus in the open.

This camping through the country is a sort of peripatetic *Durbar*, a carrying on of the oldest traditions of the East, and that it is well liked and looked upon as a boon, as an institution understood by the humblest of the people, is evident by the welcome accorded the official everywhere. These are the men; these men and the army officers, brought into daily contact with the native troops, so it seems to me, who are solving the problems and lightening the burdens of this huge mass of people in India. It is easy to become viewy when one gets away from daily contact with the problems of government. Not only in the East, but in the West as well, one wonders sometimes whether we are not devoting so much time to the teaching and discussion of how to govern that we forget to govern; and after all the only way to govern, is to govern. In the West, representative government has resulted in such a chaos of law-making that whole communities, and vast aggregations of capital and labor, are

now engaged in trying to disentangle themselves, so that they may be free to go about their business. Here in India, where only some 500,000 out of the 300,000,000 can write and speak English, it is necessary that the governing power should be simple, open to all, and definite.

As I stand in this field in the Punjab, and think of the seething mass of corruption, political and moral, in France; of England, with one in every forty of her population dependent upon the state; of New York, the greatest city in the greatest republic in the world, ruled and robbed by the most corrupt society of plunderers ever kept together for an hundred years, a society which, if it were an individual, could only be rivalled by the worst of the popes, or the most decadent of the Nawabs of Oudh, I realize that the problem of government is not solved by any easy expansion of the suffrage.

According to the new council provisions, by which the councils of the Viceroy, and of the governors and lieutenant-governors, have been enlarged by the addition of more Indian members, the financial statement is subject to the moving of a resolution by any member. According to this new rule, these members will have even greater liberty than is accorded to a member of the British Imperial Parliament itself. A member of

Parliament may not propose an increase of expenditure, but only the reduction of a grant. An Indian member of these new councils may propose an increase of expenditure, provided the source from which it can be met is indicated.

I was present at the opening of the first reformed council of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab at Lahore, as the guest of His Honour, and I saw the members sworn in. With the taste for oratory, and for metaphysical discussion, of the educated native, and there was evidence of these qualities even on this occasion, these English officials will have even less time than now for travelling through the country. These officials are overworked now, and from that plucky and daring sportsman, Lord Minto, down, I saw man after man who was overstrained by the responsibilities put upon him. The sad feature of it is that it is red tape that does it. Problems that an official ought to solve on the spot, in *Durbar* fashion, go roaming their way through reams of correspondence, checked by this one and that one, until the simple problem, probably arising from *Pani* or *Bunia*, becomes an octopus, with a bewildered official at the end of each tentacle.

I beg that my American readers will notice this contrast between the poor peasant of the Punjab and the emphatic display made by the

enlarging of the provincial councils. Perhaps 500,000 Indians are affected by the latter, while there are 299,500,000 of the former. The 299,500,000 are dumb and inaudible; but they are the people whom England has torn from the grip of tyranny, and to whom she owes the stern safeguarding of their interests. She has no right to forget them, to lessen her care of them, by having too few officials to look after them, while engaged in academic discussions of the rights of a few to representation.

We have exactly the same problem confronting us in the Philippines and in Cuba. From priest and tyrant we extricated the natives, and our first duty is to them. Why do these rhetoricians in India, in the Philippines, and in Cuba demand the right to govern now, when we as the responsible police must in the end bear the burden of blunders or of dangers? Why did they not save their country when she was in chains? What proofs have we that they are capable now? None!

Indeed we are finding, even amongst the enlightened citizens of America, that representative government is not the solution of all problems, not the remedy for all diseases. In many of our communities they have discovered the viciousness of this circle of responsibility, with its

tail in its mouth. There are nearly an hundred towns and small cities in America governed by Commissions, at the time of this writing. The citizens have chosen from three to half a dozen experts to manage their municipal affairs. They have transferred their authority as representatives to them, and they hold them responsible. This method has proved so economical, so efficient, and gives the private citizen so much more time for his own affairs, that the number of communities wishing to be so governed is rapidly on the increase. Government by reverberation touched up with stealing, has proved so costly, and so insolently negligent, that even the easy-going and optimistic American is turning from it to government by experts. As we have shown in another chapter (From Mughal to Briton) the roads of life are becoming overcrowded, and men have all they can do to carry their burdens and to keep on the road, without the delay and amateur fumbling of keeping the road guarded and in repair. That should be left to trained road-builders.

If the British in India, and we in the Philippines and in the West Indies, permit ourselves to be led astray in our colonies, either by ignorant politicians at home or by self-seeking politicians in our colonies, we shall prove ourselves unfaith-

ful to over 300,000,000 of ignorant and helpless wards, representing one-fifth of the inhabitants of the globe.

The cleanest, the healthiest, and the most economically governed towns and cities in the world are in Germany, and the viewy reverberator and the politician by trade receive small shrift there; for their passing has enabled Germany to support the most formidable army, one of the most powerful navies, the second largest merchant marine, and the second largest export and import trade in the world, with a population of 65,000,000, living in an area of slightly more than 200,000 square miles.

The conflict in India should not be narrowed to an academical discussion between Oxford and Cambridge babus, and Bengali babus. No buncombe plea at home, no cunning arguments by educated natives abroad, should tempt us to hand over our wards to the mercy of amateur politicians.

VIII

A VISITOR'S DIARY

FROM the south to the north of India is a long way; but the difference in the alertness, the physique, and the faces of the inhabitants makes it seem as though you had gone clean out of one country into another. It is almost like going from the streets of a factory town in New England, or old England, to our Western plains, or to the Highlands of Scotland, to go from the bazaars of southern or central India to the northern frontier. They are a bold, fine-looking lot, these Pathans and Afridis. The Pathans are allied to the Afghans; and the Afridis are one of the large clans, or tribes, of the hills between India and Afghanistan.

Never have I seen, in one hour's walk, so many lean, upstanding, fearless-looking, fine-featured, eagle-eyed men, as in Peshawar and the Khaibar Pass. Their faces remind one of the faces of our own Indians of the North-west of twenty-five years ago, chiefs like Red-Cloud and Hollow-

Horn-Bear, whose faces were like reddish-brown masks of Dante or Savonarola.

Peshawar is the head-quarters of the first army division, and is in the extreme northern corner of India. It is the residence of the Chief Commissioner of the North-West Provinces. It is at the southern entrance to the Khaibar Pass, which is the narrow road through the mountains to Afghanistan. Twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays, the caravans go and come. Hundreds of camels, donkeys, and oxen, loaded with merchandise from Central Asia, from Afghanistan, from *Merve* and *Bokhara* and even beyond, choke the road. The British distribute a subsidy of about fifty thousand dollars a year among the headmen of these fighting tribes, in lieu of the loot that they took from the caravans in the old days; and for these two days in each week caravans are permitted to go and come in safety. The British have organized a force of some fifteen hundred men from these Afridis, nine hundred infantry, and six hundred cavalry, in charge of a dozen European officers, and they are the guardians of the Pass. It is a lonely business for the British officers who command these wild fellows at these outposts. They are not only the British pickets on the outermost frontier, they are the pickets for the whole white race, between

them and the Tartar and the Mongol; between Asia and Europe in short. Through this Khaibar Pass they have rushed the defences, these Persians, Tartars, Turks, Afghans, and Mughals, time and time again, and in every century down to this present century, and they are untamed still. The officers in these mountainous wilds may not even go out for a day's shooting without an armed escort.

When we left Peshawar to drive through the Pass, the officer with us carried his holsters with him; not that there is danger of a rising, or an outbreak, but these fanatical Muhammadans sometimes break out, one at a time, into hysterical religious rage, run amok, as it is called, and seek salvation by the murder of an infidel. It is a narrow road, and all along it on the hills above one sees at intervals the Afridi Rifles, stationed to guard the passing caravans. The camels shuffle along, their noses in the air, loaded with women and children, and all sorts of goods of every description. The donkeys too carry baskets filled with chickens, amongst other things; and women and children and chickens alike seem no more concerned than the people one sees in a passing train at home.

There are noise, and bustle, and dust, and shouting enough when the caravan from the north

meets and passes the caravan from the south; but camels, and donkeys, and bullocks, and sheep, and men, pass one another somehow in the clouds of dust, and come out of this moving cat's cradle each with his own. Boxes of tea, furniture, pans and kettles, and here and there a *Jewal*, or camel bag, one of the beautiful carpets made in *Merve* of silk and *Pashmina*, a kind of sheep; the wool being taken for these fine carpets only from the root part of the wool, may be seen, and perhaps bought, or perhaps an old *Pindi* carpet, and than these there is nothing finer of the kind in the world.

But it is only on Tuesdays and Fridays that this road is a safe and quiet place for the traffic and merchandise. On other days you go at your own risk. Family and tribal feuds have free play, at other times, and there is seldom a day when one or another is not taking a pot shot at an enemy; there the dogs of war, small though they be, are snarling, snapping, and biting all the time. The recruits for this corps of Afridi Rifles are drawn from men of different tribes, who forget their feuds for the time, but renew them diligently when they have a few weeks' leave.

An officer of high rank was leading some troops through the Pass on one occasion, when he was annoyed by a tribesman above the road who kept

abreast of them, and every now and then took a shot at them. One of the Afridi escort volunteered to hunt this man down, but the officer said no, it did not matter. At last a bullet struck so close that the officer's horse stumbled and nearly fell. Then the soldier was told he might go and try to track down the persistent marksman. In an hour or two, the escort saw a puff of smoke, and the man was seen to fall and roll down the cliff. The Afridi returned and reported. The officer complimented and thanked him. "Oh, that's nothing," replied the soldier, "I should not be worthy to serve the white king if I could not do that." Why was it so easy? he was asked. "Because that man up there himself taught me to track," he replied. "You knew him, then?" said the officer. "Oh, yes, I knew him. That was my father!"

They are indeed a wild community. Their women are slaves who are trafficked in like cattle. A man's father dies, for example, and the son puts up his mother and sisters at auction, as part of the estate. You see men working in the fields, or on the road, a gun slung over their shoulders, carried there as the safest place for it. Here and there are small fortresses of mud, where this family or that protects itself from attack, or sits watching an opportunity to bring down a passing ene-

my. I saw a long ditch leading from the road, and looking like the dry bed of a canal, and I was told that this was the ingenious path made by a certain householder to get to the road out of reach of his enemy's rifle, whose house was near by. It is veritably the last remaining cockpit of the world, these hills and mountain paths between northern India, and central Asia and Afghanistan.

The Amir of Afghanistan winks at the lawlessness, not altogether displeased to have these wild tribesmen between his dominions and the British. The Amir is an independent ruler, except that he may not make treaties or give franchises without the consent of the British Government.

It was from these wild fellows that the truly wonderful corps of "The Queen's Own Corps of Guides" was recruited. There are some fourteen hundred of them, infantry and cavalry, commanded by British officers and picked from the dare-devils of this devil's own country. There are Afridis, Pathans, Khuttucks, Sikhs, Punjabi Muhammadans, Punjabi Hindus, Gurkhas, Turcomans, Persian Farsiwans, Kabulis, and Dogras among them. Sir Henry Lawrence, of Lucknow fame, started the organization and gave it its name, and Harry Lumsden was their first commander. For sixty years they have deserved the confidence

and the hopes of their founder, by their loyalty, their daring, their trustworthiness; and as their founder was a Lawrence, one can hardly say more. When the Mutiny broke out they marched five hundred and eighty miles to Delhi, marching on an average twenty-seven miles a day, at the hottest time of year, through the hottest region on earth. As they neared the Ridge at Delhi after this almost unprecedented feat of endurance, a staff officer rode up and said: "How soon will you be ready to go into action?" "In half an hour," was the cheery answer of their commander, Daly; and in the fight that followed every British officer, including Daly, was killed or wounded.

> "And men in desert places, men
> Abandoned, broken, sick with fears
> Rose singing, swung their swords agen,
> And laughed and died among the spears."

Readers weary of the self-advertising crew of explorers, amateur soldiers, sportsmen, and politicians; weary too of even the gallant Sir Galahads of fiction; may turn to "The Story of the Guides," by one of their commanders, Younghusband, with promise of refreshment and encouragement. There are real men among us still, both brown and white, who not only do their duty without

making a fuss about it, but who die doing it; and their only reward is, that there is a gulp in the throat and a wetness about the eyelids as we read; and a tightening of the lips, and a prayer that we may do half as well, but, well or ill, that we may not be tempted into the maudlin modern malady of self-advertisement. It makes the chorus-girl posturings of many of our candidates for popular applause look shamefully ridiculous.

That Khaibar Pass is indeed "the way of sinners"; but the "Story of the Guides" shows how these very sinners may be made weapons, and ideally-tempered weapons, for the defence of the right, when they are disciplined and led by the right men.

Very different is this Muhammadan city of Peshawar from those villages in the Punjab. The streets are crowded with fierce-looking men, Kashmiris, Nepalese, Beluchis, Tibetans, Yarkandis, Bokhariots, and Turcomans, armed most of them, and in every kind of costume. They pour in here twice a week from Afghanistan, from the surrounding districts, and from central Asia; and you have seen something new indeed in the way of wild life from the top of the world, after a few hours among them. They have the look of men who depend upon their own prowess, and not upon the law, for their safety.

I stationed myself upon the top of the high city gate one morning, and watched the housekeeping in the town. Each house has a roofless room, with walls some ten feet high, and as you look down, you may see the women and children, the cats and pigeons, the sewing and washing, the combing of hair, and the home life of the whole population. The women and children, the cats and pigeons are there, but the men are in the streets; and to see the barber stropping his razor on his shin, and shaving a customer in the road, full of camels, goats, bullocks, carts, and pedestrians, is to see two men whose nerves must have been disciplined by much familiarity with cold steel.

The military is much in evidence here, and at a dinner at the house of the general commanding, one sees uniforms from every branch of the service, and medals won all over the world; and hears talk, and stories of the adventurous life of these frontiersmen of the Empire. I dance in the state quadrille with my host, the Chief Commissioner's wife, as my partner, and a crow one must look, indeed, in this crowd of brilliant uniforms. During these holiday weeks at Christmas-time, Peshawar, and Lahore, and Lucknow, where I happened to be, were gay indeed with dinners and dances, and polo and horse-shows, and one catches glimpses

now and then of some of the hangers-on of the official life here, who, having no duties and no responsibilities, furnish the gossip, scandal, and heart-burnings of the social life of India. "Do you see that woman?" said a bluff colonel to me at a certain dance. "Well, she ought to be deported." It was easy to see what he meant, particularly if you had met the lady at dinner. They drift out from England, through some attenuated connection with the civil or military life here, and some of them are odd specimens enough. Weather-beaten female warriors they look. One I can see now, in the twilight of her youth, a widow, grass or genuine I know not which, lean and tough of physique; no matter how long she stewed she would not make broth for a meal; with a prehensile smirk, as though she would fasten on to anybody. Indeed, watching her methods, I should not have been surprised, at any time, to see her take flight with a juicy subaltern dripping in her talons.

Harvard men may be surprised, as they will be proud to learn, that a Doctor of Philosophy of their making, an archæologist now in the employ of the British Government, has turned up here as the discoverer of the casket said to contain the bones of Buddha. It is a recent discovery, and one of the most important, and he brought it him-

self, and showed us the Greek designs, and the name of the Scythian King Kanishka upon it; Kanishka who ruled in north-east India about 40 A. D., and who was an enthusiastic disciple of Buddha, and who had the sacred books codified, after a great council of Buddhist priests and scholars, which he convened to discuss the matter. This learned enthusiast from Harvard represents the West in the East indeed, and with dignity.

During the greater part of one's wanderings in India, one sees little, and how wise it is that this is so, of the armed men who are the real grip on India; but as you travel north you see the bowstring drawn tauter and tauter, until here at Peshawar it is ready to let fly the arrow at any moment of the day or night; and from these frontier tribesmen themselves, is welded the arrowhead.

It is easy to understand the British respect, and even reverence, for health and character and courage. They are the foundations of his supremacy as a ruler at home, but particularly abroad. It is evident at once, out here, how useless is a weak man either physically or morally. No amount of mental brilliancy would compensate for the lack of physical staying power. The Indians understand these qualities

and trust them. The educated Indians have carried off many prizes in the way of intellectual feats of prowess, even at the English universities, and against the stoutest rivals, but they themselves recognize that the world rests upon the bulk and steadiness of the elephant, rather than upon the cunning of the fox; or as the Chinese would say, upon the tortoise, which they claim is one of the nine offspring of the dragon, and the emblem of strength.

Some of these dark people have the faces, and the port and carriage, of power; but it is hollow, the shadow of an inheritance not the real substance. It is as though the masks of warriors and sages were walking about untenanted. The character and power have become exhausted, leaving the husk of a great civilization gone to seed.

The hospitality of these Englishmen knows no bounds. Despite his crowd of guests at this holiday season, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab takes us in at Lahore; and the famous camel carriage, drawn by six trotting camels harnessed in pairs, each pair with a postilion, swings us away, soon after our arrival, at a good pace, to the polo ground. I have seen no polo anywhere, probably no one else has, comparable to the polo played by our American team when they won the

championship in London; but on these hard Indian grounds, mounted on thorough-bred ponies, the polo, played with sticks with whippier handles than ours, is an astonishing exhibition of speed. The Indian players, light and supple, seem to depend upon their wrists, and upon the resiliency of the shafts of their mallets, to send the ball along over the hard ground. The white and the brown play together. Here, as at home, the Englishman knows no class on the playground; the only distinction made is between the straight and the crooked, the skilful and the awkward.

It was here in Lahore that the British Empire's patriot poet, Kipling, began his work in the local newspaper office; and what I am now seeing all over India, of the cheery, stout-hearted civil and military officers, bred in him that flavor of virility which he has distributed for the white man's encouragement around the world.

The city was here before even Alexander the Great came; was in its glory when the lieutenants of the Great Mughals were its governors; was later the capital of the Sikh warriors, who gave the British the toughest resistance of all their fighting experiences in India, under their great commander Maharaja Ranjit Singh; and is now a city of two hundred thousand souls, living in

a space of some five hundred acres, surrounded by the remains of the old city wall.

The Lieutenant-Governor mounts me upon his elephant, for the narrow streets are too crowded for a carriage, and a foot-passenger would make his way but slowly; but "My Lord the Elephant," with his bell hanging from his neck, his trunk swinging from side to side, his great bulk shuffled along on his cushioned feet, needs no police nor outriders to make way for him. He is himself bigger than many of the shops and houses, and from his howdah you may see all the layers of domestic life on both sides of the streets, from the squatting merchant on the level of the door-sill, to the women and children above, and the son training his carrier-pigeons on the roof. Akbar, Jahangir, Shah Jahan, and Aurangzeb, all left monuments of their rule here; and when Shah Jahan was ruler in Delhi, and his Vizier, Wazir Khan, ruled in Lahore, were days of wealth and splendor; but the Sikh conqueror had no taste for these; he was, and is for that matter, a warrior, and most of the splendid monuments have crumbled and gone; and in their place are the broad avenues of the British residential quarters, with Government House, the English and Catholic cathedrals, and the fine buildings of the Aitchison College.

How the Mughal rulers, or Alexander the Great, would have stared in bewilderment had they seen what I saw in Lahore! First, early one morning I accompanied the Lieutenant-Governor to the grounds of Aitchison College, and saw the ceremony of the laying of two corner-stones, one for a Hindu temple, the other for a Sikh Dharmsala. The Aitchison College is a sort of public school for the education of the sons of chiefs, and as Hindu and Sikh are both represented, both are encouraged to have temples of their faith there. Later on that same morning, I was present at the opening of the first reform council, and heard the members sworn in and take the oath, some in the native language, but the majority in English. The reformed council here, as in other provinces of India, is a recent and far-reaching change, which permits a certain number of elected members, and also widens the scope of discussion to such an extent, that governors and lieutenant-governors will need the delicate diplomacy of skilful presiding officers, to expedite the business of their provinces. It is another burden, another demand for uncommon ability, and one wonders whether the breed of laborious archangels in Great Britain, is keeping up with the ever-increasing demands made upon it.

These things would have astonished Jahangir, but had he accompanied me to the prison, he would have been bewildered indeed. In Lahore is the central prison of the Punjab for long-sentence prisoners. It is situated in an airy, healthy spot, and its cleanliness and orderliness and air of comfort must make it a tempting place of residence, to natives accustomed to the village hut or the crowded bazaar. What a change from the dungeon, or a sack and the river; from the gibbet, or the crushing knees of an elephant, which were the swifter and surer methods of India's former rulers.

The Aitchison Chiefs' College takes its name from a former lieutenant-governor, and is intended for the training of the sons of the princes and chiefs of the Punjab. The buildings are in a fine park, and there are playing fields, stables, and gymnasium, and dining-rooms and dormitories. There are some eighty boys there now, ranging in age from eight to seventeen. They get, with modifications, the training of an English public-school boy. Some of them were strikingly handsome, with a look of breeding about them. They take to hockey, but not so well to the hurly-burly of foot-ball, the masters told me; and as in similar institutions in the West, the results are good in some cases, indifferent in others. The corner-

stone was only laid as lately as 1888, so that it is not fair, perhaps, to ask proof of the value of the college. India needs administrators, men who will devote themselves to the care and development of their own property, whether it be small or great; but the Indian Raja inclines to the military profession, and there he is shut off by the disinclination to let him rise to a grade where he would be given the task of commanding Europeans. This is one of the problems of administration in India: to know what to do with these young men, many of them wealthy and ambitious, but who are barred from holding the higher offices to which their rank and their preferences lead them.

The college; the swearing in of the reformed council; the prison; and the two temples side by side but of different faiths, are the monuments the British are setting up here, in the room of the mosques, and tombs, and palaces of dalliance, now in ruins, of their predecessors.

I visited the Rajput College founded by the Maharaja of Jaipur; the college at Amritsar, where stands also the Golden Temple, the centre of Sikh worship; the Daly College at Indore; and the Anglo-Muhammadan College at Aligarh, founded by Sir Syed Ahmad Khan, who seems to have been a broad-church Muhammadan; and the

college I have just mentioned. The reason underlying these foundations is broadly that the Indian youth, whether Rajput, Sikh, Muhammadan, or Hindu, may be trained as well as taught. In India, whatever the sect or caste, morality is based wholly upon religion; and bad as the results of education without religious teaching are proving themselves to be in the West, they are even worse in India. English rule to-day in India is suffering as much from that one fatal error as from all other causes put together. India is offered a strange and unsettling education, without any safeguards of moral discipline; and the Universities of Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Lahore, and Allahabad, which are mere examining bodies, with no provisions for moral or religious supervision, have spawned the scurrilous garrulity of the native press, and the spurious patriotism of the political murderer. This secular education of a race physically and morally feeble is only producing talkers and plotters, not doers. England is compromising in this matter, and letting her conscience play the fool. She is thrusting a thin secular education upon the unprepared and unstable, and turning out by the score weak fanatics and silly, would-be tyrants. Even those picked bands, the Pilgrims and the Puritans, misunderstood freedom in the beginning, and set

up a moral, religious, and social tyranny in New England almost unequalled in its severity. What is to be expected from the dregs of this washed-out Indian civilization, if such was the result among the very flower of the moral heroism of the seventeenth century! The Prince Agha Khan, who has succeeded Sir Syed Ahmad Khan as patron of the Muhammadan College at Aligarh, writes: "We want Aligarh to be such a home of learning as to command the same respect of scholars as Berlin or Oxford, Leipsic or Paris. Above all, we want to create for our people an intellectual and moral capital." This is ambitious, but it puts the emphasis where it belongs.

We live together in our closely packed modern society, first by virtue of our similarity of actions, next by our similarity of moral ideals, and only last by our similarity of intellectual development and tastes. This means that self-control and moral discipline are to be taught first, and book-learning last. The ability to read and to write is such a modern accomplishment among the masses, that we point to it as the cross of salvation in the sky: by this shall you conquer! But it is only because it is an untried remedy. It is working untold evil among the superficially educated; and even the man of letters is but a girlish personage, unless he escapes from the tyranny of

books, and beats his learning into sword or ploughshare upon the rough anvil of the world of men. The freedom of libraries to the mentally unstable is as dangerous as the freedom of the city to the morally unsound; and this littering of the land with libraries will one day be looked upon not as a charity, but as a folly; and the liberty to do so will be as carefully restricted as the starting of national banks.

But if we are to see anything of this many-shaded rainbow life of India, we may not halt too long over the discussion of these matters. We must be off now to pay visits to His Highness the Maharaja of Kapurthala, and His Highness the Maharaja of Patiala. We are whisked away from the station at Katarpur in motor-cars seven miles to Kapurthala, the State of some six hundred and fifty square miles, and three hundred thousand people, of a native prince, who has turned to France rather than to England, for his training and amusements. The guest-house is well furnished, lighted by electricity, supplied with open fires, and stands in a park of its own, not far from the palace. The palace where we dine in the evening is only just finished, built on a French model and furnished in the most luxurious and finished taste. It is much the finest modern building of its kind in India, and one of

the finest in the world, and France may well be proud of this, her most imposing modern monument in India. I took in to dinner the famous Spanish beauty, who is the Prince's lately married wife. The dinner was served in European fashion, with one dish, a Kapurthala curry, that would have won praise from Brillat-Savarin himself. If I were an Indian rival to the throne, destined to die, I should ask to have the diamond-dust given me in that curry.

The next day, after a ride before breakfast, the stables, the law-courts, the treasury are visited, winding up with a presentation to, and a chat with, the Maharaja's council. In the afternoon we go to the palace for tea and tennis, and the Maharaja proves himself no mean opponent with the racquet.

My host furnishes a regiment of infantry to the Imperial Service troops, and Colonel Asgar Ali, his commander-in-chief, gives me a rare treat the next day. We have a sham-fight. A distant village is to be taken, and next to fighting yourself, being umpire is the choice post. We galloped about for hours watching the men work, my companion suggesting and advising, the rifles popping away with blank cartridges, and finally a wild charge against the village defences, the call: "Cease firing"; and barring a few bruises,

we start back, to the music of a first-rate drum and fife corps, none of us the worse, all of us the better, indeed, for the vigorous exercise.

I suppose one could interest oneself in the administration of a small far-away State like this of Kapurthala, and keep oneself busy; but it is not a job the average Oriental cares for. All these States are to all intents and purposes insured by the British, which makes for irresponsibility in the rulers. Many of them lapse into dissipation, and long for the change travel in Europe affords. Few of them realize that luxury is the most uncomfortable thing in the world; indeed it is only a few intelligent men in the West, who have discovered it, and who strive to keep themselves hard, as a mere matter of daily comfort.

Our own millionaires drape themselves in the costly artistic spoils of Europe, and cushion their women and themselves in over-ornamented palaces, breed a few forlorn spenders; and one finds the frayed fringes of the third and fourth generations strewn about the capitals of Europe, or comfortably potted in club windows at home. One should not be too hard upon the Oriental princes therefore. The inequalities of wealth are the more exasperating when they are new. Possessors of wealth without traditions, and without responsibilities, and without distinguished mental

or moral attributes, lend themselves easily to the onslaughts of the discontented, and of the social and economic fanatics. We must agree that mere spending power, unrelieved by grace or graciousness, is a vulgar thing, and not easy to defend; but one should not lose one's temper over it. The most salient feature of our American life, to many on-lookers, seems to be our millionaires. But look at their descendants! Could there be a more ludicrous outcome of great endeavor! The mountain and the mouse indeed!

One is dismayed at the lack of healthy humor in Americans, that they do not see that the millionaire as an individual is almost more heavily handicapped than anybody else, so far as the perpetuation of his power is concerned. The shirt-sleeves are hardly covered by a coat, the table-knife introduced to a fork, the illiteracy concealed by a layer of polite usages, before the descendants, fatuous, foul, or foolish, are on their way back to the shirt-sleeves, the unaccompanied knife, and the unformed manners, speech, and writing. This phase of our civilization calls not for spiteful envy, not even for laughter, though it is hard to repress it, but for pity. At any rate it gives us no vantage-ground for criticism of the East.

His Highness the Maharaja of Patiala, who governs a state of five thousand square miles in

area, and a population of a million and a half, is one of the younger princes and only lately come to the throne. He had one wife before he came into power in October, 1909; since then he has exercised the privilege of his faith, and married two more. I arrived as his guest, in time to be present at a banquet given in the great Durbar Hall of his capital, in honor of the birthday of the Maharani. The hall was entirely lighted by more than two thousand candles, in huge glass candelabra twenty-five feet high. The meal was served in courses, by a small army of servants, and the very good native band played familiar European airs, and even one or two of our darky Southern songs, and played them well. Seated beside the Diwan, or minister of finance of His Highness, I asked whose birthday was being celebrated and toasted, but even he did not know which one! There were of course no native women present. Here as elsewhere in India no woman of rank is supposed to show herself in public. Indeed it is the common custom among Hindus as well as among Muhammadans, as soon as a man has sufficient means to enable him to support the women of his family in idleness, to permit them, and the women themselves are more eager for it than the men, to adopt the Muhammadan custom of *Purdah*, to retire to the

Zenana, or women's quarters, and only appear in public with the face covered. We have a similar custom in the West of keeping our women in idleness; but we exploit a startling amount of their persons, at public and private entertainments, as an ornamental compensation, I suppose, for their isolation from many forms of useful activity. That universal prayer-book of the West, the only prayer-book indeed loved and pondered over by both the pious and the proud, "The Imitation," says: "Be not familiar with any woman; but commend all good women in general to God."

An officer of the household drove me about the capital the next day, and showed me the Maharaja's jewels and treasury, and the great diamond valued at a quarter of a million of dollars. Though the Prince himself is a Sikh, this officer was a Mussulman, and claimed that the cleavage among the people of India, and the consequent racial jealousies, have increased since the British domination. They have fostered these jealousies, he said, that the resultant antagonisms may protect them. He agreed, as did every intelligent man I met in India, for that matter, that India needs British rule, and respects British rule, but dislikes the arrogance, selfishness, and coldness of the Englishman.

The State of Patiala supplies a force of nearly two thousand men to the Imperial Service troops, and one day they were marched out and put through their paces, and finally marched past for me to review. Young Prince Hitendra of Kooch Behar, who was also a guest at this time, and who had his string of polo ponies with him, mounted me on Straight Shot—one remembers the name even, of so good a mount as that—and we had a fine day with the troops. One may go far to find smarter light cavalry than these Sikh lancers of Patiala. A long row of lancers galloped up, dismounted, pulled their horses to the ground where they lay stock still. Another and then another galloped up behind and performed the same manœuvre; as each man dismounted he lifted his horse's near fore-leg, then tightened the right rein, and down he went, and there he stayed without a motion; looking carefully I saw not a single horse rebel. At the sound of a whistle they rose together, and were off like a flight of birds.

The next day I had another of the days in India to be marked with a white stone. We were driven in motor-cars out to a wide plain, with clumps of trees dotted about, but the whole surrounded by dense woods. On our arrival we were greeted by what I took to be a whole vil-

lage. There were elephants, camels, bullock-carts, five hundred mounted troops, and an army of beaters on foot. Their task was to form a ring around the wide open space, and to drive the wild boars out into the open. We mounted, I was given a long spear, and told briefly how to use it, and what dangers to avoid, and off we trotted: His Highness, one or two native officers, the Resident, Major Molyneux of the Imperial Service troops, Prince Hitendra, and I.

I remember when I first saw fat pheasants, walking about in their preserve on a large estate in England, that I thought pheasant-shooting must be an easy game enough. I also remember that when I began shooting, as they came like bullets over the tree-tops, high in the air, that I revised completely my estimate of the skill required in that sport.

When you are mounted on a fast thorough-bred pony, with six feet of steel-pointed spear in your hand, and set out for the first time to go pig-sticking, you feel rather sorry for the pig. But when two or three hundred pounds of wild boar, with a hide like a rhinoceros, curling tusks, and muscles of wire and rawhide, shoots by in front of your galloping pony, turning, twisting, charging across you, and even at you, here again the game in reality is far different from what your ignorance had pictured.

It was not long before, blown, hot, and tired, I felt no compunction about sticking a pig, if I could get near one, and all sympathy was for myself. To part company with your saddle, and to fall near these erinaceous brigands, is to be ripped from thigh to chin by their sharp tusks before there is time for rescue. This happens now and again, and probably if it did not happen no one would go pig-sticking. You think of that when you are still cold in the saddle; just as the stone walls, and mud fences, and ditches of Tipperary County, Ireland, seem formidable before you get warmed up, and then you either take them with your horse, or in a "voluntary" without him, but never with much thought of their size. So too you forget their tusks, and thick hides, and their unparalleled ability to "buck the line," and their awe-inspiring dentition, when you have speared over, and under, one or two of these wild boars; and you shut your teeth, and take another grip of your spear, and settle yourself more firmly in your saddle, and swoop down upon another boar scuttling away, as though his death were a patriotic demand, or the ideal of some high though ferocious standard of duty.

I took things quietly at first, watching the old hands at the game, and then I tried my hand, once, twice, three times, and failed. It was no fault of the pony who followed these bristling,

dodging, and ferocious polo balls as though they were only wooden; he knew the game well enough, and perhaps deserves more credit than I for the pig I finally brought down.

As I am telling the story, I might properly enough enlarge upon this pig, as he was the first and last, and probably the only one, I shall ever spear. He was not one of the largest killed that day, but he was the only one that went down from one spear thrust, not to rise again. He ought to have had the spear behind the shoulder, but he got it behind the left ear; like so many neophytes I appeared more skilful than I was. At this game the man who gets his spear into the pig first is by courtesy his slayer, but it is rare that one, or even half a dozen spear thrusts, are enough. They keep going until the steel reaches a vital part, and they give and take no quarter. His Highness presented me with my spear at the close of the day's sport, and both spear and boar's head are here to look up at on the wall as years go by; and by the time the grandchildren are old enough to ask what it is, that boar will have grown to be a very large, and a very fierce boar indeed! When we returned to the motor-cars we found a large square tent carpeted with rugs, furnished with chairs and tables, and a hot luncheon ready for us. Tents go up and come down in India as

easily apparently as we open and shut an umbrella.

> But that is but a Tent wherein may rest
> A Sultan to the realm of Death addrest;
> The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
> Strikes and prepares it for another guest.

The Imperial Service troops date from 1888, when the native chiefs offered to share in the defence of the Empire. The irregular and undisciplined forces of the native states were organized into smaller bodies, to be trained under the supervision of British officers, who now number twenty-one. The strength of these bodies of troops amounts to twenty thousand men of whom two thousand eight hundred belong to the transport trains. The polo-playing and horse-loving Maharaja of Jodhpur furnishes a regiment of lancers; the desert state of Bikaner, a camel-corps which has seen service in Africa and China; I spent a morning looking over the train of transport carts of the Jaipur state; Kapurthala furnishes infantry, and Patiala light cavalry; and all of these corps are officered and commanded by men of their own neighborhood, with the Maharaja in each case as commander-in-chief.

Once a year the athletic contingents from these corps come together for the annual athletic meet-

ing. The meeting of 1910 was held in the native state of Her Highness Sultan Begum, the present Nawab of Bhopal, who rules over an area of seven thousand square miles and a population of six hundred and seventy thousand. It was through the good offices of Major-General F. H. R. Drummond, the hard-working Inspector-General of these Imperial Service troops, that I was invited by Her Highness to be her guest during the week. Her Highness, and Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, are the only women ruling States in the world to-day. Far apart as are the Muhammadan Begum and the Protestant Queen, they are equally respected and beloved. My crust of provincial ignorance was badly cracked, when at my first interview with the Begum, covered from head to foot, and with only the shine of her eyes visible through the two slits in her head-covering, she discussed with me the comparative value of tutors, schools, or kindergarten methods for her grandchildren; and on the other hand averred solemnly that the illness of one of her sons was undoubtedly due to the comet, of which there was much talk at the time. She had made the pilgrimage to Mecca and when her party was attacked in the desert, by a roving band of Arabs, she took command of her own forces and drove off the attack-

ing party with loss to them. I was presented with several volumes written by her, with her autograph on the title-pages; and the census, and the vital and other statistics of her State are admirably compiled, as the volume before me as I write confirms.

To arrive at your host's railway station after midnight is awkward for both host and guest as a rule; but not so here. Hundreds of troops, and their officers, and forty to fifty European guests were received and taken care of for this week; and when I appeared upon the platform at Bhopal, I was at once taken in charge by an officer, who handed me an addressed envelope, telling me where my quarters were, the hours for meals, the times of the arrival and departure of mails and trains, and a programme of the week's doings and entertainments. The Germans could not have done it better. I was undeservedly honored by having luxurious quarters in the bungalow of the Inspector-General.

It was a jolly crowd of officers and their wives when we met at luncheon and dinner; but it was a hard-worked lot of men who supervised, umpired, and directed the sports, which went on hour after hour from daylight till dark. Polo, hockey, running-races, broad and high jumping, obstacle races, and exercises on the horizontal

and parallel bars, and other games and sports were included in the programme. When it is considered that the track was by no means as perfect as ours, these records are not bad: Hundred yards, 10⅘ seconds; mile, 4:50¾ minutes; three miles, 15:45⅘ minutes; high jump, 5 ft. 4 in. As for the obstacle race, it was the severest test of the kind I have ever seen or heard of. It included among other things rope-climbing, in and out of the windows of a house, a terrible bit of artificial jungle, a tent to go through, a wooden wall fifteen feet high, a broad and deep water-jump, and a long run home. I doubt if our best men at this game would have a chance against these Indians.

There are men from as far north as Kashmir, and men from the south, east, and west, and you realize the vastness, and the differences of races of India, when you see them here together. Everything goes smoothly, not a hitch that I saw; but it must entail a tremendous amount of work for the British officers, who train the men, superintend the meeting, teach fair-play, and whose cheery authority keeps the peace, without which there would surely be a dozen riots a day between these rival bands of different races.

On the last afternoon of the games Her Highness presented the prizes, and great was the applause as the various winners appeared. When

the winning polo team was called, there was some delay and running about, and at last only two of the four presented themselves. I learned afterwards that the other two were at their prayers when they were called, and refused to be disturbed even by this great honor of receiving prizes from a Muhammadan ruler. Some of us perhaps take our devotions thus seriously, but not many, I fear!

On the last day of the meeting we were invited to the palace for a garden-party, and entertained with music, shooting at clay pigeons, at a target with the rifle, a sumptuous tea, and presented when we left with gold and silver tissue garlands hung round our necks by the hostess, and *atta* and *pan*, the mark of Oriental courtesy, consisting of sweetmeats and the sprinkling of our handkerchiefs with perfume. After our final dinner the Begum drove over with an escort of lancers, and read us a graceful little speech of congratulation and farewell.

The next visit to Colonel Daly, the Resident in charge of the native chiefs of central India, at Indore, brought the unique pleasure of finding that my hostess was an American. This proved a busy centre of activity, and I had the good fortune to arrive in time for a meeting of the native chiefs, interested in the building and management

of the Daly Chiefs' College, named after the present Resident's father. The masters are carefully chosen from the English public schools and universities; and here too they are bulwarking education, with training by example, in character and self-discipline.

The energetic physician of this district, with his hospitals, dispensaries, training-school for nurses, bacteriological laboratory, and his students, made the remark, which I quote as conveying by an apt illustration my own general impression of Indian intellectual ability. "The Indian students are quick and clever," he said; "they have memory. If told a man has pneumonia, they can rattle off the symptoms, but if told certain symptoms, they cannot as readily name the disease. They are poor diagnosticians." They lack the courage which welcomes responsibility, and the confidence which names because it knows, here as in other departments in which they serve. The Englishmen are the real vertebræ of India, and you see it well illustrated here at Indore, at Bhopal, and elsewhere.

The Maharaja Tukoji Rao Holkar Bahadur of Indore, a neighbor of Colonel Daly, gave me a day's shooting for black buck; and I have a twenty-one inch head as a companion for the wild boar from Patiala. But it is terribly hot on

the plains around Indore where the black buck roam. Owing to the fact that a rifle went wrong, and kept missing fire, I was delayed and did the bulk of my hunting between the hours of eleven and two. First a motor-car took me out to the plains, there the Maharaja's *shikari* met me with ponies, and after a few miles on the ponies we mounted a bullock-cart, which is less likely to frighten the game. First the rifle missed, and then I missed. Finally a servant went off and returned with a rifle of the Maharaja, and a perfect little weapon it was. I had tired myself, and probably the *shikari*, when a buck leaped in the air, and with a second shot dropped. The first shot had merely taken a bit of hide off the top of his shoulders, and as he sprang into the air the second went through his heart. As in the case of the boar, I had better luck than my skill deserved, for the buck had practically jumped into that second bullet. They are quick, and shy, and small, these animals, and like so many other games it looks a lot easier than it is.

At a garden-party given for the chiefs the next afternoon I saw a variety of costumes, a wealth of color, and a procession of old-fashioned manners and customs in the persons of the chiefs. One fine-looking old fellow I can see now. His whiskers were curled around his ears, a jade-

handled knife was in his belt, and he was followed wherever he went by three servitors, one carrying his hookah, another his sword, and the third his gun. He maintained the state of a time when every man went armed; just as we still have two buttons on our coats, at the small of the back, which are merely the relics of the time when our fathers buttoned back their coat-tails that they might both walk and draw their swords more easily. Other chiefs more modern in costume and manner played tennis; some were poor, while one of them, Colonel Maharaja Sir Madho Rao Sindhia, governs the state of Gwalior, twenty-nine thousand square miles in area, with a population of three million five hundred thousand, and with revenues of four or five millions of dollars. He is one of the richest, as he is one of the most conscientious and hard-working princes in India. My next visit, of only two days, was to him.

Neither space nor the interest of my readers permit detailed descriptions of this and other visits. I shall never forget, however, the magnificent creature who was detailed to meet me at the station at Gwalior. He was a good-looking man to begin with, of slender build and medium height. His coat was a tight-fitting affair of pale pink silk, shot with blue, his trousers were skin-tight

and of white linen. A gold-embroidered waistcoat showed at his throat, and around his neck was a string of uncut emeralds, all of a size, and each as big as a pigeon's egg. Around his wrists were strings of large diamonds, and hanging from the top of his right ear were three pear-shaped pearls. He wore the turban peculiar to Gwalior, of scarlet with a peak in the centre of gold-threaded embroidery, and sewn with jewels. What a sight a great Durbar in India must be when these hundreds of princes and their escorts, all in their bravest costumes, march past on elephants and horses! Millions of value in embroideries, in jewels, in horse and elephant harness, some of the elephants even, with bangles of precious stones, silver horn cases for the bullocks, and gold-embroidered cloths; howdahs of gold and silver, and gold and silver cannons even; what barbaric splendor it must be! It was dazzling enough to have here and there such glimpses of it as I had.

They were very differently clothed, were the next gentlemen who entertained me. Colonel Deare, and the officers of the Eighth Hussars, out for a week of exercise at manœuvres, with other troops in their dusty khaki uniforms, living in tents, and in the saddle from dawn till dark, were smart enough in their mess dress at dinner;

but they were more useful-looking than ornamental when at work. Those were glorious days to me, galloping about, and watching the various arms of the service, artillery, cavalry, and infantry, native and European, at work together. Who would not be a cavalryman, when two hundred of them dash from an ambush across the plains, and swoop down upon the guns; or a gunner, when they gallop up, swing around, unlimber the guns, and begin pounding away; or an infantryman prone on the ground ready to blaze into a line of fire when the enemy is near enough, or on his feet, bayonet fixed, waiting for the word to charge! It is these few moments in the life of the fighting man which make him forget the drab dreariness of hunger, and thirst, and exposure, and wounds, and heat, and cold, and prison, and death, which, after all, make up the warp and woof of war; those shining minutes of excitement are only the scant embroidery of the cloth.

They are a sensible race, these Britons! It was hard work, and dusty, thirsty work they were doing, and there was no saving of themselves while doing it; but every comfort that health requires they had in their camp; and though my taste in such matters may be at fault, I was never happier during all my stay in India than when

I was living under canvas, with civil or military officials; roasting if you please at mid-day, and freezing at midnight; but with just that combination of hardship and comfort which keeps a man, a man; and neither a boor on the one hand, nor a mollycoddle on the other.

I trotted back into Lucknow, through the crowded streets of the bazaars, to be greeted by some days of excitement very different from the sober discipline of the military camp. An unusual number of police were about, drawn from the country districts, and I soon saw that they were not there without reason. It was the season of the Mussulman festival of Muharram.

There are two principal sects of Islam, the Sunis and the Shiahs. The Shiahs are the less numerous, and the head-quarters of the sect are in Persia. Lucknow, once the capital of the Nawabs of Oudh, still celebrates the festival as an occasion for marking the distinction, because these Nawabs were of the Shiah sect, and the Shiahs are still more numerous and powerful here than in any other part of India.

The first three successors of Muhammad were selected by the faithful without regard to the claims of Ali, his son-in-law; and Ali only succeeded to the fourth vacancy. The two sons of Ali, Hassan and Hussain, were killed by a rival,

fighting bravely at the battle of Kerbela. The sect of the Sunis accept the first three; but the sect of the Shiahs reject them, and look upon the two sons of Ali as the great martyrs of their faith. They were preparing to commemorate this martyrdom when I returned to Lucknow. When the day came the whole city, as it seemed to me, turned itself into a procession. Shrines made of paper, bamboo and tinsel, some small, carried by a single person; others huge affairs, carried by a dozen men, were borne along, the crowd marching far out into the country, where these shrines were solemnly interred. Various features of the tragic history of the death of Hassan and Hussain are represented during the procession and at the interment; and every now and again the procession halted, while an excited orator rehearsed some portion of the story. They marched, shouting the names of the martyrs, beating their breasts, throwing dust on their heads, they are all bareheaded on this occasion, weeping and wailing. One group carried what looked like short flails, and to the ends of the cords were tied knife-blades; these they whirled around their heads, bringing them down on their shoulders and backs, which were streaming with blood.

This was not a procession of boys, or of hysterical youths and women, but of grown men, many

of whom were pointed out to me as men of standing in the community. To see a group of these men stop, and burst into groans, tears, and wild cries of grief; to see their breasts bruised, and in some cases the skin broken, by the beating from their fists; to see them covered with blood, dust, and sweat, their faces haggard, their eyes blazing with excitement; to hear one of them recite part of the tale of woe, his eyes streaming with tears and his voice choked with emotion; and the tale punctuated with wild cries and shrieks and lusty pummelling of the breast on the part of his hearers, while little children and old women threw dust on their own and each other's heads, is the most amazing spectacle of religious enthusiasm that one may see anywhere in the world to-day. This is the kind of man, this is the quality of human stuff, which spread like lava over Arabia, Egypt, Spain, up to the very gates of France, and burst through the Afghan passes and conquered India. One readily understands why. Apparently the faith is still alive, sincere, and as ready for the torch to light it against the infidel as ever. They abhor pig, insist upon the rite of circumcision, ignore the bondage of caste, and with sword and crescent crumpled up almost the whole of the fighting world at one time, declaring: there is one God, Muhammad is his prophet, and we are the

chosen people, with a paradise of delights awaiting us as a recompense for our slaughter of the infidel and the idolater.

One in every five of the population of India is a Mussulman, and the British King-Emperor rules over more Mussulmans than even the Sultan of Turkey. This frenzied crowd is tuned up to a delicate pitch of excited sectarianism; and their rivals the Sunis, and the Hindus, generally offer cause for fighting before the day is over; and sometimes, as lately in Bombay, actual riots, which call for the intervention of the police and the shooting of the rioters. It is hard to believe that these men, cutting their backs with knives, and beating their breasts to a pulp with their fists, over a question of Caliphic succession a thousand years old, are the fathers and brothers and cousins of the cricket-playing students at Aligarh. It is hard to believe that those worshippers in the gloomy temple at Benares are in any way related to the distinguished and learned judge in the court at Bombay. It is hard to believe that those catechists crowding into the Golden Temple at Amritsar are cousins of the Sikh ruler who knows his Paris better than most Parisians; harder still to reconcile the facts that the pink pasteboard uniformity of Jaipur, and the tawdry architectural decadence of Lucknow, are phases of the

same civilization which built the Pearl Mosque at Delhi, the Taj at Agra, the great red sandstone fort of Akbar, and the town of Fatehpur-Sikri. Only India has the right to be called the land of contrasts.

IX

JOHN CHINAMAN AND OTHERS

IF the only impressions of India one carried away were received on entering India as the guest of the Governor of Bombay, and on leaving India as the guest of the Viceroy at Calcutta, and during the six months between as the guest of English and Indian officials and potentates, the American would have only a tale to tell of wonders and splendors, and of a hospitality as kindly as it was brilliant.

But India is a land of "braided light and gloom." Close beside the beautiful temple are creatures fantastically deformed; there are no such exotically magnificent princes, and no such millions living from hand to mouth; no mortal succeeds as does the Indian Yogi, who has acquired Yoga or union with the Divinity, in divorcing body and soul, and no other land has such a swarm, estimated at five million, of beggars; there is no such practical exponent of peace as the orthodox Jain, no such ruffian as the untrained Bhil; there is no land, I believe, gov-

erned by such self-sacrificing rulers, and ruling over such ignorant multitudes; there is no land where you may see a picked man of our race, soldier, sportsman, administrator, the best we have produced in short in the matter of manhood, and beside him our best expression of dignified womanhood; and not far away an Indian fakir naked, painted, covered with dust and vermin, illustrating the disorderliness of fanatical ignorance.

I had had some six months of this "braided light and gloom" when I arrived at Calcutta as the guest of the Viceroy who had had five years of it. The Viceroy and the Governors of provinces are not permitted to leave India during their term of office, and five years of Indian climate and Indian responsibility is killing work. If there be faults and mistakes in the administration of India, India has taken toll in the health and lives of those who have governed her. Lord Minto has not taken his duties lightly, and I can fancy that he looks back upon his daring feats as a horseman, as to the risks of the nursery, compared to his burdens as Viceroy of India.

Fast mail steamers and the telegraph, and a fussy Secretary of State for India, and back of him the ignorant prying of representatives who

wish his administration no good, may make a present-day governor the most governed man in the whole dependency he is supposed to govern. England has produced many men and still possesses a few, who decline to be governed governors. That type of man founded, fought for, freed, and made both England and America what they are. You have only to walk about Calcutta to see that England has, however unwillingly, let it be known that the unlearned, the untravelled, the superficial are in control at home. Though the *working* man, why he arrogates to himself that title I am always at a loss to understand, may be getting even more than his rights at home, his short-sighted shrewdness there, may be losing him his markets abroad. Indeed, that is what is actually happening. They are even now grinding Manchurian wheat with Chinese labor at Woosung. A steamship line carries pig-iron from the Yellow River to Seattle; and they are making shoes at Cawnpore with American machinery. Both Peking and Mukden are to have a water supply. They are getting on!

Coming as I did from the north of India, the scarcely veiled impudence, the assertion of equality and independence, the ugly temper of the Bengali were not only evident, they were ob-

trusive in Calcutta. Here you see the ullage of the cask of India, and it is gaseous as might be expected, and ever ready to be touched into explosiveness.

There can be nothing more dangerous in dealing with a population such as this, than to give the impression that the man sent to rule has a string tied to him, which may be jerked from London. I have no means of knowing whether this supposition is true or not true; but that it is firmly believed by the Indian politicians and their followers there is no doubt; and that it puts the ruler in a cruelly embarrassing position goes without saying. Lord Minto's administration has nevertheless persisted in reforms, persisted in the optimistic view, and resisted the temptation to panicky repression; but that is because Lord Minto himself is a brave man.

As I have pointed out elsewhere, the Indian only recognizes readily power that is autocratic and personified in one man. When that power is interfered with from unknown sources it confuses him, and his violence is as often as not the result of his confusion. If the British Government does not trust the viceroy sufficiently to let him alone, the Indians will go still further, as they have done, and throw stones at his motor-car, and then bombs at himself and his wife, and

the six hundred members of Parliament are more to blame than the three hundred millions of India. If one reads Morley's "Life of Burke," with its bitter attacks upon Clive and Hastings, one may find therein, though it be far distant, not a little light thrown upon certain phases of recent Indian administration. I can speak with authority only upon one matter. Of the hospitality dispensed at Government House, and at Barrackpur, the country residence of the Viceroy, I may write with the pleasantest memories; and in candor rather than in compliment one must congratulate the English people that they have a woman to send abroad, as the consort of the representative of their king, so queenly in manner and appearance, as their representative who was my hostess in Calcutta.

Calcutta with its million inhabitants, its large seaport trade, its public buildings, fine clubs, and beautiful race-course, perhaps the best-equipped in the world, even the garden-party I attended, given by the Lieutenant-Governor, with the variety of costumes and races assembled there, proved to me how soon the eye becomes dulled and the interest languorous. I had seen so much, that Calcutta seemed commonplace, though I know well that it is not. What the experienced Anglo-Indians, on the ship which

carried us to India, told me of Bombay, and which my unaccustomed eyes found to be quite untrue, in Bombay, I experienced in Calcutta. The strange features and figures, the moving mass of color were dulled by the film of experience which had grown over my eyes. It may be too that months of travel, where both mind and body are travelling, and where the experiences are novel and the contrasts so striking; where one shifts from a palace to a tent, and from philosophy to pig-sticking all within a few hours, teach the impression-receiving parts of mind and body to defend themselves by becoming more opaque. It was almost with a sigh of relief that I dropped into my deck-chair early one morning on the steamer, on my way to Rangoon.

> On the road to Mandalay,
> Where the flyin'-fishes play,
> An' the dawn comes up like thunder, outer' China 'cros't the bay.

It is getting on toward April, and the moist heat, even lolling on the deck of a moving steamer, makes pulp of a man; only the mosquitoes make him realize his manhood. Mosquitoes have their place in the world. It is their function to prove to man that no discomfort is com-

plete without them. I was even too lackadaisical to do more than to smile weakly, when the menu of the first day's luncheon informed me that the only hot dish was grilled pork chops, British gastronomics undefiled! Add to this kind of fare the mental pabulum of a loquacious and facetious skipper, and you have a ship which christens herself the "Emetic," whatever her name registered at Lloyd's may be.

Whether it was because I had just left the sombreness of India, the contrast with Burma was all in Burma's favor. I have chatted with Indians who laughed and joked, with others who had a certain dreamy humor, but India as a whole, as a composite, leaves the impression of being solemn and sullen. There is more laughter and gayety in Rangoon in one afternoon than in all India in a week. The Burmese are the Parisians of the East. As I look back from a distance, India seems sober even to sullenness; Burma gay and bright; Japan eager, curious, superficial; and the Chinese, strange to say, though proud and indifferent, the forceful and competent people of the East. Sir Robert Hart writes of them: "Pride of race, pride of intellect, pride of civilization, pride of supremacy, in its massive and magnificent setting of blissful ignorance." Once they break through this

shell of satisfied ignorance, and take to modern methods of agriculture, commerce, and warfare, the East will come into her own again indeed. Just now, we are hearing much of Asia for the Asiatics, with Japan in control of the movement. The little boy Japan may have this huge yellow puppy at the end of a string now, but there will be some awful tumbles for him when the puppy grows up.

The Chinese are very much in evidence whereever one goes, all the way round the coast from Calcutta via Rangoon, Penang, Singapore, Hongkong, and as far east and north as the borders of Russian Asia. He is industrious, often prosperous, sometimes rich. Here in Burma he is a favorite in the matrimonial market, as he is all through the East. He may not appeal to us as a lady's man exactly, but he is greatly fancied by the Burmese, and the women all through the Straits Settlements and elsewhere. He supports his wife which is considered a negligible duty by both the Burmese and the Malays. In Rangoon with a population of 230,000 there are 77,000 Hindus, 40,000 Muhammadans, and some 15,000 Chinese. Like the Parsis in Bombay they seem much more numerous than they are. Certain races have the faculty of multiplying their visibility. It is almost impossible to

believe that there are less than a million Jews in America, and less than eleven million in all the world; and much the same is true of the Parsis in India. By their industry, their clannishness, their pre-eminence in all matters dealing with money, their facility in adapting themselves to the rapid changes in the financial and commercial temperature, they have won for themselves a prominence out of all proportion to their numbers. The Chinese emigrants in Burma and elsewhere in the Far East show something of the same qualities. They are the money-changers, and the trusted handlers of money in the banks, offices, and commercial houses throughout the Far East, and even to a limited extent in Japan.

There is no caste system, no seclusion of the women in Burma, and they seem a happy, lazy, color-loving lot, short and thick-set in build, with a certain flatness of feature that marks their kinship to the Mongolian. The men wear their hair long, and are without hair on their faces; and the women are shopkeepers and are seen everywhere, in the streets and bazaars and at the temples, free and busy, and judging from their expression, light-hearted, marking a change and making a change in the street life, from that of India, as from beetles to butterflies.

Every civilization in the East is old as we mark the passage of time, but as compared with the others, India seems rather aged than old. These merry people in Burma, the busy people in Japan, the industrious and cheerful Chinese, all seem young by comparison. In this rich soil and overwhelming vegetation, in this land of jade and amber and rubies and teak-wood, with its twenty million acres of forests of all kinds of valuable hard-woods, with its eleven thousand acres of rice fields, getting a living is not a difficult matter; and the Burmese men, at any rate, scorn superfluous industry.

Here too is the home of Buddhism, pagodas and monasteries are everywhere, and so far as my experience goes, everywhere the monks are affable and hospitable. To build a new pagoda is a charity deemed by the Burmese to be an act more sure of reward in the future life than any other; while to repair an old pagoda carries no weight at all with those who mete out salvation. As a consequence pagodas with their fringes of bells, and their umbrella tops, dot every hillside and every conspicuous bit of landscape.

Every Burmese is supposed to shave his head, don the saffron-colored robe, and become a monk for a certain time, which accounts for the

very youthful appearance and the rather merry holiness of many of the neophytes whom I met. The monks are supported by the voluntary contributions of the people, and in return they constitute themselves the school-teachers of the land. The monasteries are as a rule built upon piles, and are always of one story, since it is considered derogatory to a priest that any one shall live above him. I was told that the population is more superstitious than Buddhistic in feeling. The spirits of rivers, mountains and forests, called *Nats*, are continually and carefully propitiated by most of the people who, not differing greatly from disciples of what are deemed higher forms of religion, are more conspicuous in their loyalty to the powers that be, than obedient to the mandates of the unseen and distant. We might ourselves conceive of the powers of nature as worthy of worshipful reverence if we lived in Rangoon, where the rainfall averages ninety inches per annum.

The good folk of Boston may be disturbed to learn that in the palace at Mandalay there is a high seven-storied gilded spire over the throne, which the Burmese claim is the centre of the universe, or ὀμφαλος γῆς, as they would phrase it in Boston. Not being a Bostonian, I made no comment, but I make no doubt the Burmese

would recognize the absurdity of their pretension if the rival claim were properly presented.

What Taine wrote of certain of the gaudier churches of Italy: "Des casinos à l' usage des cervelles imaginatives," is not a mere rhetorical slur, but a better description than any that I can give of these pagoda temples of Burma. While in Rangoon I spent most of my time in the bazaars and in the precincts of the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda, Monks, nuns, priests, shopkeepers, jugglers, peddlers and pilgrims were coming and going there all day. No casino in Europe can show a greater variety of visitors. This pagoda is said to contain actual relics of Buddha, and pilgrims come from all over the Eastern world, from India, Siam, Korea, to worship here. I saw Hindus, Siamese, Japanese, Koreans, Chinese there, all in one morning; and the sick and diseased carried in chairs and litters, from what far-off regions I know not, were there too. It was almost painful to see the excitement, the awe, the scared expression on the faces of some of the pilgrims, as they made their way slowly, and with frequent obeisances, toward the shrine; while others listen with wonder in their eyes, as a guide describes glibly the meaning of the frescoes on the beams and panels of the wooden roofs, which cover the long stairs.

They have not been weaned from an abject belief in God in the East, and I am not sure that this is not the real cleavage between us. There must be a mighty difference between the races who believe in God and the races who invent Him.

If the reader will look at a map, he will see that the Bay of Bengal, which is a part of the Indian Ocean really, which reaches up between Ceylon and India on the west, and the Straits Settlements, Siam and Burma on the east, has two ports, Ceylon and Singapore, at each end roughly of the surrounding land. These two ports are the switch-boards for all the going and coming between East and West. Ten thousand vessels, with a tonnage of over ten million tons, come and go here at Singapore in a year, and some fifteen thousand native craft besides. Bound north or south, east or west, you start from, or change, or call in passing, at Ceylon or at Singapore, and if it be Singapore, as in my case, when you get there you can almost step off on to the equator.

Why that imaginary line attracts so much attention is hard to explain. Twice when I have crossed it, we were all eager to know just when we should cross, as though we expected a bump or jar of some sort; and the passengers on the

Tara which carried us from Rangoon to Singapore seemed to feel that nearness to the equator added in some way to one's dignity.

To those who only read of the plague as a devouring monster too distant for menace to oneself, it is startling to be obliged to appear before a doctor for examination before embarking, and to be threatened with a heavy fine by the authorities at Singapore, if one fails to appear regularly each day, for a certain number of days, to assure the health officer that one is not carrying about the germs of disease. Evidently warnings were out all along the coast, that the monster was preparing for the outbreak, which some six months later began its ravages in Manchuria. Even a strong man looks at his tongue, feels his pulse, watches his appetite for those few days of examination, with absorbing and anxious interest.

At Singapore with its two hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, of whom all but some ten thousand are Asiatics, one touches the fringe of China and the Chinese. The area of China is one-third the whole of Asia and half as large again as all Europe, and the population of China is half that of all Asia and about equal to the total population of Europe. No wonder they spill over all along these coasts, and the

traveller realizes that the Chinese are a migratory people, and so far as one can see a welcome addition to the working population everywhere.

There are large communities of Chinese at Cholen, Penang, Singapore, Bangkok, Hongkong, and at Rangoon, Mandalay, Batavia, and Manila. They become not only the shopkeepers and retailers, but they manage steamships, own mines and mills, and even supply capital for joint-stock companies. There are more Chinese than Malays in the Malay States; there are some three millions of them in Siam; they are the preponderating power in French Cochin-China and Tonking, and out of a population of 320,000 in Hongkong 310,000 are Chinese; while in the Philippine Islands, despite the Chinese Exclusion Act, applied to the Philippines in 1902, there are some 50,000 Chinese in the islands, and 25,000 Americans and Europeans.

Given the opportunity afforded by equal laws, fair taxation, absence of "squeeze," the short name for official embezzlement, and they become in other countries not merely hard-working and economically living coolies, but merchants, shipowners, owners and workers of mines, bankers, and rank in their commercial integrity with the best. All over the Far East, and wherever in

the West we have dealings with the Chinese, there is nothing but praise of their punctilious honesty and honor as traders. They are a people of great physical adaptability. All climates seem to suit them and they are equally at home in Siberia, in India, in South America, or in Canada; and even in the days before American control, when Panama was a death-trap, they went there.

The Malay is a gentleman, a gentleman of the kind described by an English groom: "'Ad hall the hinstincts of a gentleman, 'unts, wears a top-'at, and lives hout 'Eadingly way!" The Malay loves idleness and fine clothes, and upsets the dictum of Voltaire completely: "Le repos est une bonne chose, mais l'ennui est son frère," for he is apparently never tired or bored by idleness. I suppose somewhere and sometimes he works, but in the few days I was in and about Singapore, I never detected him in any form of useful activity. Perhaps the women support the men; at all events the Malays have asserted the primitive rights of man, and it is the men who strut in the fine feathers. To see a Malay in a hybrid costume of East and West with a bowler hat on the side of his head, and a cigar in the corner of his mouth, taking the air of an evening drawn by a sweating Chinese, is to see an

economic puzzle indeed. How he procures the wherewithal, and how he asserts his right to ride, is a mystery hidden away beneath the bowler hat. Even my English friend, with a rubber plantation in the interior, could give no satisfactory explanation.

It is the Chinese who do all the work. A Chinese in the shafts of a jinrickishaw trundled me to the hotel at Singapore, a Chinese showed me to my room, a Chinese waited on me in the dining-room, and a Chinese made me at home when I wandered into the Singapore Club.

I have tested my own training and traditions, my principles and my prejudices carefully, and I believe honestly, but I can give no reason better than mere instinct for my racial likes and dislikes. To me the Chinese are by far the most agreeable people in the East, but I should find it hard to give any comprehensive analysis of Indians, Malays, Burmese, Japanese, Koreans, and Chinese to account for this preference. I know them to be cruel, lecherous, wily, rapacious, and of abounding patience in what we consider wrong-doing, and notwithstanding all that, I seem to detect something virile and independent about them; some quality of playing the game the way we play it, that is lacking in the others.

Almost every afternoon when it got cool enough

for a walk, I wended my way down the long street by the water-front, till I came to the swarming Chinese quarter, and there I watched them buying, selling, gambling, eating, and sleeping. The coolies eat in the street. There is a long row of out-of-door restaurants consisting of a long table, with benches on three sides, and piles of food and bowls and chop-sticks. The proprietor fills the bowl of his customer with steaming rice, adds bits of dried fish, and vegetables, and perhaps puppy-meat, — and why not, since Hippocrates himself held that the flesh of puppies was equal to that of birds, — and then begins a race between the appetite and the chop-sticks, aptly called "nimble-sons," which would do credit to an accomplished prestidigitator.

One fat old Chinese boniface, behind one of these restaurant tables, in his blue night-gown costume, and jaunty wide-awake hat, two sizes too small for him, on his head, used to grin appreciatively at me, and no doubt cracked all sorts of jokes at my expense with his gobbling guests, to judge from his winks to them and at me, and the smiles and chatter that followed. If I had been sure of my digestion, I should have joined the party, just for the jollity and good-fellowship.

Better-informed travellers than I, have remarked upon this Chinese characteristic of cheerfulness, their tolerance of disagreeable things, their invincible contentment, their good-humor under every kind of discomfort, and under the severest bodily toil; as one writer puts it: "They seem to have acquired a national habit of looking upon the bright side." After the listlessness, the lack of physical endurance, the furtive impudence of the southern Indians, the Chinese struck me as being positively jolly. That this is a racial trait is evidenced by the difference between the Ghurkhas in India, who are really Mongolians, and all other Indians. They too love a joke, a good story, and are invincibly cheerful, and many Englishmen say, the best soldiers in India. If this be true, one wonders why some day the Chinese may not recover from their present classification of human value, which puts the scholar first, the farmer next, the artisan next, and the merchant and the soldier last; and give the man of action his proper place in the social hierarchy.

It is all very well to dream as long as dreams are not your master; all very well to think so long as thoughts are not your aim, as Kipling well says; for neither dreams nor thoughts are more than glistening colored bubbles unless they

be translated into belief and action. When one sees Chinese school-boys of all ages drilling and marching and carrying real guns; when one sees a well-equipped mountain-battery out for exercise and practice, as I did, one gets a notion that the Chinese are indeed making ready for action. The great wall of China was begun before the Christian era and was building for seventeen hundred years, but the Chinese move more quickly now.

Unfortunately for my plans, the Chinese on the Yangtse River were indulging in a momentary dislike of missions and missionaries, and translating their prejudices into murders and bonfires, just at the time that I arrived in Hongkong. The Yangtse River is navigable by battle-ships for two hundred and thirty miles, or as far up as Nanking, and as far as Han-Kow by vessels of considerable size, and is the Mississippi River trade route of China. It takes its rise in the far-off mountains of Thibet, and is some three thousand miles in length, and navigable for about two thousand miles. Instead of going from Hongkong to Shanghai, and then up this great Yangtse River to Han-Kow, and then across country to Peking, I was obliged to leave this interesting journey for more peaceful times. I suppose a civilization cutting its teeth, on the

way from one stage of growth to another, must necessarily behave in a fretful and sometimes violent manner; and just at the time I was wondering and dreaming over the possibility of a Chinese nation armed and in action, a fraction of the population turned to breaking heads and burning meeting-houses, forcing the authorities to refuse permission to travellers to journey in that direction.

To those of us who know something of the behavior of the European troops during the Boxer troubles, of the cruelties of Cossacks and Japanese and others; of the killing of men, women and children; of the rifling of graves, and the breaking open of coffins to get at the money that the Chinese bury with their dead, and the use of these coffins as dining-tables; to those of us who know these things, there is little excuse to be made, and small reason for surprise when the Chinese indulge in similar atrocities. Perhaps there is something of the Tartar in all of us when we are scratched deep enough. What the Chinese saw of us on our way to relieve Peking was not calculated to impress them with our gentleness, our honesty, or our qualifications to pose as examples of a higher form of civilization.

For my personal acquaintance with the Chinese, I was obliged, therefore, to content myself

with what I saw of them along the coast, and at Hongkong, Canton, and in Manchuria.

I know of nothing more destructive of the sense of proportion than a map unaccompanied by a time-table. It was three weeks or more before I reached Hongkong from Calcutta, a journey which looks much shorter on the map. But steamers do not always connect to suit one's personal itinerary, and where they do there may be no accommodation for the pilgrim, who travels not according to Cook but as his fancy dictates.

Hongkong in the language of diplomacy was ceded: in plain English, was taken, in 1842, by the British from the Chinese. Whether the quarrel was a matter of opium trading, or of unwarranted aggression on the part of the Chinese, does not concern us here, and had best be left to the limbo of academic discussion. At all events British governing here has accomplished what both the Chinese and the British may well be proud to show to the rest of the world. Sixty years ago it was a convenient nest for the daring Cantonese pirates; and then, as still to-day, the Cantonese were reckoned the most turbulent, restless, and daring population in all China.

What Sir William des Voeux, a former governor, writes of Hongkong is all true, and the

description might be even more brightly colored without exaggeration. "Long lines of quays and wharves, large warehouses teeming with merchandise, shops stocked with all the luxuries, as well as the needs of two civilizations; in the European quarter a fine town-hall, stately banks, and other buildings of stone; in the Chinese quarter houses, constructed after a pattern peculiar to China, of almost equally solid materials, but packed so closely together and thronged so densely as to be in this respect probably without parallel in the world (one hundred thousand people live within a certain district not exceeding half a square mile in area), and finally streets stretching for miles, abounding with carriages (drawn for the most part not by animals but by men), and teeming with a busy population, in the centre of the town chiefly European, but toward the west and east almost exclusively Chinese. . . . And when it is further remembered that the Chinese, whose labor and enterprise under British auspices have largely assisted in this development, have been under no compulsion, but have come here as free men, attracted by liberal institutions, equitable treatment, and the justice of our rule; when all this is taken into account, it may be doubted whether the evidences of material and moral achieve-

ment, presented as it were in a focus, make anywhere a more forcible appeal to eye and imagination." What the English have accomplished here and elsewhere; what we Americans have done in improving the Philippine Islands, and the almost fairy-like change that has been wrought by the American army engineers and surgeons in the canal district at Panama, stand out as imperishable monuments, not merely of our honorable intentions, but of our unequalled efficiency as altruistic governors of alien peoples and of strange lands. Nor Rome, nor any modern power, can point to such colossal successes in brotherly helpfulness, untainted by even the suspicion of corruption.

It was my privilege to travel across Siberia with the present Governor of Hongkong, Sir Frederick Lugard. He told me something of his plans for a university at Hongkong. Sir Frederick is the kind of advocate of peace in whom one believes. Bearing many wounds as the result of his soldiering, and of his successful campaigns for peace and orderliness in Uganda, he is now fostering the splendid peace plan of an international university at Hongkong.

Why does not some American of wealth, who believes in peace rather than in self-advertising, give a handsome sum of money for the founda-

tion of one or more chairs to be filled by American professors in this university, which is already under way, the foundation-stone having been laid last year? An American chair of History of Commerce, or of Ethnic Religions, to be filled, say two years at a time, by a lecturer chosen from among the many American scholars who are interested in furthering a better understanding between the East and the West; this would be a worthy gift indeed from the American nation, which has already assured the Chinese of our belief in fair-play by the generous return to China of an overpayment for losses during the Boxer uprising. The Chinese have been no less gracious to us. China sent her first general Embassy to foreign countries in 1868. Her "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary" was the Hon. Anson Burlingame, accompanied by two Chinese, who appear as "Associated High Envoys and Ministers." The wording of the United States Treaty of 1868, and the diplomatic correspondence at the time, show, therefore, that China confided to an American the task of framing new treaties, and of representing her in the delicate negotiations dealing with her relations with foreign nations.

As early as 1785 we sent a trading-ship to China, and the first half of the nineteenth century saw, what the Chinese still call our country,

the "flowery flag," on the fastest sailing-ships afloat, in Chinese ports. By the Treaty of Washington in 1868 we disclaimed all intention of interfering in Chinese affairs, and down to this present time we have taken the attitude of fair-play as between other nations and China, and what is more to the point, of fair-play for China as well. Such a gift would not only be a direct and permanent means of promoting that sympathetic understanding which makes for peace, but it would be at the same time another link between the one hundred and forty millions of us who speak the English language. The gift of half a million dollars for such a purpose would mean that the voice of America's picked scholarship would be heard for generations by the chosen students of China. That would be indeed worth while.

I was intending to write of four aspects of Hongkong which won my interest. First, of course, of her neighbor Canton; then of the unequalled collection of Chinese porcelain of Sir Paul Chater; next of the charm of the "Peak," and then of Sir Frederick Lugard, and his plans for an international university now under way. It is significant that the university plan ran away with my pen first, as soon as I found myself writing of Hongkong; and I should consider it a year's hard travel, and hard work

well paid for, if one of my many countrymen, with the means at his command, should be tempted to pledge America's co-operation in this wise method of linking East and West together in the only bonds that are lasting, those of intellectual sympathy and mutual understanding.

The "Peak," so called, in Hongkong is the hill overlooking the harbor, which has been sown and planted till it is the garden as well as the residential part of the town. A funicular railway lifts you to the top, and once there, particularly of a starlight night, with the hundreds of lights twinkling on the vessels in the harbor below; for it is one of the great harbors of the world, and one constantly filled with craft of all kinds; the picture takes its place, and remains in the memory, alongside the wonderful harbor at Rio de Janeiro; the harbor at San Francisco; and the fabulous and mythical aspect of New York harbor, with its extortionate demands upon credulity, when one sees the high buildings looming behind the Statue of Liberty, at dusk or at dawn.

Whatever may be the gastronomic limitations of the stewards of the steamship lines in this quarter of the world, Sir Paul Chater is not hampered by them. I will not say that his luncheon was equal to the treasures of porce-

lain which he showed me, but it was in keeping with them. For years he has been buying and sifting, and with all China knowing that he stood ready as a purchaser of anything rare and beautiful. As a result his collection of Chinese porcelains is to other collections, whether public or private, as are the prints of a college freshman to the engravings in the British Museum. And what a revelation of the Chinese it is, to see here these wonders of their deftness, their purity of style, their feeling for color, in their days of artistic supremacy, in the middle of the seventeenth century.

A people of such industry, of such cheerfulness, of such endurance, of such commercial and artistic prowess: how is it, one asks oneself, that they remain so behind in the competitive race of the nations? The honesty and uprightness of Chinese merchants and bankers is as proverbial throughout the world as is the shiftiness and untrustworthiness of the Japanese of the same class; while on the other hand, the official corruption in China spreads throughout the land like a gangrene, eating away at all national enterprises, and maiming the industrial hands and feet, in every effort to move.

This strange difference between the commercial code and the official code in China is

confusing. The merchant's word is as good as his bond, while the official all over China lives openly upon "squeeze." No government official is intended to, or can possibly live upon, his pay. The old-time, and by far the easiest, method for an autocratic rule is to farm out the taxes, to demand a certain sum of the officials appointed, and to leave it to them to get what they can for themselves. This was once the way in India and in Japan, and later in Rome and in France. Indeed, the historical memory need not be long to recall the days when the British House of Commons was bought and sold like a flock of sheep; and the ominous growl: "To the victors belong the spoils" is still heard, though *sotto voce*, in America to-day.

I suppose there is no business man in our country who would not jump at the chance to take over our post-office department, with its exclusive privileges, prepared to make a fortune.

It is no doubt honestly conducted, so far as pilfering is concerned, but the offices and officials therein are all political spoils. The tenure is uncertain, there is no reward for efficiency, and no temptation to work harder than bare necessity requires. There is no barefaced "squeeze," but the government is cheated all over the country by perfunctory labor, by skimped hours of

work, and by the lack of enthusiasm of those who feel themselves to be working for a soulless monster with no means and no intention of rewarding personal efficiency and devotion. In a fashion, we farm out to the victorious political party this opportunity to repay its adherents and its workers, and waste enormous sums on what is practically mortpay. No one doubts for a moment that if our post-office department were managed as is the Pennsylvania Railroad, for example, with every employee chosen and kept and rewarded for efficiency and ability, there would be dividends instead of deficits.

We need not, therefore, throw up our hands in horror at the Chinese. In an attenuated, but still perceptible form, the philosophy of Chinese "squeeze" exists to-day in the bureaucracy of every government in Europe and in the Americas. What Chinese gentlemen would think of the petty and contemptible pilfering of "Favors," which is a feature of every fashionable cotillon in our country, the more flagrant the more valuable the "Favors," is best left unanswered.

China is the more easily the victim of this political malady in a virulent form because its capital at Peking is not centrally situated, railways are few, good roads unknown, the post-office a negligible quantity; and consequently

outside the territory just around Peking the officials of the vast Empire are under little or no supervision or restraint.

One has only to see something of these vast stretches of territory without railroads, without telegraph offices, and with few post-offices to learn how much we owe to our own railroads for their efficiency as moral agents. Leaving out of the count any question of commerce, the United States to-day would be a great federal political and moral chaos without its railroads; and yet I have never heard them alluded to even as having any ethical value. It is right to debate these questions whether in a republic or in China. The value of the debate, however, depends altogether upon the tone and temper of the discussion. I believe in insurgency. Insurgency is the only political or social purgative of any value in a democracy; but the insurgent must be neither a fanatic nor a fakir; he is, alas, all too often one or the other; and America has suffered of late from a veritable plague of left-handed Catos. Therefore, I counsel my readers to adopt my method. As an observer, as a traveller, as a student, I know of no instrument of criticism so helpful as sympathy. You must like a man to get out of him the best he has to give. Mere denunciation is a weapon of

the ethical age, of the eocene lemur, and the calcareous sponge.

If the Chinese cure themselves of this disease of official peculation it is hard to set a limit to their national or commercial progress. The Abbé Huc writes: "The Chinese is born with this taste for traffic, which grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength. The first thing a child looks for is a sapeck; the first use that he makes of his speech and intelligence is to learn to articulate the names of coins; when his little fingers are strong enough to hold the pencil, it is with making figures that he amuses himself, and as soon as the tiny creature can speak and walk he is capable of buying and selling. The Chinese has a passionate love of lucre; he is fond of all kinds of speculations and stock-jobbing, and his mind, full of finesse and cunning, takes delight in combining and calculating the chances of a commercial operation."

The shrewdest comment ever made upon the methods of our Stock Exchange was made by a Chinese. Prince Li Hung Chang was escorted to Wall Street, and in a certain broker's office he was shown a "ticker" machine rolling off the prices of stocks. It was expected by his host that he would be astonished, if not bewildered, at these financial heart-beats made visible on a

strip of paper. When asked what he thought of it, he replied: "I think I should prefer to play in a game where I can see the cards shuffled."

A few hours by steamer from Hongkong, upon the Canton River, brings one to China as we picture China to ourselves; for Canton contains all the materials, from pig-tails to puppies, which supply the Western imagination with its notions of the Chinese. Canton is surrounded by a wall six or seven miles in circumference, and is filled, literally filled, if the eye is to be trusted, with a population of something under a million. You settle yourself in a sedan-chair borne by four coolies, and you are carried swiftly through the narrrow streets, nowhere more than seven feet wide, and the noise and the smells and the traffic and the sights and scenes are so numbing, that one sympathizes with the man who found himself with so much to do that he went a-fishing. It is as impossible at first to make out what this swarm of people are doing as to disentangle the activities of an ant-hill.

The river itself is thronged with boats upon which thousands of families live from one year's end to the other. Some of them even have small plots of earth on them, in which seeds are planted, and very few of them lack chickens and dogs and babies; and a net let down into one

of those family gondolas would bring up the strangest and most ill-assorted catch that ever fisherman landed.

The girl babies must have but a small chance in this land of infanticide, with a watery grave so convenient. Who has ever heard the members of a family even at home say: yes, we have a new baby, if that baby is a boy; or neglect to proclaim: yes, we have a new baby boy! In China they carry this prepossession in favor of the male, as they do still to some extent in India and Japan, to its cruel logical conclusion. In the Chinese characters or ideographs used for writing, a woman with a lid on her is the word for Quiet, while three women together is the ideograph for Noise. In this swarming life, the girl who must have a dot when she marries, and who is incompetent to carry on the worship of the ancestors, which alone in China is the universal form of worship prescribed and accepted, is often looked upon as an inconvenient burden, and if so widely recognized an authority as the Rev. Arthur H. Smith is to believed, is often disposed of by murder.

Both here and later I came into contact with a number of the better-class Chinese, as their guest or as a fellow-guest. They are much easier in their manners, more composed and self-

reliant, more dignified, than either the Indians or the Japanese. Even a European of standing and social experience might find it a trying ordeal to be the only one of his race present, say at a dinner where all the other guests were Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, and Indians. On one occasion, at a meal where fourteen of us were present, there was one Chinese, but no one there was more at his ease, more agreeable, or better mannered than he; and I should add that he spoke no English, and had never travelled far out of his own country. He is the one Oriental, except a few of the great Indian nobles, who seems quite unembarrassed, quite sure of his social and racial position, and who gives no evidence, either by awkward bumptiousness or by sycophancy, that he is ill at ease.

The traveller who only sees the Chinese in this swarming human ant-hill at Canton, or in similar crowded colonies elsewhere, gets little notion of the superior qualities of the race. While those who only see the Chinese coolies in the various Chinatowns of the Western world; who read of plague and famine and of attacks upon missionaries; who have heard of the terrible Taiping rebellion led by Hung Hsien-Chuen, a Christian convert, and which was first a religious and then a political crusade in which twenty million lives

were lost; who remember the Boxer trouble, and its terrors, have as false an idea of China and the Chinese as the English village laborer has of America, who believes it to be a land of conflagrations, railroad accidents, divorces, lynchings and blatant millionaires whose chief exercise consists in throwing their daughters at British peers in the hope of bagging their coronets.

For example, it is a universally held belief in the West that the smells in China are almost weighable. This is true, because, as here in Canton, there is no effort at sanitation except in the European quarter. But the Chinese themselves do not smell; on the contrary they smell us, and find the odor most disagreeable. We eat strong food, and many of us drink strong drinks; the Chinese do not. On the hottest day, in a room filled with Chinese, there is no disagreeable odor from their persons. No one with a wholesome and unprejudiced sense of smell can say as much for us.

It is, I must confess, unpleasant to see in their markets dogs trussed up and ready to sell, and cat meat, rat meat, hawks and other unpalatable birds, reptiles and animals and eggs dating back to a former dynasty, and cakes of fried grasshoppers offered as food. A Chinese, on the other hand, might well be shocked at the external

decorations of our butcher-shops at Christmas time, when we express our good-will to men by devouring a greater variety of animal food, both wild and tame, than at other times; he might also suggest, in these days when speculation has entered the funereal field of cold storage, that whether eggs or butter or fish or chickens date from the reign of Taft or Roosevelt or Cleveland, or from Tai-tsung of the Tang dynasty, who edited the Chinese classics in two hundred thousand volumes a thousand years ago, is merely a matter of taste, he himself preferring the Tai-tsung vintage to a later one.

We have a way of putting our Western moral and mental machinery inside the Oriental body, and then of mapping out the probable processes of development accordingly. There is no surer way of arriving at false conclusions. Not long ago I read an article in one of our magazines in which the writer said: "Within eighteen months China will have a parliament or a revolution." This is the typical journalese bosh of those who are satisfied to make a sensation by turning the epitaphs of truth into head-lines. The Chinese never do anything in so short a time as eighteen months, and they are, moreover, profoundly suspicious of those who do. We ourselves just now, both at Washington and in many of our State

legislatures, are spending our time and ingenuity in disentangling ourselves from hastily framed laws. The logical outcome of our law-making pace will be a code of laws for, and applicable to, each individual inhabitant, and then *Quis custodiet custodes?*

The inveterate distinction between the East and the West is as deeply cut in the racial life of to-day as ever it was. Even in Japan, it is apparent beneath the thin lacquer of Occidentalism; while in China, the educated Chinese will tell you that his government is far more stable than that of any European or American state; that orderliness is not more frequently disturbed than in the revolutionary, lynching, warring and strike-producing West; that he has an ethical code equal to that of the West, and a religion the mandates of which are observed as loyally as our own. We write and speak of the East from a maze of unabashed ignorance; and they on their part do not trouble to correct or to contradict us.

That the Chinese are formulating plans to protect themselves from further commercial aggression, and from the persistent grabbing of their territory by their Christian well-wishers, is true; but it is done that they may remain more securely Chinese, not that they may adopt our Western

institutions and constitutions, as the glib and superficial among us are pleased to proclaim.

Those who have no past of tradition, culture or experience, may be pardoned for assuming that there is nothing but the present, but only pardoned because they are ignorant, not because they are right. They think their own tombs and temples unsurpassed because they know nothing of the pyramids and tombs of Egypt; they think the statues and architecture of our Western cities unequalled because they have never heard of Pheidias and Praxiteles, and the Taj and the Alhambra; they rejoice in modern dramatists who know not the names of Æschylus and Aristophanes; they presume to grade all literature, to whom Pindar and Lucretius are dim shades; they volunteer short histories, to whom Herodotus and Thucydides are unknown; and they rate China low who have never met a Chinese gentleman, never dealt with a Chinese merchant, never read a line of Chinese literature or history, and who do not know the name of Confucius. This is a ragged and unkempt way of dealing with other peoples, who may have some reason to scorn what we cherish. When one recalls such names and monuments, it becomes clear that there is room for the argument that in certain directions our evolution may look

like deterioration to those who examine us impartially from a distance. Galton writes that the average Athenian was as much superior to the average European of to-day as we are superior to the African negro.

We are closely connected with the East, and we are asking commercial favors of the East; we are demanding that we may share in loans to them nowadays, and it is therefore an awkward time to write and to talk of them with that flippant condescension born of ignorance and inexperience. The attitude of our great democracies that everything which is different is therefore inferior, and fair game for ridicule, is the attitude of the small boy in a village street, who laughs and jeers at a new figure or a strange costume. It is sheer intellectual hooliganism, It is the business of those better informed, and therefore more sympathetic, to persuade our great unwieldy mass of ignorant voters that the wave of mastery and influence from West to East is now on the wane. The East is rapidly becoming strong enough to be independent, and to make terms, instead of having terms dictated, as from a superior to an inferior.

Mr. Taft, who by his training and experience at least, and, as I personally believe, by his uprightness of character, is as well fitted for the

office he holds as any executive we have ever had, shows how valuable his imperial experience has been when he points to Peking as the most difficult post in our diplomatic service; because it is the foreign post of greatest opportunity, and requiring the most suave, dignified and competent methods. We want no "new diplomacy" there, with its bustle and hustle and its furtive bribery.

The Lord deliver us from the hack politician in the East, in these difficult days. The man of that type, who may and does fool the people at home, will not deceive the Chinese for an instant. As in India, the British Government must pick and choose with care its military and civilian officials, because whatever else they lack the Indians are unerring in detecting the difference between the *Sahib* and the non-*Sahib*, and giving him their confidence accordingly; so in China there are not only Chinese gentlemen ranking in probity and courtesy with any in the world, but there are four million pairs of eyes with an almost uncanny ability to discriminate between the shoddy and the genuine in gentlemanliness; and we shall measure our influence accurately and inevitably by the type of men we send there as our representatives. Our commerce with China, which has decreased since 1905 from some

fifty-eight million to about fifteen million dollars, and our narrowly avoided humiliation in a late loan transaction, ought to stir us to a realization of our slovenly assumption that in dealing with the Chinese we are dealing with barbarians and inferiors.

Those jammed, seven-foot-wide streets in Canton, with the coolies swinging by with long poles weighted with merchandise at each end of them; those tiny shops filled with furs, embroideries, linen, ivory, carved furniture, and their keepers fingering the *abacus*, or counting over their goods; one shop filled with valuable ivories and jade and feathers, cunning carvings and gold ornaments, and beside it another, whose occupant carries on some primitive handicraft with the awkward implements of a thousand years ago; the dozen shop assistants who tumble down a narrow stairway into the tiny sales-room when we enter to look at Mandarin coats, and who all enter into the bargaining with a zeal that shows that this is no dull routine, but a combination of a game and an entertainment, with a money prize in proportion to the success of the suave duplicity displayed; in another shop the astonishing swiftness and deftness and orderliness with which they pull out, and put back, and fold up the hundreds of pieces of grass-

cloth and linen and embroideries shown us; the temples populated with unknown gods; mortuary chapels where polished teak-wood or mahogany coffins, with a stand beside them on which are placed a light and tea and rice, and whose occupants wait till the soothsayer has determined upon the fortunate place for burial, a suspense which lingers according to the wealth of the family of the deceased; the edible dog market; the sleepy admiral in his magnificent silk-lined and gilt-ornamented chair, borne by six coolies, and escorted by Chinese marines with old-fashioned muskets over their shoulders; the unending, penetrating noise which your ears seem to breathe like an atmosphere; the undisturbed and mask-like yellow faces and narrow unlighted eyes; the utter indifference to the lack of privacy, a characteristic of all Orientals, and one which I often think explains their backwardness, for it is impossible to store up experience, which is the only motive power of real progress, except by quiet thought; the persistent touters who follow us with beseechings to visit their shops; the sweating coolies who bear our chairs, and who feign awful exhaustion after a particularly long trip, and who laugh and poke fun at one another when I insist upon feeling their heart- and pulse-beats, and thus dis-

cover to what extent they are play-acting. All this is China, but do not be deceived; that wise old Li Hung Chang was China too; and hundreds more like him who have studied in England, Germany, America and Japan are China too; and unlike too many of us, they have learned the quintessence of wisdom, that the cleverest conceal their cleverness.

I do not hesitate to say that if there is to be amity and fair dealing between us, that the first step must be taken by us, and that in the direction of correcting false impressions, and of convincing our own people of their abysmal ignorance of the real China. The complacent assumption that China has only to copy us to be saved, which is practically universal in America, is a gutter-stage of intellectual enlightenment, and as dangerous as it is ludicrous. In very many respects ours is no more a civilization to be copied than is theirs; and we should never for a moment forget that the Chinese, high and low, educated and uneducated, those who have seen us and those who have not, look upon us as barbarians; and hold that many of our social and political doings are foul blots upon the ethnological map, upon which the races of the world have traced their progress.

X

JAPAN

THE first edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" had this much, and no more, to say of Japan: "Japan or Islands of Japan, are situated between 130 deg. and 144 deg. of E. long., and between 30 deg. and 40 deg. N. lat." Some twenty-five words sufficed to tell the world all that anybody cared to know about Japan. During the last quarter of a century, Japan has more written words of description to her credit than any other country in the world.

It is characteristic of the childlike innocence, or of the duplicity, of the Japanese, that even their historical ancestry is a gross forgery. During the last Paris exhibition, and at the last Japan-British exhibition, one saw and heard a great deal of Japan's two thousand five hundred years of history, and of the authentic ancestry of the Mikado, reaching back not for hundreds but for thousands of years. This is taught in the schools of Japan to-day, and told to, and written for, foreigners by the Japanese themselves.

A Mr. Hitomi, a Japanese, writes for the French public: "La Longue durée de l'Empire du Soleil Levant est une des choses les plus merveilleuses de ce monde. Quand il vit la lumière tous les pays Européens d'aujourd'hui dormaient encore dans les entrailles du chaos. C'est 333 ans avant la conquête des Indes par Alexandre le Grand et 612 ans avant la victoire de César sur Pompée que Jimmu, premier empereur du Japon, plaça le berceau de l'Empire parmi les fleurs odoriférantes des plaines du Yamato." As a bouquet of artificial rhetorical flowers this has seldom been equalled. As a matter of fact the first date in Japanese history which is trustworthy is A. D. 461. Fable and fact do not begin to separate until that date.

As late as 1892 one professor of history at the University of Tokio was dismissed for writing critically of the early mikados; as a result we find in a successor's, Mr. Haja's, "Lectures on Japan" the following: "Some of the odes preserved in the *Kojiki* and *Nihongi* were composed by the gods, some by Jimmu Tennu and other ancient Mikados, and one by a monkey!" Mr. Chamberlain, in "Things Japanese," writes: "The so-called historical part is as devoid as the other of all contemporary evidence. It is contradicted by the more trustworthy, because contemporary,

Chinese and Korean records, and — to turn from negative to positive testimony — can be proved in some particulars to rest on actual forgery. For instance, the fictitious nature of the calendars employed to calculate the early dates for about thirteen centuries (from B. C. 660 onward) has not altogether escaped the notice even of the Japanese themselves, and has been clearly exposed for European readers by that careful investigator, the late Mr. William Bramsen, who says, when discussing them in the Introduction to his 'Japanese Chronological Tables': 'It is hardly too severe to style this one of the greatest literary frauds ever perpetrated.'"

The story of the ancient civilization of Japan is as much a fable as the story of the Golden Fleece, or Ariadne. That this mythology is taught in Japanese schools, and written down for the European as history, is due to the extreme sensitiveness and colossal conceit of the Japanese, and also because the worship of the Imperial Ancestry is made a national religion amongst the mass of the people. Once the small knot of feudal nobles, who still govern Japan, lose the influence of the worshipped Mikado, whom they always call upon in the last resort to drive home their legislative enactments among the people, the political troubles of Japan

will begin in earnest. They know him to be a puppet king, but they realize that so long as the present feeling of the people toward him lasts, his sanction is practically the sanction of omnipotence. No wonder it is criminal to criticise, or even to discuss, the subject of his ancestry. Once the superstitious awe in which the Japanese Emperor is held by the people disappears, Japan will be like a study-table covered with papers, in a breeze, when the paper-weights have been taken away.

The most interesting date in the history of Japan to the American is 1853, when Commodore Perry appeared and demanded, and in 1854 succeeded in obtaining, certain treaty rights granted also shortly after to England, France, and Russia. Japan at that time was governed by a feudal noble of the house of Tokugawa. The founder of this dynasty was a soldier, Hideyoshi by name, who conquered Korea, and dreamed even of conquering China in the last years of the sixteenth century. His favorite lieutenant Tokugawa Iewasu turned against Hideyoshi's son, defeated him in battle, consolidated his own power, and for two hundred and fifty years, or till Commodore Perry appeared, this family ruled Japan, the Emperor living in retirement but treated with respect by the

powerful Shoguns, the Daimyos or barons, and their men-at-arms the Samurai.

The nation which can survive two hundred and fifty years of peace is either negligent or negligible. Japan was both negligent and negligible. The great nobles and their followers had softened and shrunk both in power and ability. The jealousies, dissatisfactions and rivalries came to life when the barbarians' ships appeared in the harbor of Yeddo. The Shogun was shuffling and hesitating, torn between fear of the barbarian intruder, and of his enemies athome if he treated with him. Rivals of the house of Tokugawa combined against them. Instead of the clan patriotism they saw that they must have national patriotism. Clan jealousies and enmities must be subordinated to national defence against the invader. It was seen that to keep out the European was impossible, and those in power persuaded their countrymen that it was better to learn of the foreigner than to fight him. By 1871 the clans and the feudal lords had given up their rights and privileges. Europeans were invited to Japan to teach, and the Japanese were studying European methods in England, in America, in Germany, and in France. Many of these Japanese, including the greatest among them, the late Prince Ito, were poor and with-

out friends, and earned their living, while they studied and investigated, among strangers. The story of these patriotic Japanese, who emigrated voluntarily to hardship and unfriendliness for their country's sake, is one that any country might be proud to tell.

What the Japanese have built, upon the foundations so patiently and painfully laid by these men, is reckoned the outstanding and pre-eminent national accomplishment of the last fifty years. Nobody can deprive them of their commercial, political and military successes, and so far as I know, nobody wishes to do so. If Japan has suffered at the hands of the Europeans, she has suffered from eulogy rather than from detraction. Unstinted and uncritical praise has been her portion. She has been the young heir just come of age among the nations. We have all gone to the coming-of-age festivities, with best wishes and friendly words, ready to see only good in the youngster who has just come into his own, and with the liveliest and sincerest charity for youth, and the natural shortcomings of its exuberance and lack of experience. But the vagaries, impetuosities, and inconsequences of youth receive a different greeting, and other names and epithets, when they are continued on into early manhood. We rejoice at the baby's

first word, his first tooth, his first step; we wonder at the amazing amount of knowledge and experience he acquires in his first five years. If he could continue at that rate through life, he would easily out-Solomon Solomon in wisdom. We soon discover that the rate of progress diminishes as the years increase, and we cease to find his acquisition of knowledge and experience unusual.

Who does not know men whose youth had its frailties, its oddities, its selfish inconsequences, which then were only gay and graceful; but in maturity, the frailties have fixed themselves in a rosy formlessness of nose; the oddities of manner have become unpleasant eccentricities; the inconsequence has become untrustworthiness. The very qualities that were not unpleasing in the youth, have become contemptible in the man. Youth has, and ought to have in the bank of all our hearts, a balance of a thousand pardons to draw upon; but of maturity we demand that the credit balance shall be the results of saving and economy and accomplishment.

Japan has had her first tooth, and taken her first step, amid the wondering admiration of other peoples. She has built ships, organized commerce, founded a government, fought out a war. She is no longer an infant nor a callow

youth. New standards of judgment are being used in the measuring of her political, commercial, ethical and social stature; and both Japan and her later critics are frankly disappointed.

The days for the Sir Edwin Arnold and Lafcadio Hearn literary petting and dandling of the baby Japan have gone by. It was all mawkish enough at any time, and did Japan harm that lasts to this day; and my Japanese friends would, I am sure, consider it a grotesque study in insult were I to write to them, or about them, in the cooing and soft-syllabled noises of a nurse dandling a baby. I have no intention of doing so. I am merely an advanced picket for my countrymen, returning to describe what I saw, and making no claim to infallibility or to a cut-and-dried solution of the problems awaiting us in the East. I bring merely maps, sketches, descriptions, opinions, surmises, and all without malice or prejudice, except that I am an American, and if that be treason, I must submit to punishment from those I describe, in good part.

For nearly a score of years I have been a visitor, from time to time, to a town in New England which is more closely linked to the history of Japan than any other town in the world. Why the Japanese Government has not put up a tablet or a monument in the town of Fairhaven,

Massachusetts, I do not understand. It must be due to ignorance of the short story I am about to tell.

Captain Whitfield, of Fairhaven, master of the ship *John Howland*, sighted, on a bare rock, in the Sea of Japan, a group of stranded, shipwrecked Japanese sailors. This was in the year 1841. He took them off and carried them to his first port, Honolulu. One of them, a lad of about fifteen, begged to be taken on with the ship. By the time the *John Howland* reached her home port of Fairhaven, the boy had picked up some smattering of the English language, and was liked by the whole ship's company. Captain Whitfield paid for his schooling at a good private school in the town, and there is still living there, one at least, of his school-mates, who has described him to me. The boy's name was Nakahama Manjiro. At the end of six years Nakahama was one of the accomplished scholars in the school, and particularly interested in mathematics and navigation. Through Captain Whitfield's good offices, he was enabled to pick up his former companions at Honolulu, and to return to Japan, where he arrived about the year 1849. He had almost forgotten his own tongue. He and his companions were suspected, and kept in close confinement, and their story

doubted. As a test of the truth of his tale he was given the task of translating Bowditch's "Navigator," the theory of which he had tried to explain to his countrymen, into Japanese. This he succeeded in doing after a year or more of work.

When Commodore Perry received a letter in English, in reply to his note to the ruler of Japan in 1853, he little knew that the writer of it had learned his English in a New England town not far from the home port of the Commodore himself. When he had his interview in person, he little suspected that concealed within hearing was a Japanese, whose assurances of the good-will and honorable intentions of the Americans, from a personal experience of their kindness and hospitality, was to carry greater weight with the rulers of Japan than the noise and size of his guns. If any one individual is to be credited with making the first intercourse between Japan and America easy and friendly, it is surely Nakahama Manjiro, who was educated in Fairhaven, Massachusetts. He afterward became a personage in Japan, was ennobled, navigated the first ship out of sight of land from that country, was sent by the Mikado to study the conditions during the war between France and Germany in 1870, paid a short visit to America on his way

home, and leaves two sons, one a distinguished professor, and the other an officer in the Japanese navy.

I believe Japan only needs to be reminded of this to ask the honor of commemorating in some suitable and permanent manner the hero of this story, in the town which gave him a home and an education.

It is a far cry indeed from the Japan of the first edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," or the Japan of 1853, to the Japan from which I have just returned. It is now a Japan with a population estimated at 50,000,000; with compulsory education and compulsory military service; with an army of a peace strength of 250,000, and able to put and maintain 800,000 in the field; with 191 war vessels aggregating 493,371 tons, and an expenditure on the navy during the last four years placed at $133,807,000; with nearly 5,000 miles of railways and 18,000 miles of telegraph lines; with exports to Great Britain of 25,522,000 yen,[1] and imports from Great Britain of 107,796,000 yen; with exports to the United States of 121,997,000 yen, and imports from the United States of 77,637,000 yen; and with exports to and imports from Germany of 7,976,000 and 46,179,000 yen respectively. The popu-

[1] The yen is worth 50 cents in gold.

lation is, six-tenths of it, engaged in agriculture, and one-tenth dependent upon the fisheries, or 35,000,000 thus employed. So mountainous, barren, and difficult is the land, that even these people of ant-like industry and economy can only bring one-sixth of the total area of 147,651 square miles under cultivation, and more than one-half of this area is given over to the cultivation of rice alone. The foreigners in Japan number 19,094; the Japanese abroad number 195,272, of whom 95,000 are residents of the United States, or in our colonies.

After a struggle between the clans of the south: the Satsuma, the Choshin, the Tosa and the Hizen; and the Tokugawa régime, which had been in power for two hundred and fifty years before the coming of Commodore Perry, the clans and their leaders, with splendid patriotic magnanimity, gave up, ostensibly, not only their powers but their wealth; but be it understood they retained and still retain an overwhelming influence in affairs of state; members of these clans fill practically all the offices of importance in the state, the army, and the navy. It is still a government by an oligarchy, in which nepotism plays a large part. The Emperor was once more put in a position of real power, and the House of Peers and the House of Representatives, con-

stituting the Imperial Diet of Japan, created by the constitution of February, 1889, met for the first time in November, 1890.

The House of Peers is composed of three classes: hereditary, comprising the imperial princes and the higher nobility, sitting in their own right; nominated, comprising persons named by the Emperor for services to the state, and for their learning; elected, including the majority of the peerage, holding their seats for seven years, and consisting of a number of viscounts and barons elected by their own orders, representatives of the various provinces returned subject to the approval of the Emperor, and by small electoral bodies composed of the highest taxpayers. The House of Peers numbers about 280 members.

The House of Representatives numbers 379, a fixed number being returned from each electoral district, the proportion being 1 to about 127,000. This lower house sits for four years, and is bound to meet once every year for at least three months. These members are returned upon a taxpaying, residential, and age franchise. The electors must be male Japanese subjects of not less than full twenty-five years of age. The members of both the House of Peers and the House of Representatives receive $1,000

a year, besides travelling expenses. This Imperial Diet has control over the finances. Ministers, or officials of their departments designated by these ministers, sit in the chamber, but only at their own option, to defend their departments or to answer questions. The Japanese borrowed their military methods from Germany, and their parliamentary model was evidently German as well.

On examining the constitution of these two houses it is seen, even by the reader of so slight a sketch as this, how preponderating may be the control of the Emperor. The ministers or cabinet are nominated by, and are the servants of, the Emperor. They are not responsible to the Diet, and may remain in office as long as the Emperor so pleases. The government thus legislates through two chambers without being responsible to either. The lower house is almost of necessity an opposition. So it has proved itself. More than once the government has found itself balked and brought to a stand-still. Then the still awesome power of the Emperor is called in. He sends an imperial message to the recalcitrant or truculent members that such unseemly parliamentary conflicts are "likely to disturb the spirits of my ancestors," then after a conference between the government and the opposition,

the Budget for the year, let us say, is passed. But Hamlet cannot forever be appealing to the ghost. There will come a time when the deep voice from nowhere will be laughed at and flouted; and when the mystic power invoked will be analyzed and found to be, as it is, vaporous.

There is no state, no official religion. The lower classes are still devoted to their old shrines, their old wooden idols, the mandates of their ignorant Buddhist and Shinto priests; and they still contribute, what for a poor people are enormous sums, for the maintenance and building of shrines and temples.

One of the features of Japanese civilization to-day is the bands of pilgrims one sees all over the country, from little family parties to parties of thousands, on their way to this shrine or that, or to Fuji, or some other sacred mountain. At some of these places prostitutes are provided for the pilgrims. This outrages our sense of decency and appeals to us as coarse and crude blasphemy; but not one Japanese in a thousand can even understand such an attitude of mind or such a phase of morality. With us this matter of the relation of the sexes is recognized universally not only as immoral but criminal. It is only fair to the Japanese to explain

that their attitude is so distinctly different from our own in this matter, that they are no more to be judged harshly on this subject than are children who take candy that does not belong to them, or who go too near the fire before they know that fire burns. There is even no word, in Japanese, for male chastity. Every child of the present Mikado is the offspring of a concubine. The Empress has borne no children.

The upper and educated classes are sceptical, or frankly agnostic. At one time the Catholics, and at another the Unitarians, sincerely believed that Japan was about to become Catholic or Unitarian. The Japanese are great nibblers intellectually. Their gentleness of manner, and apparent receptivity, lead the foreign missionary to believe that he is making headway; and like other men he loses no opportunity to proclaim his success to his co-religionists at home, only to find that mere curiosity was at the bottom of the Japanese reception of him and his message; and that at the end of a few years the Japanese are nibbling as politely, and as smilingly as ever, at some other sectarian cheese. Nor are the missionaries to blame, for among missionaries it would be hard to match the honor-roll of names beginning with Francis Xavier, and coming down to Verbeck, Brown, Hepburn, and Gale in Korea.

It is not only in religious and ethical fields, that the Japanese wander and browse with no great seriousness of purpose. It looked at one time as though the Japanese intended to adopt European costumes, but in 1888 the cry of Japan for the Japanese was heard, and there was a revolution of feeling, and a general change back to Japanese dress. Their fads are innumerable. They have gone in for rabbits, for cock-fighting, for wrestling, for waltzing, for picnics on a grand scale, for elaborate funerals, and they discussed seriously the question as to whether April Fool's Day should be celebrated, all at different times; and one after the other these have been neglected and forgotten, and they have discarded one faith or one fad after another, with the same nonchalance with which they have changed back and forth, to and from the European costume. It must not be deduced from this that I am criticising the Japanese as an unstable people of whims and fancies. These excursions, religious, social and sartorial, may be merely trial trips in the search for the best. In what I write, I try to explain to my countrymen; there is no malicious nor mischievous intention to foment ill-feeling, nor to excite ridicule; that rôle may best be left to those who count a fleeting and sectional popularity as sufficient payment for the sale of one's own soul.

The one all-pervading influence has ever been, and is to-day, nor has it lost its hold altogether even upon the sceptics, ancestor-worship: worship and service for the ancestors of the family, of the clan, and of the Emperor. When the woman is married, her name is stricken off the records of her father's family, and added to that of her husband, and she becomes a worshipper of his ancestors; the loyalty to clan and to clan ancestors still persists; and, as I have written, the loyalty to the Emperor and the imperial ancestry is like our patriotism of the best kind, and keeps all the divergent interests submissive, and remains still as the last court of appeal.

The régime of the *Shoguns*, a word equivalent in meaning to the Roman *Imperator*, which introduces us to the Japan we know, and which lasted from 1600 to 1868, meant 270 Daimyos, with their Samurai or noble vassals, and 1,500,000 dependent upon them, and this pinnacle supported by a base of what were practically 30,000,000 serfs. Even thirty years ago not one person in ten could afford even rice, but lived on barley, or barley and a little rice; now six out of ten have a square meal of rice every day.

It was this arrangement of society which explains both the present strength and weakness of Japan. Not to remember that these people are only just emerging from feudalism, from clan

government, and that the origins of such ethical systems and sanctions as they have, have their roots in Confucianism, which is agnostic and monarchial, and in the subservient loyalty of man to master, and of the Sir Galahad loyalty as between brothers in arms, described in their code of *Bushido*, is to leave Japan a sealed book.

The fierce patriotism animating those who with shouts of delight charged again and again over lines of their own slain against Russian breastworks; what does it mean? The patient, smiling stoicism; what does it mean? The domestic and moral slavery of the women; what does it mean? The commercial chicanery and unconscious conscienceless ness, from the twenty-four members of the House of Representatives now in prison in connection with the sugar frauds, and the First Army Division scandal in regard to tenders for new depots, down to the three thousand weights and measures captured by the police of Tokio, in a simultaneous raid upon the dealers in rice; what does it mean? The self-sacrificing patriotism, and simple honorable living of Prince Ito, and other men like him; what does it mean? The jump, from knights in chain armor, with two-handled swords, to the latest fashion in dreadnoughts, and this in one generation; what does it mean? A constitution, an army, a navy,

a complete school system and miles of progress along the road of industrial and commercial competition, the defeat of one great European power, and an alliance with the greatest power of all, the British Empire; what does it all mean?

The gains are so gigantic, the changes have been so swift, the child has become so surreptitiously a strong man, that enthusiasts shout: a miracle! Poets praise without stint and with facts wreathed in the flowers of rhetoric; and travellers interpret the bows and smiles of shopkeepers and Geisha girls into a national certificate for courtesy; and readers in foreign lands either shiver in fear of the "Japanese Peril," or are hypnotized into believing that here at last is the new heaven and the new earth of the Book of Revelations. A world-wide false impression of Japan has been given by the eclogues of European visitors, whose opinions would be more valuable had they seen less of her women and known more of her men. Cant is not peculiar to the Puritan; the Cavaliers, the literary Cavaliers, have a cant of their own.

However easily satisfied the rest of the world may be, with fantastic and superficial explanations and descriptions of the origins, and the present status, and the probable results of this Japanese civilization, we Americans are vitally

concerned to know as much as we can of nothing but the truth. What has most impressed the world is the suddenly developed military prowess of the Japanese. The victory over the Chinese is a negligible laurel. The Chinese are a people who have idealized for centuries the student and the merchant, and despised the warrior. Chinese of seventy are still proud to be going up for examinations that for fifty years they have failed to pass. Even an unsuccessful student is of more importance than a successful soldier. This situation is only now beginning to change slowly.

The victory over the Russians was an inconclusive victory. Nearly 900,000 Russians were securely intrenched, and more were coming into northern Manchuria, when peace terms were concluded at Portsmouth. Between March 31, 1904, and March 31, 1907, the national debt of Japan increased from $280,000,000 to the enormous amount of $1,135,000,000; and Russia declined even to negotiate unless any consideration of an indemnity was waived; and Russia paid nothing, ceded no territory of her own, what she relinquished belonged to China, and lost nothing but prestige, for which she seemed to care nothing. This war cost the Japanese $1,000,000,000; 85,000 killed, and

over 600,000 casualities. A drawn battle with the Japanese did not seem to Russia then, and from what one hears in Russia to-day, does not seem to them now, as a matter of much consequence. Had it not been for the condition of her domestic political affairs, she would not have consented even to appear at Portsmouth, for she knew, as the chancellories of all Europe knew, that Japan was at her last gasp financially.

The alliance with Great Britain may have been a good stroke of diplomacy for Great Britain at the time; but it was a short-sighted policy, and the British are by no means so in love with the alliance now, as then, when they considered it a supreme blow at any Russian threatening of their frontiers in India. And it is well known now that a Japanese alliance was hawked about the continent before it was accepted by Great Britain.

It is easy to see that the organization of an army, that military prowess, are the line of least resistance for a people with the past history of the Japanese. It was comparatively easy to convert the fighting feudalism of earlier days into the terms of a modern navy and army. What Wellington said of the playing-fields of the great English public-schools, and the result at Waterloo, may be said as justifiably of *Bushido*,

and the battle of the Yalu River. I have no wish to detract from the merit of Japanese military success, I merely call attention to the fact that it has its roots, and well-defined ones, in the past, and is not a military Cinderella, as the fairy-story writers on modern Japan would lead one to believe. Everybody agrees to praise the obedience, the discipline and the courage of the Japanese soldier.

But now comes the difficult task, and along the lines of the hardest resistance, which is to convert this clan system, which despised commerce and industry, which taught its youth that "trade is the only game where the winner is disgraced," into commercial and industrial efficiency. Just as everybody agrees to praise the Japanese as a soldier, so everybody agrees to question the honesty of the Japanese as a trader. My own reception in Japan, the constant hospitality shown me there, the intelligent and courteous gentlemen who helped me and entertained me there, make it hard to understand the causes of the bitter hostility to the Japanese, not on our Western coast only, but all through the East, in which I had been travelling for many months.

It is only when you leave the high official, the kindly and considerate host, the travelled and cosmopolitan Japanese, and hear tales of the

Japanese as they are; see them as they are, at the temples or in the public gardens; in the crowded narrow streets of Kioto, for example; at the railway stations; in the railway carriages, hawking, spitting, smoking, scattering ashes, until the carriage floor looks like an elongated cuspidor; at the entrances and exits of the theatres; at the booths and side-shows of a fair, or around a popular temple; crowded in a tram-car; or when you deal with subordinates at a bank, post-office, railway station, or telegraph office; then you realize how and why, practically the people of all nations who have constant dealings with them, from ambassadors to travelling salesmen, have grown to hate them with an untempered zeal. Their fussy and self-conscious politeness; their comical vanity and self-satisfaction; their parochial assumption that all the world is wrong, they alone right; their lack of consideration for others, particularly for their women; their callow and sophisticated youthfulness; the lack of personal dignity, and in its place a chip-on-the-shoulder assertiveness; their new feeling of a scarcely veiled contempt for the white race, which, by the way, is not even veiled among the Chinese; all these characteristics, overlaid with a lacquer of hardness and a national selfishness which no European ever

penetrates—even poor Lafcadio Hearn learned it to his cost before he died—account to some extent for this extraordinary shift of opinion upon the part of Europeans, from condescending fondness, to virulent and loudly expressed contempt.

But why, the intelligent reader will ask, have travellers and writers for years praised the gentleness, the courtesy, the almost primeval honesty, the patience of these people; their painstaking workmanship of swords, lacquers, carvings, porcelains, iron-work, to turn upon them now with all manner of insult and suspicion for their industrial, commercial and moral standards. It does not seem to me a difficult question to answer.

The craftsmen of Japan, in the old days, worked for their lords or their rich and noble patrons. They were protected, supported and praised, not paid, for their work; it was a labor of love. Buyers and sellers, and hawkers and traders, were a despised class. The Japanese, too, have had practically no personal liberty as we know it. Their work, profession, status and habitat were fixed; and even small crimes were punished with death. Their amusements were simple, their holidays spent as Watteau's shepherds and shepherdesses spent theirs, and they

were to a man under the thumb of clan rulers, and without opportunity for moral vagaries, or personal choice, in the matter of habits and customs. Everybody worked for some household, and every household worked for some clan. A man was obliged by law, in feudal times, to earn his living, to marry, to bring up his family and to die, in the place where he was born; and even to-day it is expected, and is generally the custom, though such restrictions are rapidly passing. The loosening of family bonds, the greater liberty of the individual, mean little to us, perhaps, as we read of it; but in Japan it means the lessening of the restraining power of religion itself. A nation of ancestor-worshippers depend upon the integrity of the family life for all their moral as well as religious sanctions; and the growth of individualism in Japan was sure to be followed by a certain moral laxity. We are seeing that to-day. To do away with the family cult of each family's ancestors is to do away with religion, is to do away with the great spiritual restraining and warning hand, which had kept moral irregularities in abeyance. It was the civilization of a jelly-mould. Of a sudden the mould is broken. Each must take care of himself, each must make a living for himself, each must fend and fight for himself,

each must learn to make and to spend money. It is a poor country, the natural wealth of the country is small, and it is overcrowded; competition is severe, and the old rule of unquestioning loyalty is everywhere lessening; and the new laws of economic competition, both at home and abroad, come into existence, and there follows chaos.

On top of this come war, prestige, praise, alliance with the mightiest, and overwhelming national debts; and there follow self-satisfaction, vanity and self-consciousness. Japan suffers from being the *novus homo* among the nations. She has not our morals, our manners, our dress, our religion, our familiarity with wealth and luxury, our tastes in art, literature or music, none of our European traditions in short, or our familiarity with the written or spoken languages of ancient and modern culture and civilization. This nation, which in its own clothes, in its own home, and in familiar surroundings, and living by its own moral code, was dubbed graceful, polite, gentle and unassuming, is now, because judged by an entirely different standard, awkward, unmoral, self-conscious, bumptious and dishonest.

One sometimes sees an individual of one nation who wishes to appear to be of another.

There was a time when the Englishman was proud to be deemed "Italianated," or to be called the "Mirror of Tuscany"; and there are Englishmen to-day who vaunt the civilization of France as higher than their own. There are, alas, Americans who emigrate, socially and nationally, to London or to Paris, and who ape the accent, the manner and what they deem by an entirely mistaken view to be the sedulous anxiety of the Englishman to avoid intercourse with whomsoever is great-grandfatherless. Trying to be superficially what essentially one is not, is an awkward business, and these hermaphrodite patriots are ridiculous abroad and a mortification at home. In the case of the Japanese, the whole nation is trying to appear to be what it is not; they are trying to do things that are not natural to them; trying to assume an equality with others along lines that are foreign to them; and although these efforts are prodigious, and here and there successful, the general result cannot help being slightly ridiculous. There was no exaggeration in the old praise, there is no exaggeration in the new blame.

To insist upon building the Antung-Mukden railway into a broad-gauge road, amply serviceable for troops and freight, if the words of a

treaty mean anything, was taking a mean advantage of the Chinese. The concession for the construction of the Chinchow-Aigun railway, America making the loan to China, and an English firm contracting to build the road, was held up on a protest from Japan. Why China, an unconquered and independent nation, should not be allowed to build a railway, controlled and owned by the state, and far removed from any Japanese interest, it is hard to understand. England declines to assist the project in any way. England is for the moment internationally supine. She is fully occupied with the tearing at her domestic vitals of a demagogue-fed, and demagogue-bred, class war, which a knot of recalcitrants, who have paid for admission with money they have begged in a foreign country, watch, with their thumbs turned down to every appeal for fair-play. England's attitude is apparently that China is to have no rights as over against her ally Japan's wishes. At Hongchow, when I was in China, the Japanese were trading in the interior in spite of specific treaties forbidding it, and when ordered away by the Chinese governor, were leaving with impudent reluctance.

Three treaties define Japan's position in Manchuria: I. the Anglo-Japanese treaty of

August, 1905; II. the Portsmouth treaty of September, 1905; III. the China-Japan treaty of December, 1905. Japan subscribes in all of these treaties to the policy of the open door in Manchuria, but is doing her best to make all things easy for Japanese enterprise and commerce, and the reverse for every other nation.

Though the Chinese and Japanese cannot understand each other's speech, they can read each other's writing or ideographs. This helps the Japanese in their honest trade with the Chinese very materially, because labels, addresses, firm marks, and brands are made easily plain; but it helps also in the forgery of patent marks, labels, and brands, and this has become an occasional feature of Japanese commercial methods.

Half an hour's walk in Tokio, writes the British ambassador, will discover ten to twenty imitations of British trade-marks. One may buy all over China to-day the English Rodgers's razors, made in Japan. More than one Chinese newssheet is edited and controlled by Japanese; and these are the sheets which are loudest in their demands for the driving out of China of the foreigner. At the final meeting of the Nippon Syndicate, Limited, in London, the chairman said that the reason for the winding up of the company's affairs was due, he regretted to

say, "to the wide-spread unreliability of the Japanese nation in commerce, no less than to the reluctance of our allies to admit British enterprise to any share of the resources of the Far East. The selfish policy of the Japanese had reduced the doctrine of the open door to nothing more or less than a fiction." The Japanese consul himself, in Tientsin, reported to his government that "the Chinese regard Japanese goods with serious distrust as being cheaply and badly packed and not up to sample." While in India I heard of a large amount of money involved in the suit of an Indian exporter from Japan, who claimed that he had been shamefully deceived by the difference between samples and the cotton goods received. One of our American school-books was stolen bodily and reprinted in Japan. The American publishers, through our State Department, remonstrated. The Japanese reply was that the book was not the same, because they had corrected certain verbal errors in the original!

The new Japanese tariff comes into force on July 1, 1911. The average of new duties on British goods is estimated at an advance of two-thirds upon existing rates. On goods from other countries the increase in the average of the duties is about fifty per cent. But, says

Count Komura, the Foreign Secretary of Japan, in an official statement of Japanese policy: "Great Britain has what is called a free-trade policy; there is no room for a convention with that country." This is frank cynicism enough, one would think, to penetrate the British commercial understanding. If this is not enough, the new tariff increases the duties on printed goods from eight pence to twenty-two pence; on white shirtings the duty is nearly quadrupled, and on cotton Italians the increase is even greater.

In spite of the alliance, the British community in Japan does not receive the "most-favored-nation" treatment, but its members are regarded as undesirable aliens, as are the representatives of other nations; and now in addition the tariff wall against British goods has been raised to an almost unclimbable height.

The total of Japanese imports and exports in 1868 amounted to $13,123,272; in 1904 to $303,318,980; and in 1908 to $407,251,500. It may be that the Japanese now believe that they can afford to look upon their alliance with Great Britain as a favor bestowed rather than as a favor received. They have got out of it the peace and protection they needed in a time of great strain; their army and navy they assume,

some of their high officials even claim as much, are more needed by Great Britain than is Great Britain's protection by Japan, and therefore they can now deal with Great Britain on even terms. This may or may not be good diplomacy, wise commercial methods. With that I have nothing to do. I cite it as a national example of the same spirit which pervades their dealings as individuals. Whatever else it may be, it is not "playing the game."

Even their hospitality is suspicious beneath its outward graciousness. Very few Americans know, when the American fleet was welcomed with loud acclaims of friendliness at Yokohama, that all the rest of the Japanese ships and men were mobilized near Nagasaki and kept there, even depriving men of leave, till the American fleet sailed away. This is of the type of frank friendliness which leads Japanese officers to run between the shafts of a jinrickishaw in order to listen to the conversation of the foreign officers they draw. Somehow these strike us as the degrading precautions of a morally vulgar and low type of civilization. These things are not easy for us to understand, or to dismiss with a smile, except of contempt.

I could fill this chapter, and many chapters, with example after example of the untrustwor-

thiness of the Japanese merchants and industrials. I have cited instances merely to show the reader that this accusation is not gossip. But I have little taste for accusations, and no enmity against the Japanese, for I cannot picture a kindlier hospitality than I received. This is all by way of explanation, as is much that is to follow, and by no means a tirade; and also because it is quite fair, and high time, that we dropped the songs of the nursery and discussed Japan by the grown-up standards, by which she now claims the right to be judged.

We have come to believe in the West, that no progress along moral lines can be attained without putting women on the same level of moral and mental opportunity with men. Without respect for womanhood we believe that men cannot respect themselves, and that the degradation of women means the degradation of men. The Japanese neither believe this nor act upon it. During the seven years, 1890–1897, there were 2,450,838 marriages in Japan, 821,121 divorces, and 523,992 illegitimate births. Prostitution in Japan is regulated, controlled and taxed by the state. The last census gives the number of females in Japan as 23,131,207; of this number, 7,587,979 are between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five, or roughly the age when the Eastern

woman is physically attractive. One writer claims that there are "500,000 public prostitutes, and at least 1,000,000 *daruma* and *meshimori*,[1] etc., etc.; the total of women practising prostitution is probably 1,400,000, and if to this again about 500,000 *Geisha* be added, the complete grand total cannot be short of nearly 2,000,000." It seems impossible that this can be true, though I have figures from an official in the Finance Department, who procured them from the Home Department, which confirm this estimate. But even if it were cut in half, and this is an absurd underestimate, it shows that of all the women in Japan between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five, one out of every seven and a half is thus employed. It is true, at all events, and every traveller with eyes to see may investigate for himself, that the whole eastern coast from Zanzibar to Kamtschatka is fringed with Japanese prostitutes. In Bombay, Calcutta, Hongkong, Singapore, Shanghai, and so on all around the coast, this Japanese export is prominent. The Japanese authorities recognize this and are trying to stop this emigration of young women, which is a standing disgrace to them, along 15,000 miles of sea-coast.

[1] Japanese words used in the provinces and meaning procuresses, or low-class *Conciliatrices*.

It is a not uncommon thing for a Japanese girl to sell herself at home or abroad, to gain the money with which to marry and settle down, the future husband agreeing to this manner of gaining the marriage portion. As I have noted, the Emperor sets the example by giving his people an heir to the throne born of a concubine; and no Japanese, of whatever position in society, would hesitate to take one, or as many as were necessary of these women, into his household to procure a son to continue the ancestor-worship. A Japanese nobleman, well known as a diplomat in Europe and in this country, in discussing this question with me, remarked: "What a fine thing if you had in your country a descendant of George Washington!" He intimated, too, that in his country the whole question was treated as a matter of practical hygiene, just as we provide a pure-food law, while in England and in America we balked at dealing with the matter frankly and wisely, and treated it like hypocrites. He was right up to a certain point, for there are no streets paraded by soliciting women in Tokio as are Piccadilly, London; certain streets in New York; the Boulevards, and the shambles of Montmartre, in Paris. In Japan the laws are stringent upon this subject, and the punishment for

illegal use of houses is a heavy fine and imprisonment. The women are segregated in certain districts, and are regularly taxed and visited.

The three laws for Japanese women are obedience to father and mother as a child; obedience to husband as a wife; finally obedience to her children as an old woman. The women are gentle, fertile, and obedient; and it is disconcerting to the logical mind to find that their most fervent admirers are to be found among our American women, who are considered by all the world to be sophisticated and independent, and by that unanswerable critic, the Census, to be rapidly losing the position they ought to hold in the birth-rate column.

If the American woman knew that every inn, every tea-house and every hotel, and many of the temples in Japan offered easy virtue to every traveller and pilgrim so disposed; and that the sale of herself by the woman, to relieve family necessities, is looked upon as a worthy self-sacrifice in thousands of Japanese households; if she could see the whole Japanese attitude toward this question, both at home and abroad, she would consider the admission of the Japanese in any numbers into this country, to be educated side by side with our children, in the public schools, as an intolerable suggestion. And

she would consider that to permit freedom of social intercourse between Japanese men and the young women of America an insulting suggestion. Even when Japanese gentlemen entertain, professional women are called in for the occasion. It will be time to talk of offering the freedom of our guarded and cherished homes to the Japanese, when the Japanese have our ideals of what such a home ought to be.

Our Western coast is right, and not till victory over our forces on sea and land brings them, will the Japanese be permitted to colonize in any part of America, until her civilization is purged and changed in this respect. Far be it from me to sit in judgment over the nations of the earth, to claim that we are right and others wrong; and I trust that the reader will realize that I have been stating facts, noting differences, and not offering ponderous protocols, as though the possession of a pen produced omniscience. I should be sorry to be included in that category of travellers, and writers about other countries, who look upon every difference, every inconvenience, every displeasing incident as a grievance. I look upon them not as grievances, but as experiences, and I try to deal with them as such, for my own benefit, and that of my countrymen.

It was only recently and after a valiant fight, led by the members of the European Salvation Army in Japan, and at the risk of personal violence to themselves, that the shameful slavery to which the inmates of the *Yoshiwara*, or Prostitutes' Quarter, were subjected, was mitigated; and women who wished to escape were given the opportunity to do so. Before the Japanese woman is allowed to stand securely upon the rhetorical pedestal built for her by Lafcadio Hearn, and accepted as appropriate to her moral and social status by indifferent and superficial travellers, she must be judged by other standards, and with evidence furnished by less frankly partial witnesses.

The total net debt of the United States, that is, what remains after deducting the cash in the Treasury, was, on June 30, 1908, $938,132,409. About $155,000,000 was paying at the rate of four per cent, the balance two or three per cent. The estimated value of property in the United States in 1904 was estimated at $107,104,192,410.

The debt of Japan, one of the poorest countries in the world, with more than one-half of its cultivated area given over to the raising of rice, was, on March 31, 1908, $1,138,173,226, and the internal loans pay from five to eight per

cent, and the foreign loans from four to six per cent.[1]

A Japanese writer, Adachi Kinnosuke by name, writes: "People in Japan with $50,000 a year or more are asked to hand over to the government $34,000 of it. Wonderful, is it not? More wonderful still, they say nothing about it. Of course it is graded down so that a man with $500 yearly income pays about seventeen per cent. On an average the people of Japan pay about thirty per cent of their net income in taxation in one form or another — a taxation which would create a revolution in Europe or America in twenty-four hours." This Japanese writer, who is apparently proud of this situation in his own country, might have gone further and said, not only that there would be a revolution in Europe and America, but also that our present freedom, our religious and political liberty, have

[1] THE EXPENDITURES OF JAPAN IN YEN

1901	266,856,824
1905	420,741,735
1910	534,303,861

THE TAXES OF JAPAN IN YEN

1901	135,652,181
1905	264,624,842
1910	320,225,718

THE NATIONAL DEBT OF JAPAN IN YEN

1901	496,765,040
1905	2,082,582,822
1910	2,331,090,448

been won by revolutions in the past, to enable us to escape from just such tyrannical taxation. The oligarchical clan government of Japan is bleeding people to death to provide an army and navy, and for the conduct of war. A little historical knowledge would have shown this gentleman that we do not envy him, and that Magna Charta, Charles the First, the French Revolutions, and the American Revolution are incidents in the combined history of Europe and America to prove it.

In his treatment of the case the slight premise is assumed that we should all be better off if we were Japanese! Hearn's brief for the Japanese women omits the same corner-stone in the building of his monument. The Japanese have reached a phase of megalomania, where they fancy that the rest of the world looks upon them with awe and envy. No one who has not talked day after day with the Japanese appreciates this. Many of them, as is the case with Mr. Adachi Kinnosuke, hold up their hands and say: "Wonderful, is it not?" It is barely possible that we do not think it wonderful at all, that on the contrary we think it deplorable. It is barely possible that we prefer American to Japanese standards; American to Japanese morality; American to Japanese women; Amer-

ican to Japanese national debt and taxation; American to Japanese civilization; and American to Japanese estimation in the eyes of the world. As an American I should be mortified to think that my country, my country's institutions, my countrymen or my countrywomen, could be confounded for a moment with the Japanese.

We escaped from the slavery of feudalism many years ago. Japan is as much in the grip of the feudal baron and feudal methods to-day as she was in the days of the Shogunate. Their Emperor is not a constitutional ruler, but a god, a puppet-king, as a high Japanese official has called him; their House of Representatives has little more final voice in policy and legislation than have the Boy Scouts upon American policy and legislation; the Japanese are not taxed, they are robbed, as were our ancestors when they were serfs and villeins. If we retrograded to such taxation as obtains in Japan, it would be because it could not be helped, as is the case in Japan to-day. We are not in the stage of civilization where there is nothing to be bought with money but rice, sake, Geisha girls, and the favor of Shinto or Buddhist temple-servers; if we were, we might not crave wealth, might indeed rejoice to be soldiers, as a relief from poverty and monotony.

Though life in Japan is not monotonous to the Japanese, for they are distinctly a bright, cheerful and happy people, it would be burdensomely monotonous to us. Their women are docile housewives, who spend next to nothing upon themselves, and know nothing of liberty or luxury. They take no part in the social enjoyments and hospitalities of their husbands, who when they can afford it, call in the aid of a restaurant, and Geisha girls, when they entertain. Neither men nor women have the countless interests of literature, art, theatres, sports, games, travel, charity, religious societies, clubs, which make the poorest of us love our independence.

It is not worth gambling, with your soul as stake, to win the whole world of Japan, because to the Westerner, be he right or wrong in his appreciation, the whole world of Japan is not worth having, at the price of their present slavery. We must wait till luxury comes and wealth; the cry of their women for liberty and something approaching equality of opportunity; strikes and the organization of labor; the escape of the members of the Imperial Diet from the sway of a puppet-king endowed with ghostly powers; the awakening of the nation to the pleasures and opportunities of life as we know them; we must wait till then.

They have not been tested as yet with the real temptations of power; with the strain and stress of representative government; with the poisonous vapors of prosperity; with the demands and expectations of the superficially educated; with the unpatriotic lawlessness of millions of aliens; with masses of people under no religious restraint. No devil has taken them up into the high mountain of civilization, and shown them the kingdoms of the world and tempted them; and until that time comes, the Japanese must be considered as still in the making, and outside of any but a hypothetical judgment.

They took their religion, their Confucian code of ethics, their art, their alphabet even, all that they have, indeed, from India, China, and Korea. They adopted them, but they have not improved them. They have no porcelain, no painting, no carving, no literature, no ethical code, no religion which are improvements upon what they imitated. Their past is a copy of the East, their present is a copy of the West. They have imitated our mills, machines, arms and instruments, but no Japanese even would claim that they have invented anything of their own, or improved upon the Western models. It is evident that a man who can only imitate must always remain behind.

There is one department of modern life where

the mere imitator must necessarily find great difficulties, and that is in the department of government, especially the governing of other races far away from one's own country. The mere machinery of government may suffice at home, where all men by centuries of conformity have adjusted themselves, but no machinery is enough to make the governing of alien races easy. The machinery then becomes subordinate to those who use it, adapt it, fit it to daily exigencies, and adjust it nicely to other habits, customs, and prejudices. Whatever else we may have added to the fund of the stored-up experience of civilization, our race may claim an easy pre-eminence in this domain. Here, at any rate, we have earned the right to look on with a critical eye, at the endeavors of other governors, whether they be French or Japanese.

We may claim, too, that there is no higher test of a man's all-round ability, and no fairer test of a nation's claim to greatness, than the individual's or the nation's prowess in this field of effort. Whether he be a country parson, the manager of a great railroad, or the governor of a wide province, inhabited by millions of an alien race, he ranks among the men of unusual powers in his degree who succeeds in adjusting differences; harmonizing conflicting aims; gaining confidence

by his cheerful but unbending justice; solving problems by superior wisdom; gaining the allegiance of warring factions, and leading all alike along the path he has marked out for himself and them; while the greatest rulers, men like Clive and Cromwell and Lincoln, rank with the few shining ones in war, art and literature, as the prize products of humanity.

Japan has not gained the respect, the confidence, or the quiet control of Formosa, Korea, or lower Manchuria. In all the months I was in India I never saw a white man ill-use a brown one; I did not visit Formosa, but the Japanese are burning villages and shooting down the natives there as I write. I did travel through the whole length of Korea, crossed the Yalu River, and travelled through the whole length of the Japanese sphere of influence in Manchuria, and never a day passed that I did not see rough and often violent treatment of Koreans and Manchus by Japanese soldiers, police, and the lower class of labor employed there. It is fair to say that the late Prince Ito, and the present Consul-General of Korea, and all the many Japanese officials whom I met, were heartily in accord, and sincerely in earnest, in their endeavors to do away with these rough and bullying methods, but they have not succeeded in preventing them.

The Japanese of all classes, high and low, are painfully sensitive to ridicule. In their own country, in the past, their military traditions, the closely drawn limitations between classes, the prompt vengeance of slight or insult, made the rules of politeness to one another as rigid, and their ceremonious treatment of one another as elaborate, as religious rubrics.

Both the Koreans and the Chinese look upon the Japanese as inferior. The Koreans call them "island savages," "foreign knaves," and their country "Contemptible Dwarf Land," and the Chinese call them "monkeys," and both consider them as even more contemptible than Europeans.

I grant that it has a tendency to make a man self-conscious, and awkward, and inclined to self-assertion, when he finds himself in a company that is latently unfriendly, even if he be a superior person of long training in self-control.

I have seen both Manchus and Koreans make fun of the little Japanese soldiers and policemen, and it is perhaps not to be wondered at that they retaliate with physical force. They do not like chaff, and do not know how to take it; and they are very new, one may even say, very raw, at the business of exercising authority. The white man, indeed the gentleman everywhere, assumes

his authority, he does not assert it. But one must be very sure of oneself to do this successfully, and the Japanese are not sure of themselves by any means. Almost any Japanese is delighted to be mistaken for a European, puts himself indeed to great pains to imitate his institutions, his clothes, his manners, his habits, and to learn his language, and has none of the Chinese indifference to, and contempt for, Western standards of civilization.

No man ever does anything well if he is forever looking out of the corner of his eye to see if he is copying his model successfully. The Japanese give you the impression of watching to see if you think they have done things the way they ought to be done, whether it is eating their dinner, drinking their wine, tying their cravats, choosing their hats and coats, or governing their colonies. This uneasiness about their own manners and methods, about their right to the pre-eminence that they have claimed, cannot be concealed from those they are attempting to rule; and as I have said elsewhere, the nervous rider makes the excitable horse.

This governing of aliens demands a superior all-round man, and one who possesses in particular great nervous staying power. The constant pin-pricks, the malicious misinterpreta-

tions, the steady opposition, the daily and studied efforts at circumvention, are irritating and nerve-racking. Even the stolid Englishman in India finds it health-destroying. It has had the effect upon some of the stout little Japanese of breaking them down, making nervous wrecks of them. I know of more than one Japanese official recalled already from these new colonies, completely broken down nervously. Men who could stand the gruelling hardships of a winter campaign in Manchuria, and lose no weight even, waste away under the burdens of the complicated business of governing peaceably. Fighting is merely an exciting form of exercise, but governing is the very rarest accomplishment of the most highly trained men, of the most advanced civilizations.

The disease known to us as beri-beri, and called by the Japanese *Kake*, which is a malady of the nerves, resulting in paralysis and numbness, is common in Japan. It played such havoc in both army and navy that its causes have been seriously investigated. In the navy, after certain experiments, the surgeon-general prescribed a change of diet, giving the men more meat, bread, vegetables, and less rice. It may be of interest to our Uptonian school of reformers and their allies, the social and political

Saprophagans, to learn that Chicago canned meat was added to the daily rations of the Japanese navy and army, and helped to stamp out this dread disease.

The Japanese copy quickly, but they learn, which is quite another thing, slowly. According to the present school system, a boy enters the primary school at the age of six, and stays six years; at the age of twelve he goes to a middle school where he stays five years; at seventeen he goes to the high-school for three years, and thence to the university for a three or four years' course. If no time is wasted, and there are no failures at examinations, a boy may graduate from the university at twenty-three or four, but most boys are not so fortunate. They are particularly weak in mathematics, and a large percentage of the failures throughout the school and university courses are in this department. The result is that many boys do not finish their education before the age of twenty-eight, or thirty, even. It is to be remembered that this is an Oriental race, and the men are old men at fifty. With us, a man who has taken care of himself is in his prime at fifty, and the responsible and onerous work of our Western world is done by men between forty-five and seventy. We have, the best of us, forty years of usefulness

between twenty and sixty. The Japanese, with exceptions, of course, have twenty-five, between the years twenty-five and fifty. If the most valuable thing in life is stored-up experience, well used, the Japanese, and all Orientals, are at a tremendous disadvantage in this respect.

There are three questions uppermost in the minds of intelligent people in regard to the Japanese: are they really civilized, have they incorporated our civilization, got it in their blood, or merely grasped certain features of it with their deft hands? will the alliance with Great Britain be renewed? are they contemplating, and will they be successful in an attack upon us? My own answers to these questions, and I have tried to avoid being categorical, will, I trust, be found in what I have written. All the sober-minded Japanese maintain that not only have they adopted our civilization, but that they are putting it into a crucible from which will emerge a higher form of civilization than that to which we have attained in the West. They regard the non-renewal of their alliance with Great Britain as improbable in the present timorous state of mind of British statesmen. They were unanimous in telling me, an American, that war between America and Japan is preposterous, impossible for financial and stra-

tegical reasons, and that Germany is at the bottom of all these false alarms, and incentives to quarrels between her rivals and enemies; insisting, and I believe with justice, that Germany is now in a position where war between any other two countries would profit her, weaken some rival, and be to her commercial advantage.

Few men of importance would willingly make war, incite to war, or believe in war. No one not crazed by the thought of personal revenge would: "Pour the sweet milk of Concord into hell." Those who have seen anything of the horrors of war detest it; amateurs in uniform, with staff-appointment military titles, may be pardoned for wishing to appear as brave as their uniforms.

I was bored by Philippics as a boy in college, and my re-reading of the classics after passing thirty increased my distaste for them. I should be disappointed and sorry to have what I write of Japan interpreted as a wholesale denunciation, as a swaggering sort of *ceterum censeo Carthaginem esse delendam.* I am no sour Cato.

I am, however, of those who believe that the best arguments for peace are those well furnished with men, arms and ammunition, and

that the ambassadors from a careless, rich, and defenceless country seeking to bring about an international court of arbitration, though it is of all things most to be desired, must necessarily be impotent envoys.

There is no more doubt that both Germany and Japan look with envy upon the rich and thinly populated countries of South America, and that Japan has entered Manchuria to stay, than that Germany and Japan are over-populated. The thin mantle of the Prince of Peace conceals fang and claw only until the opportunity for profit, or the pangs of hunger, induce us to throw it off. It would seem that our bureaus of agriculture, our schools of technology are useless without Annapolis and West Point. The splendid gift of Mr. Carnegie for the advancement of peace does honor to every Christian and to every American, but that travelled and intelligent gentleman would be the last to advocate the sending of emissaries for peace, with the halters of disarmament and defencelessness around their necks.

The cost of even the moral progress we have made has been terrible; and it is not false pride, but protection for our ideals, that bids us defend ourselves from what we consider lower forms of morals, religion, manners and customs.

It is astounding that England and America do not see that Japan is Materialism proving its efficiency. The Japanese are smiling atheists and agnostics, and yet at one time America and Europe were hailing with admiration their sanity, happiness, morality, and ability. At any rate, that attitude means good-by Christianity, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Exeter Hall, must be very frivolous or very ignorant if they preach a renewal of the alliance in 1915. These people would make Darwin, Spencer, Wallace and Haeckel point in triumph. Not one of the sanctions or authorities of Christendom has contributed to their success or to their present civilization. It is purely material, touched up with ghostly awe of ancestordom. If they and their gods, their woman slavery, their historical and commercial untrustworthiness, their Oriental secretiveness and cruelty, their imitative militarism, their tyrannical and unrepresentative government of themselves and their conquered aliens can be received on equal terms by England and America, then Christ is a mere ethical luxury, and no more necessary to our civilization than the "private god" of my Hindu friend in Udaipur.

XI

THINGS JAPANESE, KOREAN, AND MANCHURIAN

FROM Hongkong to Yokohama ought not to be a long or a disturbed voyage. I travelled on rather a small steamer to avoid waiting for a large one, and from the moment we steamed away from the dock at Hongkong till we were warped alongside at Yokohama, the description of the sea by Horace, "*inverso mare*," was fulfilled to the letter. Seven days of "*inverso mare*," unrelieved by eruptive illness, which is a blessing in disguise in such situations; during which time I read for the first time in many years, a shelf or so of modern novels, made me acquainted at least with the opiumonic quality of such literature. These days left me also with increased respect for Horace as a realist. Verily nothing is so powerless as water till it gets into motion!

It was a rainy, blustering morning when we arrived; and I watched with interest the Japanese who handled the ropes and cables thrown to

them. They were skilful and quick, and somewhat uncanny in appearance; long arms and long bodies on short sturdy legs; long upper lips, dark, opaque eyes, and an air of doing what they had to do, as of trained animals. No one, I imagine, who first comes in contact with the Japanese, is not impressed by their unhuman appearance, and their mental and moral aloofness, and difference from any other race of the same ability he knows.

The custom-house examination was prolonged, patient and rigorous, but my luggage was passed as inoffensive, and, tucked into a jinrickishaw, I was trotted off to the hotel. The first glimpse of the interior of the hotel told me, as though it had been proclaimed by the hotel clerk, that here the influence of America is paramount. The steam-heat, and the hall filled with rocking-chairs, proved it. What combination more tempting to physical and mental, and consequently to moral, degeneration can be made than a rocking-chair and a cheap novel in a steam-heated room! There they were, including the degeneration; for in one of the chairs was an over-plump countrywoman, looking as though she were choked by her stays, a novel in her hands, and her high heels tapping the floor, as the chair swayed back and forth.

Two Japanese in livery take my things to my room, and when I arrive a few yards behind them, they are both smirking at themselves in the mirror. There are many bitter criticisms of the Japanese these days, and one of the foremost is that they are conceited. That may be, but there is another aspect of the case deserving mention. They are new at the game of civilization. The grinding monotony of life, which is the portion of a great and helpless majority in every highly civilized society, has not thrown its pall over them as yet. They carry luggage to an hotel room, they wait on table, they run locomotive engines and trolley-cars, wave flags from the crossings at passing trains, bow foreigners in and out of shops, and wait upon them from behind counters; they take and sell tickets at railway stations, do housework, serve as guides and couriers, travel themselves in trains and ships, wear uniforms as firemen, policemen, soldiers, sailors, teachers, judges, school-boys, — Japan has veritably blossomed into uniforms — govern colonies as in Formosa, Korea and Manchuria, and all with the delighted alertness, and with sidelong glances at themselves in mirrors when opportunity offers, as of children playing with new toys.

The traveller and student of foreign men and

manners, who falls into the error of supposing that his personal opinions are necessarily dogmas because they are intolerant, is of no value as a guide or teacher. These Japanese may be conceited, but the outstanding feature of their society is their delighted interest, their air of importance, their solemnity in doing the thousand and one little things that we have done, and seen done so often, that we are tired of them, and only do them under the stress of compulsion.

I have seen a Japanese using a telephone, or a type-writer, punching tickets at a railway gate, waving a flag at a crossing, pointing out sights to travellers, with the smiling delight and curiosity of a child looking at the inside of a watch. I am not sure that this unsophisticated attitude toward life is not as worthy as reading a novel in a rocking-chair, in a steam-heated room.

Germans complain that the French are conceited, and prone to ridicule others; Americans accuse the English of being conceited; and as for the English, they simmer slowly but constantly with amusement at our boasting, our proclamations, our Fourth-of-July oratory. Perhaps we all think the Japanese conceited, because we think they ought not to be; assuming that our

ideals and our accomplishments are the only proper standards of measurement. None of us would be less agreeable for more humility; and we should certainly all be gainers if before passing judgment upon others, we first studied them more carefully. More than half the distrust between one another, of the nations of the earth, is due to nothing more mysterious than just plain, complete, and indifferent ignorance.

There are two places in every country and every city, one where the traveller should spend a few hours in studying the mass, the average; and in the other the picked few. Those two places are the railway stations and the book-shops. In Bombay and Calcutta books on the French Revolution, on Poland's struggle for freedom, Herbert Spencer on Education and Ethics were in demand. Here is the list from a Japanese book-shop: "Evolution and Adaptation," Morgan; "Electricity and Magnetism," Webster; "Theory of Heat," Cotter; "Darwinism," Wallace; "Pioneers of Science," Lodge; "Fruit Growing," Bailey; "Fairy Land of Science," Lodge. Mills's "Representative Government," a volume of five hundred pages in Japanese, has reached its fourth edition. When I visited the University at Tokio, the President told me that the popular courses

among the five thousand students there were engineering, medicine, lectures on the physical sciences, and law. Rightly or wrongly, they have picked out our material successes as best worth studying and imitating; and they have thrown themselves into the study and practice of these things with the enthusiasm and abandon of amateurs, to whom it is all fresh and new and exciting.

It is a commonplace to retail the facts and figures of their increased commerce and shipping, their growing navy, their successfully tested army, their use of modern inventions of all kinds and the development of mills and factories and ship-building plants at Osaka, Yokohama, Tokio, Kioto, Kobe, Nagasaki, Hakodate and elsewhere; and their mining activities in Japan, and in Korea and Manchuria as well. The important thing to get at is not this material advancement that stares one in the face everywhere, and which may be found in detail in any year-book, but whether it is real and lasting, and whether these amateurs who have stepped boldly into the ring have the mental, moral and the physically nervous staying power to stand the strain of it all. Thus far an oligarchical government has succeeded in transferring the old clan allegiance of the Daimyos, and

their followers the Samurai, to the Mikado. The same obedience, self-sacrifice and dutifulness have been relied upon to take up and carry on this material and military expansion. The personal allegiance has been translated into patriotism; but an office stool, the cab of a locomotive-engine, tending mill machinery, building railroads and bridges, supervising the tiresome routine of commercial transactions, are worlds away from serving and fighting for a lord, who occupies the position toward his followers of both father and ruler.

Our Western journals have treated the recent attempt upon the life of the Japanese Emperor as though it were similar in kind and of no greater importance than an attempt of the same kind upon a Western ruler. It is as different as an attempt upon the life of the Maharana of Udaipur by Hindus, or upon the life of the Pope by Catholics, is different from an attempt upon the King of Italy by Italians. In the latter case it is a mad expression of discontent, in the former it is a stab at the heart of a semi-religious Hindu potentate, or of Japan's god. What religion and a moral code, backed by the united sentiments of our best citizens, do to keep us in order, this allegiance to the Mikado does for Japan. It is an ominous sign indeed if Mills's

"Representative Government," or Spencer's "Ethics," has upset the Japanese loyalty, which far more than any other factor supplies the driving power for their progress and success. It seems to have passed unnoticed even, except, I believe, by one correspondent of an American journal, that a special tribunal was necessary to try the case, as the crime was so outside the realm of the conceivable in Japan, that no Japanese court was so constituted as to be available for the trial of such an offence. In another chapter, written before this attempt upon the life of the Japanese Emperor, I suggested the grave danger to orderly social and political progress in Japan, once the badly digested rationalism of the West succeeds in making inroads among these people of superficial political training. They are agnostic to begin with, and once the mythical cords that have bound them, in blind faith, to obedience to the spirits of the ancestors of the Mikado are strained and broken, and the individual recognizes no law higher than his own will, the small knot of elder statesmen who now rule Japan will have a serious problem to meet. It will not be merely the problem of rationalism and anarchy which faces us all; but it will be the problem of substituting a new driving power for all their military, commercial, and industrial

forces, and a new bond to hold the people together as a nation.

The attempt upon the life of the Emperor of Japan, led by a Japanese who had studied in America, and who had edited a newspaper there, is the most momentous thing that has happened in Japan in half a century. It strikes at the very root of all that makes and keeps Japan a nation. It weakens Japan's heart, and dilutes the purity and fervor of patriotism at all the extremities. A rent has been made in the veil hiding the mystery which every Japanese fears, worships and obeys, and we superficial observers in the West have passed it by without so much as an inkling of its real significance. It can only be likened in its effects upon the nation to the change of feeling here, if we should suddenly become possessed of a craze for matricide.

Tokio is only some eighteen miles by train from Yokohama. Tokio is spread over a disproportionate area for its population, and the distances when measured by jinrickishaw speed are great. It is not a capital city in our sense. There are many buildings of stone and streets of shops, there are jangling trolley-cars and electric lighting, but by far the greater part of the area of Tokio is covered with small, cheap houses

of the flimsy architecture common in Japan. There is an air of unkemptness about the city, as of a shabby-genteel town assuming the air of greatness and prosperity. But redeeming everything else at this particular season are the cherry trees in full bloom.

There is nothing quite like these avenues of pink blossoms in the streets and in the parks; and nothing at all like the national pride and pleasure in them, of all the people, old and young, and of every social grade. There are pilgrimages and picnics to the parks and other places where the blooms are seen to best advantage. The Emperor's garden-party, given in honor of the height of the cherry-blossom season, is a matter for much coming and going of high officials of state, of much discussion of the weather, and of much debate as to the exact day to choose, when the blooms will be at their best. It is a great function, this garden-party, and the courtesy of our distinguished ambassador to Japan procured me an invitation, which I was obliged to decline. The time-table of the Trans-Siberian railway and my days, engaged weeks in advance, and full at that, prevented my waiting. At Kobe, however, I saw a Cherry-Dance, and nowhere in the East a more lovely succession of scenes in color.

Before the Cherry-Dance in the theatre proper, there was a Tea Ceremonial, or *Cha No Yu.* It is claimed that four or five years of training and tuition are necessary to arrive at proficiency in all the intricacies of this ceremony. In this case it lasted an hour. All the innumerable utensils for tea-making are brought in and placed in position with great solemnity, and with much manœuvring and bowing. The attendants, or acolytes, are little girls in brilliant kimonos and *obis,* all of them painted and powdered. Finally a gorgeous professional, escorted by the whole band of acolytes, her face painted, her eyebrows pencilled, her hair oiled and shining, and dressed over and around a mass of huge combs, clad in a marvellous and, as I was informed, priceless garment, and embroidered on it in gold a splendid yellow dragon five feet long, shuffles into the room and seats herself to make the tea. Every move and gesture is calculated and prescribed, and after countless solemn manipulations of the utensils the steam rises, the water is poured, the tea is made. The guests numbering a hundred or more are seated on mats on the floor. After this chief-priestess has performed her part, she leaves the room, and another woman, clad in similar splendor, takes her place and serves the tea. The cups are passed by the little girls, who, after

handing you your cup, bend down and touch the floor with their foreheads, and you are supposed to do likewise in return. The tea was a green powder, of acrid flavor and quite unlike the tea served on ordinary occasions in Japan. Wherever one goes, to a private house, to a shop, to a school, to call on the Minister of War, to visit the President of the University, to the cavalry school, always, at whatever time of the day, tea is served; an agreeable and wholesome custom, for it is little more than a pleasantly flavored cup of hot water, and one can hardly drink too often or too much of that.

Having finished our tea, the doors were opened and a rush was made for seats in the theatre. The Japanese have not adapted their old-time courtesy and gentle manners to the new conditions of a steam and electricity handled population. Such a scramble as these people made to get through the narrow door and up the narrow stairs! Neither women nor children were regarded by the men. At the railway stations, in the street-cars, in the shops, on the sidewalks where there are any, at restaurants and in dining-cars, their lack of consideration, their crowding, shoving and loathsome habits are painful to see. Their bowing and kow-towing in hotels and shops, and along the Cook itinerary, is as though one should judge the

manners of the English or the Americans by the demeanor of the assistants in fashionable shops in London or in New York. The faded manners of the floor-walkers in our great shops, who point prospective buyers to guns, garters, or gum-drops with impartial animation, are not the mirror which reflects our average behavior to one another.

Foolish foreigners fancy that these funny Japanese bows, this staccato protruding of the salient part of the back of the person, accompanied by the exaggerated lowering of the head to the level of the waist, many times repeated, is a form of prostration before their superiority. It is nothing of the kind. It is no more than a touching or a lifting of the hat, and is a perfunctory performance that we misinterpret as an acknowledgment of subserviency. To tell the truth our manners are mostly so awkward, so self-conscious, and so bad, that we have come to look upon any manners at all as grotesque and slightly ridiculous. While we are smiling perhaps disdainfully at the ceremonious politeness of the Japanese, they, and with far more reason, are contemptuous of our stiffness and awkwardness.

The spectacle in the theatre depicted the four seasons with appropriate dances for each. We

were in the gallery facing the stage. The galleries along the sides of the theatre were occupied by the musicians, all women, armed with triangles, small hand-drums and the three-stringed banjo, called the *Samisen*. This favorite instrument was only introduced into Japan from Manila as late as 1700. In front of these sat the singers: on one side the sopranos, and on the other the altos. One or two of the women sang solos, accompanied by the rest as chorus. One, a powerful contralto voice, was pleasant to the ear; though the monotonous sing-song, punctuated by recurring birdlike pipings, was totally unlike any music we ever hear.

The dancing here, as elsewhere in Japan, is rather posturing and posing than dancing. The feet are seldom lifted from the floor, and the pantomime is all done with twisting and turning and bending of the body and waving of the arms. It was the clever lighting, and the harmonious colors of the dresses of the women, which made the pictures beautiful. Whether the untamed taste of Broadway, Leicester Square and Montmartre would find such gentle pantomimic manœuvres, brilliantly and beautifully colored though they be, served with enough condiment, I doubt. So much the worse for us!

Another evening I was the guest of a Japanese

gentleman to dinner at a restaurant or tea-house. We have no equivalent for these places, and perhaps the cafés and smaller restaurants of the Latin countries are more nearly of the same service to the people. There is, of course, the broad difference that these places in Japan are served by women, and that women are invariably the entertainers. We were served in a large, plain room, scrupulously clean, with no furniture, and the floor covered with matting. Two bronzes, a beautiful painted screen and a sepia drawing by a modern Japanese artist were there, and nothing else. We sat upon cushions with an ash-filled brasier between us. This brasier was not for warmth, but to light the small Japanese pipes, and to receive the ashes, when after two or three puffs they are emptied. Five young dancing girls in bright costumes, and some seven or eight others in more sombre garb, entered, went down on their knees before us, touching the ground with their foreheads. Tea is brought in, and they sit in a semicircle around us. The meal itself was a procession of small dishes, brought in one or two at a time and left. Whether you eat of them or not, or whether more are brought, none is taken away; so that before the meal is over you are surrounded by as many as twenty

dishes or more. Some of the features of this particular meal were snail soup, sweets, raw fish, various vegetables, carrots, beans, parsnips, egg-plant, asparagus, young bamboo shoots, sweet-potatoes, stewed meat, and all accompanied by frequent libations of *sake* out of tiny cups. Each guest has a bowl of fresh water in which he rinses his cup after drinking, fills it, passes it to one of the women, who drinks, rinses the cup, passes it back with a low bow, and so on and so on. *Sake* is served warm, and tastes like weak sherry. Whether it is intoxicating or not, I did not discover. I must have drunk dozens of these small cups of it on this occasion, and at other similar functions that I attended, but I never noticed that it had the smallest effect.

During the meal some of the women thrum the *Samisen* and others dance, alone or in pairs, or the whole company together. During the interval we are supposed to be entertained conversationally, and for aught I know to the contrary, there may be veritable Aspasias among these butterfly-robed people. There is much bowing and smiling and paying of compliments; but making pretty speeches through an interpreter is much like icing vintage claret. As they become more at their ease, they interest

themselves in my watch, my cigar-case, my eye-glass, and all want the bands from the cigars. There is no solicitation, no buffoonery, no coarseness. Their sisters of that profession elsewhere are not so well-behaved. The dishes, tasted, or untouched, or half-eaten, form a small garden around us, and finally, after more tea, our entertainers fall to and devour what is left. One of them cuts the middle out of a piece of bread—which had been provided for me—and puts butter and mustard not only on it but around it, and poses as being very sophisticated in European ways of eating.

After sitting on one's hind legs for three hours, with nothing to lean against, stiffness joins the company. About 10.30 P. M. I ask to be excused. I fear that I am not much of a Japanese blade. They bow and smile and chatter as I leave, and my friend tells me that they suggest that I marry them all and take them to America; and I reply that nothing but our drastic emigration laws prevent that happy polygamous consummation of so pleasant an evening.

Through the courtesy of the Minister of War, I was escorted to the cavalry barracks, a few miles out of Tokio, and spent some hours watching the men, horses, and the drill in the

riding-school. The Japanese census affirms that there are some 1,300,000 horses in Japan. I was so surprised at this that I wrote to the Agricultural Department, asking if they would confirm these figures. They replied that the figures were as follows, sending me a detailed statement of the number of horses of Japanese breed, mixed breed and foreign breed in each province, and putting the total at 1,494,506. On looking up the figures for one province, I found that there was one horse there for every eight inhabitants, men, women, and children! Where they keep these horses, unless they have caves for them, it would tax the powers of the most credulous traveller to discover. It is not impossible that their strong desire to impress the foreigners with their prosperity, and their abnormal weakness in mathematical matters, have combined to exaggerate the number of Japanese horses. Certainly an undeniably ludicrous outcome of these particular weaknesses are the figures for school attendance, where the statement is made that for the year 1907–8 the percentage of those of school age attending school was 97.38! As a matter of fact, the real percentage is about 72. I travelled nearly the whole length of Japan, and visited every large city, but I did not see a thousand horses in all,

even including those at the cavalry barracks. The climate, too, has a curious effect upon foreign-bred horses imported into Japan, and they die of a nervous disease that thus far has not been remedied.

The Japanese is not a born horseman. The cavalry lines were clean, the grooming seemed to be thoroughly done, what I saw of it; but the saddles were awkward affairs, and not always in good repair, and of bitting a horse they seem to know nothing. The horses I saw were whalers or country-bred, with a few exceptions that looked to be of better breeding. The work in the school was elementary, and even the men who had been at it longest were awkward horsemen, and not at home in the saddle. But they are plucky enough, there is no doubt of that. A dozen of them, each with a different-colored scarf, were sent racing across country, to pick up a scarf corresponding in color, and return with it. First they went down a fairly steep hill with a small water-jump at the bottom, up the opposite bank, there they dismounted to pick up the scarf, then a hurdle or two, and back to the starting-point at full gallop. One man was thrown going down the hill, caught his foot in his stirrup, was dragged some distance, but clung to his bridle-reins, and only lost his horse

when the reins broke. Even then, dazed and stumbling, he started after his horse, and was only finally persuaded to limp away by those who ran to help him, when an officer ordered him to do so. I walked out to have a look at him, and found his face battered and bruised, and in a condition which would have made most men ask for a litter. Later, wearing masks and padded, they opposed one another with single-sticks. They were a happy, laughing crowd, evidently enjoying their job, of an average age of about twenty, and officers and men seemed to be much on the same level and companionable.

It was during my visit to Japan that Submarine Number 6 was lost, with all hands. Lieutenant Sakuma, her commander, while he was slowly suffocating, writes a detailed statement of how it happened, praises his crew, and recommends their families to the care of the state. "Words of apology fail me," he writes, "for having sunk His Majesty's Submarine Number 6. My brave men are doing their best." On raising her, it was discovered that the machinery was at fault, and the commander not wholly to blame; but for sheer grit and courageous coolness, we must give Lieutenant Sakuma his place among the bravest of any nation.

Thanks to the courtesy and kindness of the American Ambassador, of Captain Brinckley — the most valuable ally Japan possesses — Viscount Kaneko, the Prime Minister, Minister of War, and the British and German ambassadors in Tokio, I saw many things, and conveniently, that otherwise I might not have seen at all. But the details of a traveller's diary are perhaps less interesting than the main features of the map he draws as he goes along.

Everywhere, at the universities, the schools, hospitals, military posts, in the few houses of Japanese gentlemen I was privileged to see, even in the streets, and the country one sees from the car-window, one is impressed by the neatness of it all. There seems to be no rubbish in Japan anywhere. Even in a great manufacturing town like Osaka there is no untidiness. Their tastes are still simple, their houses have little furniture, their wardrobes are scanty as compared to ours, and they know nothing as yet of the squandering of luxury, and their women are all workers and not wasters. They travel through life with comparatively little baggage, and they are a poor people. The salaries of office-holders, teachers, army and navy officers and professional men generally, are wofully small. Our race, however, produces many poor who are

wasters, tempted into carelessness because public or private philanthropy is enthusiastic in its care of the careless; but the Japanese combine neatness and economy to an extent unknown even in France and Belgium.

I had expected to find the English language spoken by a few well, and smatteringly by many, in Japan. Certain of their officials do speak the language well, but many do not. As for the English of most of the scholars, and some of the school-teachers, it is not English at all. The Japanese are dismissing as rapidly as possible all foreigners whom they have employed to train them in Western ways, from professors and school-teachers, to engineers, draughtsmen and foremen in mills and factories. This is done partly from motives of economy, and partly because here, and as I believe in almost all other departments of life, they feel themselves to be capable of going it alone. Though the philologists say that the Japanese language is not related to the Chinese, the Japanese have adopted a large number of Chinese words, and all their new words are from the Chinese, just as we make new words from the Latin and Greek. This accounts for the fact that the Japanese and Chinese can communicate by the written signs common to both, though they do not understand

one another's speech. If the Japanese continue to be taught English as now they are taught, we shall be able to communicate by our written language; but the English we speak and the English they will speak eventually, will be so totally different that we shall not be able to understand one another's speech. In a dozen or more schools I visited the class-rooms where English or French was being taught. Without the text before you it would have been impossible to follow the spoken English or the spoken French. A Japanese youth taught English by a Japanese, who then teaches another Japanese, lands the last of the three with a pronunciation of English, which makes him unintelligible in that tongue. This seems to be carrying one's independence of foreign aid to an absurd pitch.

All their schools have military training, and there they are in advance of us. Athletics took the place of enforced physical training when we had a small population more agricultural than manufacturing, out-door workers rather than houseworkers, and our public schools contained children of all classes. This is not the case now that we have a population larger than any other country except China, India, and Russia. Our athletics, splendid training though they be, only help a comparatively small number;

and leave out unfortunately just those who most need careful physical supervision and training. Every school and university in our country ought to have compulsory physical drill of some sort; and we are wasting time and money on hygiene and hospitals, in fabulous amounts and to little purpose, until we begin at the beginning with our children and youths.

Of travel in Japan, the most noticeable feature to me was the positively startling disregard of the Japanese travellers for Western conveniances. In so many other departments of life they are making a point of putting the best foot forward, and of showing off their Europeanization, but in the trains apparently they forget themselves. They take their shoes off and sit curled up, or sprawled out upon the seats (not those with Japanese foot-wear alone, when it is natural and cleanly enough, but those wearing European shoes); they hawk, spit, yawn, and stretch, and after luncheon several of the men indulged in loud belching audible the length of the car. Men and women go to the lavatory, leaving the door open; they take children there, and then bring them back, and clean their least presentable parts in the middle of the car; and suckle them with no pretence of veiling the process. The eating of some of the men in the dining-

car was like the hungry gobbling and bolting of a dog. They seemed to love meat, probably because they rarely get it, and ate it, some of them, in great quantities. One man arrived in the dining-car in his shirt-sleeves, and began spitting on the floor. The floor of the main car, after an hour or so, was covered with ashes, orange-peel, stumps of cigars and cigarettes, and in the midst of this chaos was heard the snores of one or two sleepers. I have never been so nearly acquainted with the habits of a monkey-cage, as in some of the Japanese railway carriages. I am not a fussy traveller. Neither my digestion nor my disposition was disturbed by these things. I note them as comments upon the rather mawkish praise of Japanese manners that one hears from short-sighted idealists. Indeed I was so surprised at the manners of the Japanese when at their ease, that I called the attention of my Japanese friend to these incidents, one after another, saying to him: "You know if this were written down, the writer would be accused of exaggeration."

The traveller should see Nikko, Lake Chuzenji, Arashi-yama, the rapids of the brawling river and the mountain; the mountain of Fuji, the Inland Sea, Miyajima, and of course much more besides; but these because he sees things

there which are beloved of the Japanese, and he gets something of the Japanese point of view as regards scenery. Even the fields, and the landscape seen from car-windows, are divided like the patterns of a carpet. Here and there patches of the yellow rape seed and the lighter and darker shades of green, make the fields look as though they had been sown purposely, not for crops, but for color. The neatness, the symmetry, the small scale of everything may prove disappointing at first, but he will end by appreciation. This is the unique feature of Japanese landscape, as of Japanese art and life. The mountain, Fuji, looks like a colossal ant-heap, and is as smooth and symmetrical as though it had been patted into shape by hand. At Nikko, the ravines, cascades, small streams, the temples and shrines and walks and gardens, are on the most diminutive scale. The mausolea of Ieyasu, the first Shogun, and of his grandson, and the innumerable temples, are so small that one is at first inclined to resent coming so far to see so little. But the workmanship is almost tiresome in its minute intricacy. The lacquer, the carving, gold, copper, bronze, gilt, all in profusion, and all worked smooth and in perfection of detail, these and the lanterns of carved stone, iron and bronze, are things one expects to see in

a jeweller's shop rather than exposed in the open air, and made to seem all the tinier by the groves of truly magnificent cryptomeria which sigh and sob above them.

I happened upon one of the temples on the day of an anniversary. The Buddhist abbot and his priests in two rows, squatting opposite one another, were reciting and reading prayers antiphonally. The Shinto priest, at a little distance from the others, was participating by his presence. It sounded like mumbling and groaning and hiccoughing to me, but possibly our disjointed praying in haste, would seem weird enough to them.

This temple was a huge box of lacquer, exaggeratedly ornamented, and only large enough to contain a dozen or so of people. The temple of Higashi-Hongwanji, at Kioto, was built as lately as 1895. It cost $500,000 to build, and this amount was contributed in small sums, by the peasants and small farmers of the surrounding provinces. This would indicate no decay of the ancient religious fealty. There are some 195,000 Shinto shrines in Japan, and many of Japan's great men have temples dedicated to them. The tale is told of it, that the timbers were lifted into place by ropes made of human hair contributed by pious women. It was

fresher than the others, and brilliant in black and gold, but no more ambitious in architecture, and less careful, it seemed to me, in delicacy of workmanship. At Kioto, too, is one of the huge heads of Buddha, some sixty feet high, a grotesque affair; although the *Daibutsu*, or great Buddha of bronze at Kamakura, not far from Yokohama, is an imposing monument. Like the pyramids and the Sphinx, it imposes upon our restlessness by its unmeaning stability. Just to last for centuries, asking nothing, answering nothing, explaining nothing, doing nothing, brings us up sharp, and face to face, with the consciousness of how fugitive we are, and how quickly the traces of the wisest and strongest of us are obliterated. What an offence such a monument must be to a citizen of Chicago or Winnipeg!

At the Art Museum at Kioto is a portrait of a priest named Fuku Souzo, said to have been painted by the Chinese artist Choshikyo in the twelfth century. If it is genuine and has not been touched up by a later hand, it is one of the marvels of portraiture of that age, and bears comparison easily with any portraiture work of the same time in Europe. Japanese painters, whether of screens or of kakemonos, had the best to copy from in the work of the Chinese

artists of the days when they were pupils of the Chinese. At a well-assorted and well-arranged special exhibition at the British Museum last year, the history and development of Japanese art was shown in a series of examples of Chinese and Japanese paintings and drawings. The Japanese have not improved upon their teachers.

These temples and the grounds around them, whether the Buddhist temple of Asakusa Hwannon, near Tokio, or at Nara, Kioto, Nikko, or elsewhere, are picnic and pilgrimage resorts. In the rooms of some of them you may smoke and have tea; at others you may buy for a small sum a slip of paper with your fortune told on it; you may rub a wooden image to ward off disease; you may throw money or darts of paper at a wire screen in front of an image; if it goes through your prayer is favorably answered; there are tea-houses, moving-picture exhibitions, theatres, side-shows of all sorts; in a word, religion is complacent, the gods may be wooed by worldly methods, the mysteries remain mysteries, but the powers are accommodating; the thousands of small wooden slabs nailed up with the names of donors on them, which one sees in all these places, denote that there is a cheerful expectation of rewards in return for gifts.

It is all as open and gay and bright and childish as a sunny day in the nursery, when it is decided to play at church. One may see in Spain bright posters announcing the next bull-fight posted on the walls of the churches; Trust magnates build churches and support parsons in America; the House of Commons, to a man, subscribes to a benefit for a prize-fight; murderers in Italy present candles to favorite saints to avoid detection, and poisoners become popes, and have nephews and nieces. One must go slow, and know many lands and many peoples, and the manners and morals of them, before one prances forth on one's provincial prejudices, to set the world to rights.

This was borne in upon me when I attended a Japanese theatre, with my intelligent Japanese friend. A Japanese theatrical performance is practically an all-day affair. You may go at noon and stay till nine o'clock at night. An agent will arrange for your seats, for tiffin, tea, dinner, cigarettes, sweets, and a hot bath, if you want it, at a neighboring tea-house. During the intervals you may walk about in the surrounding shops. Families and parties come and camp out comfortably for the day. I am at a loss to know why this is supremely ridiculous, except for the one barbaric reason that it is different.

Did not the Athenians sit from six in the morning, for five to six hours at a stretch, and again for hours in the afternoon to see a tragedy of Æschylus performed? Who has not sat through plays and operas, and monotonously vulgar vaudeville performances at home, where a meal, and a nap, or a bath, would have been consoling, comforting, and far more profitable to body and mind alike.

Three American girls and two American youths sat not far from me. They pointed and made remarks about their neighbors; one of the youths actually had a foot sprawling over the railing of the box. The girls talked that cockney jargon of silly slang, which is the mental accomplishment which goes with gum-chewing and that intrepid wardrobe, which is low and perforated at the neck and shoulders, and tight to bursting over the hips. The slender, pale-faced, cigarette-inhaling youths wore clothes with padded shoulders; in at the waist, out over the hips, and in again at the ankles, which are only produced, and only worn, by those who regard linings of canvas and cotton-batting as an altogether elusive way of concealing lack of breeding, exercise, and proper feeding.

How the Japanese must misinterpret us when they see such a group as this! They do not

know that nowadays wealth and leisure to travel are often at the disposal of the uneducated, ill-mannered, ignorant, and self-assertive of our race.

They do know the difference, however. A distinguished Japanese member of the House of Peers was commenting to me upon the mistake so many of our men make, whether in diplomacy or in commerce, in attempting to over-reach rivals, hustling about for trade, striving at any cost to get something tangible for their country. "These are not the men who gain the valuable and lasting things for your country," he said. "They seem to, but it is not so. Your scholars and gentlemen, your modest men, are those who impress us most and win our most valuable favors." Then he said: "I have always thought it curious that of the three men I have known in my career as statesman, at home and abroad, whom I considered good, all were Americans." One of these, I may say, was a certain American ambassador, who has entirely neglected to advertise himself.

We have got it into our heads that diplomacy nowadays demands a sort of political travelling salesman. Nothing could be more fatal. Such men are irritants rather than friend-makers; and not only in the East, but everywhere else, they

are looked upon either as disguised drummers for trade, or as the best an ignorant country can send.

It is true, perhaps, that while the civilizations of the East are ever analyzing fate, we of the West are ever attempting to express and to stamp our will; but all the more reason for doing this as quietly and as unobtrusively as possible. I doubt if diplomacy ever gets anything of real and lasting value by superior and cunning bargaining.

If the foreign and domestic affairs of Japan were regulated by such men as the gentleman I have just quoted, and by men of the type of Prince Ito and others, there would be little to criticise. Even the taking of Korea is only in line with our own policy toward Cuba, or England's toward Burma.

Korea is a military and commercial necessity to Japan, as any one may see who travels from Tokio to Shimonoseki, and there takes steamer across to Fusan, the southern port of Korea; travels the length of Korea, from Fusan to the Yalu River, and then through southern Manchuria to Mukden, and then on to Kharbin.

Letters from Tokio paved my way for this journey. I was officially chaperoned by the Japanese from the time I left Fusan, escorted

to the railway station by the Japanese consul, till I took the train at Kharbin for Moscow.

Everything that care and courtesy can do to make a journey instructive and comfortable was done. The trip across the water from Shimonoseki to Fusan was on a fine steamer, and is made in ten hours at slow speed, from ten o'clock at night till eight the next morning. From Fusan on a good broad-gauge railroad to Seoul takes another ten hours, and from Seoul to the Yalu River is a fourteen hours' journey. The bridge across the Yalu River is half built, and once the broad-gauge railway line from Antung-Shien, on the Manchuria side of the Yalu River, to Mukden is completed, the Japanese will control the whole trade of Manchuria. Treaties and tariffs and sentimental open-doorism will avail nothing. There will be a wide, well-kept open door to be sure, but with Japanese in uniform as custom's officials, policemen, and soldiers on both sides of it. Osaka will then furnish southern China with piece goods, and the middle China ore fields will be tapped for the benefit of Japanese factories. Japanese goods can be shipped in bulk from as far as Tokio, to Mukden, to Kharbin, to Tientsin, to Peking, and later, when the railway is finished, not only to Shanghai, but to Canton.

Two more years, and you may go in a Pullman car from Paris to Tokio; and as for freight, steam ferries from Fusan to Shimonoseki will enable a shipper to send goods in sealed cars from Paris, Berlin, Amsterdam, Vienna to Tokio; and in the same manner from Tokio to those capitals, if he wishes.

Korea may be of small value commercially; but with Japanese industry and control, and with modern agricultural machinery, Manchuria will become another Canada, and feed all Japan and more besides.

For many years to come, if these be the lines of development, if these be the outlets for Japanese energy and emigration, we in America have nothing to fear either from coolie emigration nor from military aggression. Only those who do not know the situation; who have not seen the feverish activity of bridge and railway building; the pushing of Japanese settlers into and through Korea and up into Manchuria; the government refusal of passports to Japanese wishing to go West; and the coaxing of Japanese families and laborers into Manchuria, talk of war as imminent.

During the year ending June 30, 1908, 9,544 Japanese were admitted to the United States (excluding Hawaii); while during the year end-

ing June 30, 1909, only 2,432 were admitted. These figures include all Japanese, whether laborers or not. For the year ending June 30, 1910, only 705 laborers were admitted to the United States from Japan, all of whom were returning laborers or parents, wives or children of domiciled laborers. The immigration of Japanese into Hawaii, from the year 1908 to the year 1909, decreased 83 per cent, and during the years 1909 to 1910 more Japanese left Hawaii than arrived there. These figures show the trend of events in Japan, and point straight to the real interests, and the important task, which is in Manchuria. Not even the most infatuated admirer of Japan, not even the most sensitive observer of the signs of war, can believe that Japan at this time can govern, settle and develop Formosa, Korea and Manchuria, and occupy the Philippines and our Western coast at the same time. Russia has been appeased and is quiescent, and China is still comatose for the moment, but for years to come Japan will have all she can do to consolidate her power there.

Japan is heavily in debt, her resources are small, and the tasks she has undertaken are difficult, and until they are finished there will be no returns, no dividends. She has use for all

the money and all the men she can lay hands on; and for the present, at least, she has no use for the Philippine Islands or for Alaska. Her greatest difficulty now is her lack of first-class trained men to do her work for her. She has gone much too fast, not only in accepting new burdens, but in dismissing her European advisers and instructors, whether from conceit or economy. Even the Chinese are dismissing Japanese engineers and builders, and turning again to Europeans, finding them in the long run cheaper.

The taking over and control of Korea was not a difficult task. Korea has a population of about 10,000,000 of the laziest, the most good-for-nothing Orientals in the world. For centuries they have submitted to robbery, extortion, and bullying from depraved rulers. As lately as 1906 the Korean Emperor proposed a disbursement of $600,000 for the suitable celebration of his wedding, this sum representing about one-seventh of the total revenues of the country for one year! Nearly one-half the population to-day is without regular occupation. Even as lately as 1895 it was indeed the "Hermit Kingdom," and an unknown land. The king and an enormous court following treated the Koreans like children, taxed them, beat them, and

robbed them. Shiftlessness, indifference, and moral recklessness were the result.

China, Russia, and Japan pulled the Korean Emperor this way and that, until the strongest and most persistent won, and now Korea is in the hands of Japan. The export and import trade of Korea in 1908 amounted to yen 55,138,833; both exports and imports have practically doubled since 1904. Since the Japanese took control, the rural house tax, for example, has increased from 454,829 houses and yen 136,448 to 1,946,673 houses and yen 583,994. The stamp receipts in 1905 were yen 1,860; in 1908 they were yen 120,972. Korea is now garrisoned by Japanese soldiers; there is a Japanese police force, with a few Koreans in subordinate places; the whole administration system is being reorganized; there are Japanese courts and judges; the revenues from mines and forests and taxes, formerly monopolized and wasted by the imperial household, are properly used; the legal age of marriage has been raised to seventeen for men, fifteen for women; and a sum of $10,000,000 granted to Korea for needed reforms. Industrial schools, hospitals, girls' and boys' high schools, normal schools, many of which I visited, have been set going and are well managed by the Japanese. At Seoul,

the capital, I was taken through the law courts, the prison, police stations, and I spent many hours in class-rooms, saw the drilling of the children in calisthenics, and all the machinery of government, from a chat with Mr. Watanake, "Président de la cour suprême," down to the thief brought in to the police station the night before. All this means a tremendous, drastic, and disagreeable change for the Koreans.

This miserable work-house civilization has been turned out and made to begin earning a living; the beggar and the tramp have been put to work at the wood-pile. This population in their baggy, formless white clothing, and their horse-hair stove-pipe hats, living on highly seasoned cabbage, beans and rice; and wedded, men, women and children, to their tobacco-pipes as are no other people in the world, are being prodded and pushed by their energetic conquerors into some sort of regularity of life and work. They hate it all as a tramp hates a tread-mill. Prince Ito, the Japanese Lincoln, was assassinated by one of them; and twenty-one of them were awaiting trial, when I was there, for an attempt on the life of the Prime Minister, in November, 1909.

Korea has been a paradise for the missionary. Nowhere else in the East has he made so many

converts. It is not difficult to understand why. These pliable, indifferent people, too lazy to defend themselves from the extortion and tyranny of their ruler and his horde of sycophant courtiers, turned to the missionaries; and where the robbery and cruelty were too flagrant they stood up for and helped their converts. The Koreans leaned back upon the missionaries, as they would have leaned back upon anybody who would support the burden of their cowardice and laziness.

The Koreans, like the Chinese, respect the student, the man of the book; and the man of the book everywhere finds it easy to get a hearing. The missionaries rehabilitated the simple alphabetical language, which the Koreans had spurned as the "Dirty Language." After four hundred years of disuse, this, the simplest of all the Eastern languages, was revived, and the Bible printed in it, and the Koreans had the New Testament to read as their first book. Unlike the Japanese and the Chinese, the Koreans were without a religion of form or ceremony, and Christianity supplied that need. They had been Confucians if anything, and Confucianism is a mere code of morals, and with no more ceremonial than the Ten Commandments. The missionaries appealed to the women particularly.

They had been kept apart and secluded, much as are the women of India. Their religion had been a form of Fetichism, the placating of, or the fighting against, innumerable evil spirits. Women were allowed to go to church by their husbands, and grew to like the opportunities for meeting and gossip. The word "gossip" itself means a sponsor at baptism. The women on these occasions, by their chatter and spreading of news, gave the word "gossip" the meaning it now holds for us. Why should not Korean women like gossip as well as the Germans, who gave the word its present significance? I give these reasons to account for the success of the missionaries in Korea, because it is entirely untrue that the philosophy or the morality of Christianity are alone responsible for the situation. On the contrary, I look upon it as anything but a compliment to Christianity that the most contemptible and supine race in the East should be, of all others, and pre-eminently, the race most attracted to Christianity. Out of regard to the good name of our Western creed, it should be explained that the tax-dodger, the coward, the dependent, the shiftless, the bullied found in the missionaries protection and care; and it is not surprising that they followed and fawned upon them, and became what the Chinese

call "rice-Christians." Be it said, too, that the missionaries deserve every credit for what they have done. It is no slur upon them that the morally blind, halt and lame have found comfort and solace and protection in them. It is not, however, a matter for boasting.

In Mr. Gale's church I attended a service where seven or eight hundred Koreans were present, which was as apparently sincere, reverent, and enthusiastic as any church service I have ever attended anywhere. Alas, as is always the case with great missionaries like Xavier, or Bishop Brooks, of Massachusetts, or Bishop Hall, of Vermont, and other great spiritual leaders, they credit their followers with their own devotion. Gale would have a following anywhere, from the Bowery, in New York, to a bazaar in Baroda. He is a man, that's all; and Korean enthusiasm and piety are merely his character.

Now that the Japanese have taken over not only Korea, and its taxes and administration, but the Koreans and their affairs as well; now that the taxation is fair to all alike, and justice meted out to all alike; now that the Koreans are finding that the missionaries cannot defend them from the Japanese, as they defended them from the extortions of their former rulers, there is a

marked lessening of enthusiasm for Christianity. The murderer of Prince Ito was a Christian convert, and eighteeen out of the twenty-one who made the attempt on the life of the Prime Minister were also Christian converts.

It is a difficult situation for the missionaries, for any effort by word or deed to improve the Korean may be twisted into meaning encouragement of his hatred of the Japanese. It is hard indeed, if one may not preach to men to be men, and independent men, without being suspected of inciting one's hearers to sedition. On the other hand, the Japanese might well take exception to an American missionary, who publishes an account of how Prince Min, when he heard that the Japanese were in control, committed suicide, and concludes: "Written large around his name Korea will ever read the sentence, 'Sweet and seemly is it to die for one's fatherland.'" No American missionary should be permitted to publish such incendiary sentimentality. Do Christians believe in suicide! Do Christians believe in a prince who has shuffled and twisted and shirked and brought his troubles on himself by lazy debauchery, and then commits suicide! No state department in any country in Europe, or in America, can defend such glorification of a mean-spirited prince, with

its evident aim to show sympathy to the conquered and to incite to wrong-doing against the conqueror. What would we do in Cuba, or in the Philippines, to such an one? I am not defending the Japanese, but they are quite within bounds if they suppress such talk and writing, and that with a heavy hand; and no honest American would have a word to say against it.

The Japanese, and it is one of his best traits, holds self-control in the highest esteem. A young Japanese noble writes in his diary: "Dost thou feel the soil of thy soul stirred with tender thoughts? It is time for seeds to sprout. Disturb it not with speech; but let it work alone in quietness and secrecy." Another writes: "To give in so many articulate words one's inmost thoughts and feelings, notably the religious, is taken among us as an unmistakable sign that they are neither very profound nor very sincere. Only a pomegranate is he who when he gapes his mouth displays the contents of his heart." The blatant and voluble Christian will do well to take such good counsel to heart.

I admit that Japanese domination is hard to bear. The soldiers, police, and lower class Japanese generally, strut and swagger, and as I have written already, are much too rough in their often rude and unconciliatory methods.

Not a single day passed while I was in Korea and Manchuria that I did not see Koreans and Manchus roughly handled. On the other hand, from the director-general, chief-justice, chief of police, commissioner of education, I heard nothing but talk and plans for the better government of Korea.

At Seoul, the director-general invited me to a dinner of some twenty prominent officials. My shoes were removed at the door of the restaurant, and in my stocking feet I made my bow to my host and his assembled guests. It was a test of one's personal dignity and urbanity! We sat on cushions on the floor. There was nothing in the room but a single bush of azaleas, which was placed at my right elbow. We were served, and entertained with singing and dancing and conversation, by Japanese and Korean women. The long scroll with the names of the dishes in Japanese and in English, which is before me as I write, measures just one inch short of five feet, and includes twenty-six different dishes. I may not give the entire list. Some of the dishes were "snipe and young ginger," "fish and sea-weed," "green vegetables and Japanese soy," "eggs (spawn) of the tai fish and edible ferns," "lobsters with sweetened chestnuts," "red bean soup," "rice cake,"

"cuttle-fish," "honey," "preserved fruits." The snipe and ginger, the red bean soup, various dishes of eggs, the edible ferns, and the preserved fruits were excellent; and what with English, French, and a little German, for some of my fellow-guests spoke one language, some another, the conversational ball was kept rolling. The men were all intelligent, all interested in their work, and all studiously polite to the only stranger present. Not even the large banquet in Tokio, where I met the Prime-Minister and the famous General Kuroki, of Yalu River fame, and many other celebrities, was more interesting. It seemed to be the wish of the Japanese officials that I should see everything, and although the intention to annex Korea was denied, while even then the preparations were under way, I believe it is not the habit of diplomats and officials anywhere to play the pomegranate, and open the mouth so freely that one may see the contents of their hearts.

The comfortable route for those going from Japan to Moscow, via the Trans-Siberian railway, is to cross the Sea of Japan from Tsuruga to Vladivostock, where the train starts; or one may go to Dalny (Port Arthur) and take a train there straight to Kharbin and join the train there; or one may go all the way by train from

Peking to Kharbin. If you wish to see the heart of the Eastern question of to-day, however, you will cross the Yalu River on the northern border of Korea, and crawl along to Mukden, on what remains of General Kuroki's crazy little military railway, two feet six inches gauge, and take the train there to Kharbin.

Leaving Seoul at nine in the morning, I arrived at New Wiju at a little after eleven at night. In order to be sure of the train next morning, a Chinese junk was hired to take us across the Yalu River, and the night was spent in a Chinese inn at Antung-Shien. The next morning at half-past seven we bundled into a small box-car ten feet long, five feet wide, and seven feet high, and with a band of all sorts, including Chinese, Manchus, Japanese, drawn by a diminutive locomotive engine built, I noticed, by the Baldwin Locomotive Company, we started.

I still look back upon that journey with surprise and gratitude. The railway is of the portable kind that can be laid quickly, and there is no pretence of permanency; on the contrary, there were ominous and frequent indications of a tendency to disappear entirely. The embankments are hastily thrown up, the bridges are of logs loosely spiked together, and when

one gets a glimpse of the line from the car-window, it looks like a ribbon carelessly thrown across valleys, beside streams, and around mountains. Often it seemed that we should roll backward down a mountain, or that a shaky bridge would give a last shake and let us through into a torrent below; but the doughty little locomotive puffed, and wheezed, and grunted, and pulled us along somehow. I saw forests that mean a fortune, miles and miles of arable lands that mean food, and I was told of mines of copper and coal. We hardly travelled as fast as a well-horsed road coach; we stopped wherever there was a passenger; we picked up and deposited all sorts of freight; the seats were of wood with no cushions; and when, as happened from time to time, there were nine Japanese or Chinese packed in the small carriage with me, the situation was uncomfortable.

On such a crazy little line there is no travel at night, and at sunset we halt at Sokakua and spend the night in another Manchurian inn. All through China and Japan, and wherever Japanese influence extends, you can get a hot bath, and at these resting-places I tumbled into a hot bath and out, and into bed; and one is too tired to know whether one is uncomfortable or not.

Thirty miles from Mukden we reach Sakyoshi, where the broad-gauge road has arrived on its way to the Yalu River. To change into a car of average size, and to move along at average speed, and to have a seat all to oneself, seemed the height of luxurious travel. It is like the change into a smoothly driven carriage, on a good road, from a jaunting-car in Tipperary, in rainy weather, with a broken-down thoroughbred between the shafts, and a casual Irishman handling the reins.

Even the dirty hotel in Mukden, to which we are driven by a yelling Manchu, over roads of mud and negligently placed boulders, seemed a haven of rest after that railway journey, which I may safely say is the worst railway journey in the world. Mukden is an old Tartar town, surrounded by a high wall, with wide gateways and watch-towers. The population consists of some 250,000, including 5,000 Japanese, and about 150 Europeans. The Manchus, both men and women, are stalwart-looking people; and the women, with their coarsely dyed cheeks, and the mirrors glittering in their carefully and intricately dressed hair, are as independent, as they walk the streets, as the men. Mukden was the capital of the Manchu dynasty until the Manchus marched west and conquered Peking. Even

now the palace is kept open, and in some sort of repair, and there is a complete equipment of officials. The present administration is in the hands of a governor-general, who is also the military governor. Eight months after my visit the plague played havoc in Mukden and the surrounding country. It is not to be wondered at. Within these walls live a quarter of a million people, disdaining all sanitary precautions, the streets deep in mud or dust, the shops and houses crowded together so that one might walk from roof to roof, and the contents of the shops, and of the open booths which line the streets, exposed to the flying dust. They are a noisy lot too, and from dawn till night the raucous and piercing cries of the peddlers through the streets, the rumbling of the heavy Pekinese carts, the chatter of the crowds, make the place a very bedlam.

Escorted by the Japanese military attaché, I was shown the palace buildings and the tombs of the founders of the Manchu dynasty. The palace buildings are empty, and the grounds neglected, though there is a small army of Manchu soldiers, police, and servants about. The beautifully lacquered walls and floors, the roofs of many-colored tiles; and many treasures, such as jewelled weapons and richly embroidered gar-

ments, red lacquer ware, carved ivory, jade and bronze, are still to be seen. I was told by a friend, recently from Peking, that the buildings here were as elaborate as those in Peking. To us, with our test of comfort, palaces whether in Japan, China, or Korea look barren, cold and stiff, however clean and polished and delicately ornamented they may be.

Much more elaborate are the tombs of these gentry than were their homes. A broad avenue paved with large blocks of stone, and lined on each side with huge lions, horses, elephants, and griffins in stone, leads to the tombs, with their pagoda-roofs, the edges tilted up, as though architecture had taken to the foppery of brushing up the ends of its mustaches. In one of them was a stone tortoise of enormous size, on which was a tablet with the virtues and accomplishments of the deceased graven thereon.

The next day I attended a banquet given in honor of the anniversary of the Japanese Red Cross Society. We assembled in an anteroom, Japanese officers and officials, the Manchu governor of the province, mandarins in their short coats with long sleeves, and their bell-shaped helmets with different-colored horse-hair plumes, and there we were served with tea and cigarettes, and made profound bows to one

another. Later we marched out in procession to the music of a really first-rate Chinese brass band, through a crowd of five or six hundred guests. On a raised platform, with some ten Chinese and Japanese officials, I sat, looking, I trust, as solemn as they. There followed speeches, the Manchu governor lifting his robes and taking his manuscript out of his right boot-leg when he was called upon; and there was much applauding and much shouting of *Banzais*. After this we sat down at long tables to a luncheon, supplied with dozens of dishes, some of them very elaborate, and accompanied with generous amounts of champagne. We had been at it for three hours when the real performance began, with dancing and sword-play and singing on a stage in front of us. It was evident that the governor was bored by these rather tepid amusements, and even I was but mildly interested. He called an officer to his side, who thereupon whispered a word in the ear of the Japanese presiding officer, and to my horror, but to my intense relief, he arose in the middle of the performance, and followed by his officers and attendants, stalked out of the grounds, got into his carriage, and left. With admiration for his coolness and courage, I turned my back upon the Japanese performer on the stage who was

just then standing upon one leg, holding fans in her teeth, her hair, her hands, and between her toes, and followed the yellow gentleman out. It was all done quietly, with dignity and ease; and the Japanese bowing and scraping as he left, made him appear all the more the gentleman of the occasion.

That night, on a sleeping-car built by the Pullman Company, drawn by a locomotive built by the American Locomotive Company, I left Mukden for Kharbin. In the dining-car the next morning I had a capital breakfast. At Chang-Chung, where we arrived at 6 A. M., the Japanese control of the railway line ends and the Russian control begins. At eleven o'clock the Russian train with Russian soldiers, guards, and conductors rolled into the station. The Russians looked enormous, as they stepped off the train, beside the Japanese officials from the other train. One of them carried a sword as long as the Japanese station-master. After these many months I was in the hands of white men again. It is hard to explain or describe the positive delight one experiences. I can only say I was tempted to shake hands with them all. At half-past eight that night we arrived at Kharbin. They call Kharbin the Paris of the East! It only shows how completely the point of view

dictates opinions. The streets are badly paved, the mud thick and mucilaginous; the hotel, except for the redeeming feature of the fresh caviare, dirty and uncomfortable; but it is a white man's town!

The houses and shops are solidly built of stone and brick, the permanent buildings are for the living, not exclusively for the dead; the horses gallop and trot; the men gesticulate, and their display of energy and go in fifteen minutes would be exercise enough for an Indian, a Korean, or a Japanese for a month. They drink vodka and eat meat, and the physical extravagance, after the listless physical economy to which I was becoming accustomed, is like a breath of fresh air. There are dancing and singing and clinking of glasses and bursts of laughter in the café chantant in the hotel restaurant in the evening; men shake hands heartily and slap one another across the shoulders; applaud loudly the rather poor performances on the stage, but they are alive and like it! I am alive too, and I like it. I like the ups and downs of it; the strain and stress of it; the disappointments and the surprises; the laughter, and the love, and the hearty friendships; and the enmities and the prejudices, and the blows given and received; the triumphs and disasters;

the frank pushing and battling to get the most out of life; the detestation of death and decay. I do not want the legions to thunder past while I plunge in thought again. I want to thunder past with the legions. Let the milksop tell you that there should be no racial prejudices, no patriotism, no exclusive love of your own, no radical and profound belief that the world belongs to those who take it, and that you are one of the takers; that there is no East, no West; but the moment you step across the line between the East and the West, you shake yourself, rub your eyes, and find yourself the West's own child again.

It was ten days across Siberia from Kharbin to Moscow, and I suppose the journey is slow and tedious. Indeed that question has been put to me more often than any other perhaps; "How was the trans-Siberian journey?" I dare not answer. To me it was comfortable and exciting, for I was on my way home!

CONCLUSION

A YEAR in the Far East has not converted me to any belief in my own omniscience. These sketches of conditions there, are intended to furnish material to my countrymen for drawing their own conclusions, as I have drawn mine.

First of all we must rid ourselves of the assumption that we are called upon to impose our religious and moral codes upon the East, if need be by an armed crusade; and to follow this by dictating to the East the commercial and military lines along which they shall be permitted to develop. The days of the missionary-*cum*-gunboat policy have gone by. They have gone by, not because the Western lust for the land and trade of the East has lessened, but because the East has grown strong enough to put a stop to it. We were not converted to charity toward the East by obedience to the tenets of our religion, but by Kuroki's guns at the Yalu River. Let us be frank and admit it. The East scents something more than mere religious fervor in our solicitude for their moral and religious welfare, and

notes that more leagues of territory have been taken from her than leagues of progress have been made in converting her. The assumption of moral superiority has been accompanied by a very commercial demand for payment, not in the things of the spirit, but in the things of the flesh. "Doth the wild ass bray, when he hath grass?"

The only book every Westerner knows is an Eastern book. Eastern from cover to cover. Eastern in its modes of thought, Eastern in its images, Eastern in its belief in autocracy, Eastern in its belief in the subordination of women, Eastern in its occasional pictures of gross immorality, Eastern in its lazy gentleness, Eastern in its unconscious cruelty. The West accepts the Bible as its best literature. Even in the matter of material possessions, the East is still our teacher, and those Orientals, the Jews, are our most powerful bankers. The enlightened among the Orientals, therefore, and though they be few in numbers, they rule, claim that they have given us enough to prove that along spiritual lines they are not in our debt; and further, that their consent should be asked before we force them to accept the mechanical and material mould we call progress. We have assumed superiority because we could enforce it; our superiority has not won its way by conversion

along peaceful lines. Japan was driven to martialism to defend herself from China, then from Russia, and then from the demands of all Europe and America for extra-territoriality for their citizens.

If we take the high moral ground, therefore, that we must force our code upon them by foul means or fair, they ask why we do not first convert the agnostics of France and Italy, the socialists of Germany, and the avowed unbelievers in those countries and in America and the British Empire. Further they make reply, that a century of effort along those lines has accomplished practically nothing. India, China and Japan are no more at heart Christian to-day than an hundred years ago; and they claim that the first light of equality and fair-play came to them from the flashing sword of Japan. The sword, not the cross, delivered them.

They recall that privileges were extended to the missionaries in China by a contemptible addition, surreptitiously made, to a French treaty, and signed by the Chinese before it was discovered. They recognize that we would not permit a Confucian teacher to rail against religion; a Shinto priest to spread his doctrine of "Follow your natural impulses and obey the Mikado's decrees"; a Hindu prophet of Sivaji to foment

discord among us in the West; and we shall find as time goes on, and as extra-territorial privileges lessen, as they have ceased entirely in Japan, that we shall be more and more held to account for the doings and preachments of our missionaries.

I mean this not in the least as derogatory to the work of these men and women, for I know of nothing more courageous, patient and self-sacrificing than the work some of them are doing. I mean merely that the East is growing strong enough to resent dictation upon this or any other subject. Now that they are strong enough to make their resentment dangerous, we can no longer force ourselves upon them. In our attitude toward the East we must take up new ground; as the strategists say, take other positions. Our authority and superiority are no longer to be taken for granted.

It is a pretty problem, this, of our suddenly altered relations with the East. The chief difficulty lies in the fact that our great democracies of the West must necessarily be governed by the uneducated, the superficial, and the untravelled. Nothing is haughtier than savage ignorance, nothing more opinionated than racial prejudice, nothing more difficult to deal with than that narrow uprightness which expresses itself in downrightness. In our domestic affairs these

things rub against one another, and the angles of difficulty are smoothed out, and in spite of many hitches and some disasters, the people work out their salvation without thought of war, at any rate.

But as a nation dealing with another nation, the way to the solution of such problems is more delicate and more difficult. We are apt to fall into the error of choosing as our representatives to other countries, either men who demand office for services to a party, or men whom we think will hustle the East for trade privileges. One is as bad and as provocative to misunderstanding as the other. The trade ends should be in the hands of professional traders, but the diplomatic representation ought to be in the hands of the cultivated and of the intellectually enfranchised; those who believe, with Goethe, that "to know the world and not to despise it is the end and aim of culture." It is hard to make the business West understand that this is the type of man most respected, better understood and of more value to us, than any other in the East, where they are suffering, not as the untravelled believe, from ignorance, but from overcultivation. Much that is new to us is old to them. One nation cannot know another as a nation knows itself, and unless the few who do

know other nations are heeded when they advise, the suburban sages, by their stiff self-satisfaction and their profound ignorance of, and contempt for, any basis for society except their own, may make amicable relations difficult. The ultimate decision, even of great questions of international policy, is in the hands of the voters in the West. The overwhelming majority of these know nothing of history, and have no historical perspective; they know nothing of the traditions and prejudices of the East, they are contented with the sheltered snobbery of suburban sectarianism, and they are, to a man, persuaded, as a consequence of this, that any civilization other than their own is unworthy even of investigation.

The difference between the way in which Western peoples as a whole represent the East to themselves, and the real East, is much like the difference between the "Faust" of Gounod and the real "Faust" of Goethe. The one is melodrama for the mob, the other is philosophy understood by a small minority. The one is all tears and terror and namby-pamby morality, gesticulated and shrieked by an obese soprano, with a traditional braid of straw-colored hair down her back, and a bulky tenor; the other is a subtle analysis of the most puzzling contradic-

tions in human life. In the one the devil, all in red, with hoofs and horns and tail all plainly showing, is a silly tempter, invented by a costume-maker; in the other, Mephistopheles is a shadowy metaphysical creation, who remains to this day one of the unsolved mysteries of literature. The West pictures the East as an easily understood Marguerite; only a few know that the East is Faust.

There was no danger in this attitude in the past — unless it be always dangerous to be a complacent fool — because we were too strong to be punished for our folly. Our self-righteous ineptitude was safe. This is no longer the case. I am no believer in the folly of the day that Japan proposes to attack us immediately; but I can assure my countrymen that we should have a job on our hands which would tax us to the utmost, did we undertake to punish Japan for a slight to our dignity. In a word, the relations between East and West have changed.

Hitherto the Eastern problem for the white races has been merely a consideration of how much territory they would take; how much indemnity they would demand; how much of their ethical code and religious preferences they would impose; and what demands they would make for the commercial and industrial security and

activities of men of their own race in the East. Now the problem is slowly shaping itself to mean: how much must we give in return for what we take; and how can we arrange matters to keep the East out of the West, while at the same time securing free access for the West in the East.

We in America, for example, declare that the whole southern half of the western hemisphere, an enormous tract of valuable land, thinly populated, is within our sphere of influence, and not open to Chinese, Indian, or Japanese settlers; at the same time we ridicule the talk of war. Can anything be more deplorably self-satisfied, ignorant and illogical! Even that most peaceable of men, George Herbert, knew, and wrote: "You cannot get beyond danger without danger."

I am not a pleader nor an advocate. I have attempted in this volume merely to give material for a readjustment of our views of the East; but I defy any American to show me how we can get beyond the danger of the Monroe Doctrine, how we can get beyond the dangers of persistent, and often aggravating, attempts to impose our religious and moral codes upon an indifferent and suspicious Eastern population, without the danger of a powerful navy. Not even Yankee ingenuity can get beyond danger without danger! Our selfish, thoroughly un-Christian and topsy-

turvy logic, which preaches peace in India, China, Japan and Korea, and then proclaims dire punishment upon any one who attempts to share in the opportunities of the golden West, has gone unchallenged thus far, only because we were too powerful to be taken to task. But this is "exposing the unguarded heel" indeed!

The almost universal belief in the West, that we are admired, envied, and looked upon as superior by the East, and that our type of civilization is the goal toward which the East is striving, is not only ludicrously false, but is at the bottom of our misunderstanding of the whole situation. No Indian prince, no Chinese mandarin, no Korean courtier, no Japanese noble envies, admires, or looks upon us individually or nationally as superior. As for the masses of the people, their attitude is a mixture of dislike and contempt.

Do we not see the existing differences between Germans and Frenchmen, between the English and the Irish; even in our own country, differences between the man from New England and the man from South Carolina, and the cleavage between the negro and the white man? Why not apply the rules we do know to the peoples we do not know?

These natural racial antagonisms are planted

in us, for what purpose we know not, and they are hard for the best of us to overcome. We may have personal friends who are Indian, Chinese, Japanese — I now have many, I am glad to say — but we should not like our sisters and daughters to marry them. Turn this the other way, and we have the attitude of the East toward the West. Eight hundred millions of people in the East either ignore us or suspect us and dislike us, and when I write "us" I mean the whole West. There are, of course, a minute few who speak and understand a European language, and who have travelled, but they are least of all converted to our ways or our ideals. They admit our superiority in one respect only: that we can throw bigger broadsides of lead and iron; that we can spend more on gunpowder and dynamite; and that we are better organized, martially and commercially, than they are. The Japanese war with Russia has led them to believe that even this superiority is open to question, and passing, not permanent.

Of our great divisions of peoples, the Russians are the most sympathetic to them, the English the most respected, the Germans most distrusted (particularly in Japan), the Americans the least known and considered, in the East.

British rule in India is the greatest blessing

and the most splendid service ever rendered to one people by a stranger nation. Unrest is not new in India. Many people seem to think that there were peace and harmonious interests in India before the British took control. The readers of these pages will discover this error. The continuous unrest of centuries is only now whipped anew into froth by a subtle use of religious and racial prejudice, in order to stiffen the demand of India for the Indians; the real meaning of which is India policed by the British, for the benefit of the Brahman hierarchy and the Babu.

There are no signs to-day that India can of itself throw off or rid itself from British rule. That may come, but only through the moral and political demoralization of the British at home; and a war which will so engage her whole strength that she cannot hold India from a combined attack from the outside, assisted by the Indians inside. Even that calamity would only mean India controlled by Russia or Japan, or by some arrangement between them for a sphere of influence there. India is no more for the Indians, than is Korea for the Koreans, for ages to come.

There is greater danger to the present benevolent control of India from London than from

Bengal. If political socialism is to have control, with its doctrine broadly stated that all success is *per se* suspect and personal prowess to be rewarded with no quarter, then we shall all be delivered into the hands of the Yellow Peril and the Brown Peril.

I have dealt at some length upon the situation and conditons in India, because British predominance in the East is, after all, our first Eastern question. Great Britain saved us from our greatest danger in our war with Spain, by declining to listen to overtures, made to her by the European powers, to intervene in behalf of Spain. Our lamentable unreadiness and blundering, were only saved from disaster by the weakness of our foe. Had Europe demanded that we cease firing and submit the matter at issue to an European court, we would have been as impotent to refuse such an order as was Japan after her war with China, when all the spoils were taken from her.

Japan learned her lesson, and in ten years made herself strong enough on land and sea to take again, and to keep, the Liao-tung peninsula and southern Manchuria. For years to come, even at the breakneck speed she is working now, the control, settlement, and exploitation of this new territory will absorb all her energies.

Nothing but some almost unthinkable affront to her dignity from our unwary national ignorance can divert her attention to us. She has nothing to fear from us. She is beating us out in the race for the Pacific carrying trade, and she will soon have all the machinery for a similar supremacy in China. I am not a believer in the permanent achievements and control of any Eastern race; and I find no arguments except of a hypothetical sort to bolster up, much less to prove, such a thesis; but I am bound to admit that Japan, whether permanently or not, has become a factor to be considered in all international problems of the day.

China is far more puzzling than either India or Japan. The Chinese are the independent, virile, and mentally superior race in all the East. To the Westerner it is inconceivable that power should not wish to express itself, that ability should not wish to proclaim itself, that force should not wish to stamp its will on others. It is just because the Chinese are the most Oriental of the Orientals, the stanchest believers in themselves, that this fitness to prevail, and this inertia, exist side by side.

The East is spiritual, the West secular. The East still obeys spiritual beliefs, the West obeys only so far as it is convenient and consistent

with personal independence and comfort. In the West secular law is above the Church, in the East spiritual faith is above the law. The West looks forward to personal consciousness even after death, as witnessed by our belief in immortality; the East seeks loss of consciousness, and looks upon reincarnations as punishments. The East abhors impersonal law and its cold neutrality, and loves personal autocratic rule. Most of the best things of the West — honesty, justice, mercy, impartiality and sympathy — the East dislikes, and would rather be without.

The East is fatigued and disgusted by the rules, demands, exigencies of the social intercourse of the West. To be on time, to answer letters, to pay visits, to dress at certain times, and in a certain manner, to be severely accurate in money matters, to do day after day certain prescribed duties, the Oriental shrinks from as from slavery; and even though persistent painstaking bring prosperity, he will not drive himself that far. This accounts for the fact that the East submits to cruelty, to conquest, flood, and famine, to being trampled to death by elephants, buried alive in a wall, cut to pieces while alive, and to infanticide on a colossal scale. He will exert himself tremendously on occasion, he will fasten

his will upon some object of vengeance or possession, and hang on till death; but he must be free to choose his own time and place. Regularity seems to him, of all things, the worst tyranny. His patience is monumental, because his whole creed and philosophy of life teach that what he wants must come, and that it is better to wait for it than to strive for it. I believe the power of accomplishment throughout the East, and particularly in China, is tremendous; but they will not exercise it at the cost of mechanical persistence. Symptoms of a similar kind we find in our own race. Men capable of the most tremendous mental and moral labor seem to be mentally and physically torpid at times. They shrink from any exertion whatever as from pain. I see no signs that these broad differences are lessening. Japan whipped into exertion by maltreatment has armed herself, but even Japan rests what she has accomplished upon quite other moral and religious sanctions than ours.

What, then, is to be our attitude; what the results of the increasing intercourse between West and East? Either the English and the Americans, to speak only of our own case, believe their own civilization is superior to that of the people they govern, and that therefore they have a

righteous cause in keeping them subordinate, or they are mere plunderers. If they have this faith they are bound to defend themselves from Indian, Japanese, or any other civilization that they consider dangerous to their own, whether in their dependencies or at home.

We should not boast nor bluster; nor should we seek peace by hanging the halter of defencelessness about our necks, with the end dangling, as an invitation to pull us into war. We may maintain our preferences at home, but we may not enforce our prejudices abroad, is about the stage at which we have arrived. Internationally, we must now live "answerable lives," not only because the East is growing powerful enough to demand answers, but because as our knowledge of other peoples increases by speedier means of intercourse, sympathy ought to increase as well.

No successful imperialism is possible to a nation of men who are without charity, without toleration and without recognition of their own ignorance and limitations. They must strive for an intellectual magnanimity, which enables them to detect the good in manners, morals, governments and beliefs, built upon traditions worlds apart from their own. They must not be turned aside from the responsibilities of governing and protecting the alien races in the de-

pendencies they control by that sentimentality of the day which twists truth to make traps for fools. They must not be led astray by the temptations to immediate gain and the temporary defeat of a commercial rival by the "drummer" diplomacy which a selfish industrialism would foist upon them. The man who only watches his feet is quite as likely to stumble as the man who is looking at a distant steeple. The future as well as the present, then as much as now, must be kept in mind. No nation ever lost anything, not even its trade, by holding to high ideals, and by insisting upon them for its servants. Only thus can the West give a confident "No" to the question being asked in the East:

"Is civilization a failure,
And is the Caucasian played out?"

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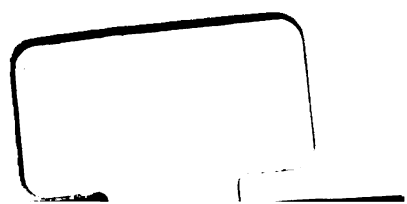
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